

In Words of God-Realization.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA, M.A.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

PARTS IV. AND V.

PUBLISHED BY

THE LATE SWAMI'S SINCERE AND LOVING ADHIERER

AMIR CHAND

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SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

Portland, Ore., U. S. A.

November, 1903.



SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

San Francisco Cal., U. S. A.

December, 1902.

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Second Edition 2000 copies.

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First Edition, 1,000 copies, 1911.

Second „ 2,000 „ 1913.

To be had only from Lala Amir Chand,
Prem Dham, Katra Mashru, Bara Dariba,
Delhi.

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PART IV.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS
AND
HOW TO REALIZE IT.

PART V.

THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

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17 Oct. 27. S. V. Prastambekar. 4728 Jajp

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WANTED

Reformers,

Not of others

but of themselves,

Who have won

Not University distinctions,

But victory over the local self.

Age : the youth of divine joy.

Salary : Godhead.

Apply sharp

with no begging solicitations

but commanding decision to

the Director of the Universe

Your own Self.

OM ! OM ! OM ! OM !

SAYINGS OF RAMA.

1. Blessed are those who do not read newspapers, for they shall see Nature and through Nature, God.

Rama.

2. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets.

Rama.

3. My system is not for promulgation, it is to serve me "to live by."

Rama.

LIFE SKETCH
OF
SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

SENT TO THE PRESS BY MR. PURAN, F. C. S., JUST AFTER THE
SWAMI LEFT THE WORLD.

“I cannot die, though for ever death
Weave back and fro in the warp of me.
I was never born, yet my births of breath
Are as many as waves on the sleepless Sea.”

“The body dissolved is cast to winds,
Well doth Infinity me enshrine,
All ears my ears, all eyes my eyes,
All hands my hands, all minds my minds,
I swallowed up death, all difference I drank up.”

SWAMI RAMA, previously known as Gosain Tirtha

Rama, M. A., was born 1873 on the day following the Diwali at Muráliwálá, a village in the district of Gujránwálá, Punjab. Born in the family of Gosain Brahmans, he was the direct descendant of Gosain Tulsi Das, the famous author of the Hindi *Rámáyana*. His mother passed away when he was but a few days old, and he was brought up by his elder brother, Gosain Guru Das, and his old aunt. Quite an uncommon child, it was predicted by astrologers that he was the coming genius of his race. He was very attentive in listening to the recitations from the *Puránas*, the *Mahábhárata* and the *Bhágwata*. He ruminated over

the stories he had heard with a precocious mind, put questions and offered appropriate explanations. His village people bear testimony to his unusual intelligence, his contemplative nature, and his love of solitude. As a student he was very bright. From the Matriculation upward, he always took a very high place in the University Examinations. He topped the list in B. A., being exceptionally bright in Mathematics, in which subject he took his M. A., with a very high percentage of marks. He was appointed Professor of the same subject in the Lahore Forman Christian College, where he served for about two years. He also acted as Reader for a short time in the Lahore Oriental College. He was the idol of all his teachers who were always very kind to him. Mr. W. Bell, then Principal of the Government College, thought very highly of his exceptional attainments and wished him to go up for the Competitive Examination of the Provincial Civil Service. But Gosain Tirtha Rama's own desire was to teach Mathematics which he had acquired with an infinite amount of labour. He thought in those days of taking the State scholarship, as it was his right that year, and going to Cambridge for the Blue Ribbon. But he was destined to be a greater man in another line than a mere Senior Wrangler, and the scholarship was given to a young Mahomedan. Rama Tirtha, however, went to the forests in July, 1900, and within a year became a *sannyási*.

In Swami Rama, India has lost one of the brightest

jewels of her genius. His character shone with the gold of all her past and suggested the rare glory of her future. To see him was to begin one's life anew. All meanness and smallness of spirit vanished in his sight, and human consciousness was at once lifted up to the ethereal heights of the Divine. New thoughts would dawn on you, and new feelings would stir within your heart. You would see your sympathies enlarged. Your mind would feel a fresh breeze blowing towards it, bringing with it a placid calm, a heavenly beatitude, and an ineffable peace and bliss which would make all your doubts and arguments against the Divinity of man sleep, a sleep from which they could rise only as stern convictions and robust unshakable beliefs in the transcendental reality of the *Atmā* or the oversoul that the Swami taught.

He was always cheerful. A cheerfulness that nothing could mar was his. "His smiles are irresistible," said the Manager of the Great Pacific Rail Road Co., America, while offering him the Pullman Car. At the large gathering of the Religious League at St. Louis' Exhibition, the local newspaper remarked that the only bright spot in the gathering was Swami Rama. He would laugh and laugh for minutes together in his informal talks, in reply to some questions and doubts laid before him, as if saying indirectly that his charming personality and his beautiful consciousness were enough replies to all queries about Man and God. His smiles played like lightning. He would thrill people. He was

called Rama Bádsháh (Emperor Rama), because he, by his cheerful life, had actually made the pomp of earthly kings ridiculous. Once he wrote : “ I am Emperor Rama, whose throne is your own hearts. When I preached in the *Vedas*, when I taught at Kurukshetra, Jerusalem, and Mecca, I was misunderstood. I raise my voice again. My voice is your voice, *Tat twam asi* — ‘ Thou art that.’ Thou art all thou seest. No power can prevent it, no kings, devils, or gods can withstand it. Inevitable is Truth’s order. Faint not. My head is your head ; cut it if you please, but a thousand others will grow in its place.”

He was all love. He was extremely polite even to the lowest. He addressed even his books, pens, pencils, and knives, and saws as living beings, and many a time I saw him bestowing his affections on them and talking to them so lovingly. His speech and thoughts exalted everything. To him there was no low, no high, no animate, nor inanimate ; it was something more than it seems. It was God. He would throw his heart and soul at ‘ Onement ’ with any that he met, and realize his complete identity with his own self, and thus having first won his heart, he would next through indirect suggestions appeal to his head in the name of Truth. He would repeat some of his favourite verses in Urdu and Persian, in solemn accents of his deep and transparent sincerity, with his eyes closed, and drops of ecstasy rolling down his orange-coloured cheeks. He would feel them so intensely that every one present saw

Rama dropping himself wholly in them, nay Rama lost in them for hours together. He would lose himself in the middle of his public lectures, repeating his sacred syllable "OM!" "OM!!" so much so that the American friends of Rama remarked that he seldom lived in the body-centre. He lived always in the Divine. Some psychologists of America predicted some years ago that one so wholly given up to such exalted spiritual thoughts as of Swamiji's, and living so constantly in them day and night, quite oblivious of the fact if he ever had a body, could not live long in the limitations of a physical frame. He had really forgotten himself, or perhaps he very faintly remembered it. His body to him, as Rama said of Christ's body, was a mere vehicle of the higher life. "Life is but the fluttering of the eagle's wings encaged in this body," said Rama in America. No words can paint the charm of his person. His sight drew out all your inner love towards him. His touch roused even in dry hearts the emotions of a poet and clothed the soul of man in fragrant verdures of Divine joy, a fact about the life of all prophets, so well put by the mythologists in a poetic description, that the dry gardens, on some one's advent, put forth new buds and leaves, the vineyards become green, and the dry fountains leap up with crystal waters as if in joy.

While on sea his American fellow-passengers took him to be an American. The Japanese loved him as if he was their own countryman. When he had flitted across their land to America, many Japanese whom he

had visited, said they still saw his electric smiles in their rooms. The purity sparkling on his forehead they still remembered as the snowy summit of their beloved *Fujiyama*. His orange-robed figure which lectured to them seemed to the Japanese artist as a column of fire that was throwing out to the audience not words but sparks of life. In California he was hailed as the torch of the Divine knowledge, a wise man from the Himalayas, before whose realization the old order of civilization was to be reversed. He travelled all over the States, and delivered as many lectures as the number of days he sojourned in Columbia. "I come to fulfil, and not to destroy," said he. He lectured in Christian churches, and his lectures were as original as the titles he gave them: "Every day a New Year's day and every night a 'Xmas night," was his subject at Dener on 'Xmas eve. His other lectures are summarised by an American under the following headings:—

(1) What are you? (2) History and Home of Happiness. (3) Diagnosis, Cause, and Cure of Sin. (4) Illumination. (5) Expansion of Self. (6) The Light of Lights. (7) Realism and Idealism Reconciled. (8) Realization of God through Love. (9) Practical Vedanta. (10) India.

And he summed up his teaching in America as follows:—

(1) Divinity of Man.

(2) The world is bound to co-work with one who feels himself one with the whole world.

- (3) Keeping the body in active struggle and the mind in rest and love, means salvation from sin and sorrow right here in this life.
- (4) Active realization of At-one-ment with the All allows us a life of balanced recklessness.
- (5) The sacred Scriptures of all the world should be taken in the same spirit as we study Chemistry, holding our own experience for ultimate authority.

I cannot detail here the impressions he made on the Americans he came in contact with, or the work he accomplished within less than two years there. But I cannot omit the following poem which some Americans sang at the farewell meeting held on his departure to India :—

Like Golden Oriole 'neath the pines
 Rama chants to us his blessed lines,
 Rich freighted with the Orient's lore
 He spreads it on our Western shore,
 A bird of passage on the wing,
 He brings a message from the King,
 And this his clear resounding call —
 All, all for God, and God for all!
 His message given he flits afar
 Like swiftly coursing meteor.
 But leaves of heavenly fire a trace,
 A new born love for all his race,
 Adieu, Sweet Rama, thy radiant smile,
 A Soul in Hades would beguile.
 And though we may not meet again
 Upon this changing earthly plain,

We know to thee all good must be
For thou art in God, and God in thee.

In Egypt he was accorded a hearty welcome by the Mahomedans. He delivered a lecture for them in Persian in their mosque. The papers next day described Swami Rama, a Hindu genius, to meet whom was one of the greatest privileges. Professor Taka Kutsu, of the Sanskrit College of the Tokyo Imperial University, remarked that he was the only true Indian philosopher that he had ever seen. Such was his love. On his return to India, at Muttra he was asked by some admirers of his to form a new society, which Rama refused point-blank to do, saying that all societies working in India were his own societies and that he would work through them. Here he shut his eyes in ecstasy, spread his arms in token of a loving embrace, and with streaming tears he said the following words which throw such a flood of light on his great Universal Love and his greater silence of soul; "Christians, Hindus, Parsis, Arya Samajists, Sikhs, Mahomedans, and all those whose muscles, bones, blood and brain are made by eating the grain and salt of my beloved *Ishta Deva*, the Bharat Bhumi, are my brothers, nay, my very self. Tell them I am theirs! I embrace all. I exclude none. I am Love. Love like Light robes everything and all with splendours of Light. Verily, verily, I am nothing but flood and glory of Love. I love all equally."

" I shall shower oceans of love
 And bathe the world in joy !
 If any dare oppose, welcome ! come,
 For I shall shower oceans of love.
 All societies are mine ! mine welcome ! come !
 For I shall pour out floods of love.
 Every force is mine, small or great, welcome ! come.
 O ! I shall shower floods of love.
 Peace ! Peace ! "

A wonderful man, who wanted to dissolve himself heart and soul into the Universal Consciousness of the present and future humanity ! The wonderful consciousness which finds some expression in his poetry in English is the greatest work of the short span of his earthly sojourn. He toiled day and night for attaining Self-realization to the full. Wherever his eyes fell, it was all God to him. He was an enlightened mystic. In him were combined the highest cultures of intellect and spirit. On the banks of the river Ravi he spent many a night in spiritual exercises of concentration or *Yoga*. Many a night he wept so much that his bed sheet was all wet in the morning. It is said, while lecturing in his early days as an orthodox Brahmin in *Sanatan Dharma Sabhas* on *Bhakti* or *Krishna*, in the fullness of the dear associations of his tender heart, all the words that dropped from his lips were quite wet with tears. At this stage of his spiritual development he used to say that many a time he beheld the cloud-coloured *Krishna* with a bamboo flute on his lips and dancing on the head of a cobra, face to face, with his eyes open and his

senses all about himself. "This marked a particular stage of the Mind-Concentration, and it was nothing but the materialisation of my own imagination, the precipitation of my own mind," said he afterwards.

He was a born ascetic. Even as a student, his life was spent in rigid and austere penances of extreme poverty, and extremely hard labours and silent sufferings, so much so that at times he had no meals for days together. With scanty nourishment he would work till midnight, and not unoften he busied himself so much over his problems of Mathematics that he felt not the slipping of hours till it was early morn. It seems he was quite consciously preparing himself for the sort of life he was to lead later on. Before he was a Professor he had already developed a great will, some deep convictions, a robust faith, an infinite self-reliance which he afterwards called *balanced recklessness*, and a mathematical mind exact in recording the data of observed facts, accurate in its analysis and reasoning, and perfectly clear and decisive in its conclusions. He loved Science, and was an amateur chemist and botanist. His special study in the Philosophy of Science was *Evolution*. He had gone through, in his own thorough way, all philosophy, both Eastern and Western. He had mastered *Shankara*, *Kanáda*, *Kapila*, *Gautama*, *Patanjali*, *Jaimini*, *Vyás*, *Krishna*, side by side with Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Fichte, Spinoza, Comte, Spencer, Darwin, Haeckel, Tyndal, Huxley, Star, Jordon, and Professor James. He was perfectly at home in Persian, English, *Hindi*, *Urdu*,

and *Sanskrit* literatures. He studied the four *Vedas* in 1906, and was a master Pandit of every *mantra*, whose every word he analysed with the acute accuracy of a philologist. Thus he made himself quite a prodigy of learning. It seems every minute of his thirty-three years was so well utilised. He was very hard-working till his last moments. While in America he went through, in two years, in spite of his strenuous public labours, almost the whole range of American literature.

He was in a strange humour all his own when he judged all the world's authors, prophets, poets, and mystics. There was no pedantry and not the slightest shadow of affected pride or anything unreal when he acted like an impartial judge in his own way. In his talks from the *Vedas* down to the latest original line, an idea or sentiment that struck him contributed each its mite to the support of his thoughts and was made to show the same truth which he had realized. He was a scholar, scientist, and spiritualist of a very high order in one. Simultaneous with his intellectual culture, he had brought his spiritual development to a very high pitch. Crowded Lahore could no more satisfy the amplitudes of his soul. Whatever time he could get he would spend in the Himalayan hills and jungles, meditating on the *Upanishads* and the secrets of the ancient Aryan *Brahmavidyá*.

It was in the forests of Brahmapura, near Hrishikesh, that Swami Rama realized his object, — the *Atman*, the Self. It was there that he attained to that

fearless, blissful *one-ness* state of mind where there is no more delusion or repentance. Here he collected the facts for the enunciation of his great law that the whole Universe serves one as his body, when he feels the Universal Soul as his very Self. Not only a spiritualist and a veritable prince of all Oriental dreamers and *yogis*, he was a great champion of physical exercise.

He was a Universe in himself. His cities were made of Light. In his lanes, Buddha still walked with his begging bowl and Christ still preached the Truth. No great man could die in the atmosphere of Rama's mind. It was such a perennial *Prāna* that even the dead who came there enjoyed resurrection. Clear in the horizon of this luminous Mind was the revelation of Truth. Any man who pretended greatness and power and genius under the flashes of his light got nothing but his real value. *Srutis* and *Smritis*, verses and songs, thoughts and things, questions of Philosophy and Religion, politics and society, all jostled together in his divine light and came out with refreshing beauty wearing garment of Rama-consciousness. The atmosphere, environment, and society have their due effects and even the face of man changes, the glow of his face shows marked differences when the climate tells. Any idea, any problem, any common thought having been touched by Rama used to appear in a new form, changed by the mysterious effects of his inner soul. When he spoke on *Brahmacharya*, the subject was preached to us in as new a light as that in which the mountain shows itself when the

new Sun is behind it. See his Essays on *Yajna*, on Love, on Religion, on Self-Realization, on Expansion of Self, and we find he speaks as none other did speak nor any one could speak. Has he not edited *Patriotism and its doctrines* anew ! I will swear he never saw you, or him, or me, or it with the light of the Sun or of the Moon. In fact, he never saw the sun nor the moon with their light. He saw things by the light of his soul, and to him, therefore, there was nothing outside him. The red rays of the Sun, he declared in open, were his muscles. When anything came across his eyes, he robed it in God and then saw that there was nothing else but God. He had cultivated a mysterious relation with Nature. If he would smile, it would be sunshine in rainy seasons, and if he wept it would be rain in midsummer noon. He carried over his head a cloud and needed no umbrella. He lived in the densest forests and walked out into pathless ravines in the dead of night and he glided there in the very heart of things as easily as birds fly in the air.

He was a poet of poets. To him the song of the mountain stream was society enough. To him the birds talked the secrets of nature under the shade of trees. To him was audible the music of the Cosmos and the latter was his beloved Krishna incarnate in cosmic dance and trance. Beauty Universal he saw in the dancing waves of the sea, in the waving of the forests, in the wilderness and the wild. To be one with the soul of nature was his idea of real character. Put a man in this centre and leave him alone. The best interests of man

and morality are safe with him. Men can be made from there and not in the mills of learning and scholarship. Just let the man see his Reality there, and be sure he will stand on the rock of his being unshakable and invincible ! “There is no outside rock to injure me.” Realization is Religion. Realization of the Power that informs the Universe and is the mysterious Power of every muscle of the animate and the inanimate as his soul puts an ordinary man of the street on the royal road to the greatest victories that man can achieve. This is the secret of all his successes. None but the votaries of the Temple of practical Brahma Vidyá can have clean hearts, bright faces, and cheerful temper, my Brahma Vidyá is no dogma, nor doctrine, but the conclusions drawn by the wisest of men from the eternal experience of Life.

He had read the best of human poetry in nature, and nothing could allay the fire of his soul but the cool snows and the amplitudes of the mountain scenery. He was not well when he was under any roof. He was at his best when he walked in the Himalayan forests with his eyes half-closed, looking askance at the mightiest potentate.

He was one of the greatest apostles of the *Vedanta* of his time. He was the demonstration of all the Hindu Scriptures. He was the representative glory of all the noble Hindu lives of *Cosmic-Consciousness*. He was the great exponent of Buddha's *Dhamma—the Law*. He stood up for perfect morality, for total abstinence,

for righteous conduct, and prescribed Psychology for the guidance of human conduct. High *Altruism* was a simple habit of his soul. He worked and laboured day and night without wasting even a second of his time to ameliorate the condition of the Hindu masses. He said : "There is but one remedy and one disease. Nations can be cured and made free by the Life of Law. Individuals can be made saints and higher than gods by the same. Live in God, all is right ; make others live in God, and all shall be well. Believe this truth, you will be saved ; rebel against it, you will be troubled." He sought no reward for his labours. While coming back from America, he threw the bundles of appreciative papers, noting the records of his work there, in the sea. Only a visit to America would reveal the details of his work there on behalf of his mother country. In conclusion, it may be said that such leading geniuses come into this world only for a short time, not to finish their plan, but simply to suggest it to their survivors. Their work like the flash of lightning is only suggestive and never exhaustive. They throw some guiding hints to man and disappear. Every such genius is the centre of some constructive forces needed at the time when they are born. They draw out the love of the people in a peculiar way to themselves, and when the people begin to depend on them, they leave the people in great bewilderment to look up to themselves and stand on their own legs.

Swami Rama's principle of the *Oneness of the inner*

man is surely a great reconciliation of all the warring creeds and religions of this little world known as India. *His Gospel of Love* is the remedy for preventing the useless waste of the national and individual energy, thus increasing the output of activity and work. His character, as the synthesis of all the truth scattered in Science and Religion, is the model for the daily human conduct. His only thought of public work was the emancipation of the masses from ignorance and slavery. His personality was the beacon-light of Freedom and Liberty, for he sang :

1

No, no one can tone me.
 Say, who could have injured,
 And who could atone me ?
 No, no one can tone me.

2

The world turns aside
 To make room for me ;
 I come, Blazing Light !
 And the shadows must flee.

3

I come, O you ocean !
 Divide up and part ;
 Or parched up, and scorched up,
 Be dried up, depart.

4

O Mountain, Beware !
 Come not in my way ;
 Your ribs will be shattered
 And tattered to-day.

5

O Kings and Commanders,
 My fanciful toys !
 Here's a Deluge of fire,
 Line clear ! My boys !

6

Advisers and Counsellors !
 Pray, waste not your breath,
 Yes, take up my orders,
 Devour up, ye Death.

7

Go, howl on, O Winds,
 O my dogs ! howl free,
 Beat, beat, Storms !
 O my Bugles ! blow free.

8

I ride on the Tempests,
 Astride on the Gale,
 My Gun is the Lightning,
 My shots never fail.

9

I chase as an huntsman,
 I eat as I seize
 The hearts of the mountains,
 The lands and the seas.

10

I hitch to my chariot
 The Fates and the Gods,
 With thunder of cannon
 Proclaim it abroad.

11

Shake ! shake off Delusion,
 Wake ! Wake up ! Be free.
 Liberty ! Liberty !
 Liberty ! OM.

On his own philosophy his final declaration is as follows :

Pushing, marching labour and no stagnant Indolence ;
 Enjoyment of work as against tedious drudgery ;
 Peace of mind and no canker of Suspicion ;
 Organisation and no disaggregation ;
 Appropriate reform and no conservative custom ;
 Solid real feeling as against flowery talk ;
 The poetry of facts as against speculative fiction ;
 The logic of events as against authority of departed authors ;
 Living realization and no mere dead quotations

CONSTITUTE PRACTICAL VEDANTA.

Meditation and concentration on the *Mahāvākya* (great saying) *Aham Brahmāsmi* (I am *That*), and no diffusion and confusion on personalities and parties naturally translates itself into force, freedom, and love. This infinite Godhead vibrating in every hair on the body, this muscular *Advaita* (non-dualism), this dynamical *devotion*, this flaming light is what the *Shāstras* call the unerring *Brahma-shar*.

O ye wavering, fickle, dubious minds ! No more of lukewarm orthodoxy and heterodoxy ! Scorch out all doubt and hesitation, all *doxies* are your creation. The Sun might be shown to be a disc of quicksilver, the Earth might be proved to be a concave sphere, the Vedas might be demonstrated as not inspired, but ye can be nothing, nothing but God. A single note issuing *from your Godhead* must be taken up by the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the particles of dust, the whiffs of wind, the drops of rain, by birds, beasts, gods, and men. It must be thundered over caves and forests, pealed over hamlets and huts ; it must reverberate over streets and towns, pass from cities to cities, and fill and thrill the whole world ! O Freedom ! Liberty !

Fill the mountain-fountains of a river with immense treasures of golden glaciers and all its branches, streams, canals must flow full, feeding the fields to flourish free. Let the Source of Life, the Origin of Love, and Spring of delight and light, the infinite Power and Purity, Divinity, embrace and displace the little self, saturate the feelings, fill the mind, and necessarily must the hands, feet, eyes, nay every fibre of the frame, even the environments *must* work a heaven of harmony and irradiate a flood of energy.

The King's very presence on his royal throne establishes order throughout the *darbar*, so doth man's resting on his Godhead, native glory, establish order and life through the whole race.

O ye of little faith ! Wake up ! Wake up to your

holy majesty ! and a single glance from your royal indifference, a side-wink from your divine recklessness is enough to convert the direst hells into charming heavens.

Come home,

O wanderer, home ! OM ! OM !

Blow, O breezes, mingle, O winds, with these words whose purpose is the same as yours.

O laughter ! laughter !

Inextinguishable joy and laughter !

When asked in Japan what his religion was, he replied in the words of Goethe :—

“ Let me tell you, what is man’s supreme vocation

There was no world, ’tis my creation ;

It was I who raised the Sun from out the Sea

The Moon began her changeful course with Me.

Has Rama then really died ? Rama that said just a few minutes before the dissolution of his body :—

“ O Death ! Take away this body if you please ! I care not. I have enough of bodies to use. I can wear those divine silver threads, the beams of moon, and live. I can roam as divine minstrel, putting on the guise of hilly streams and mountain brooks. I can dance in the waves of sea. I am the breeze that proudly walks and I am the wind inebriated. My all these shapes are wandering shapes of change. I came down from yonder hills, raised the dead, awakened the sleeping, unveiled the fair faces of some and wiped the tears of a few

weeping ones. The Bulbul and the rose both I saw and I comforted them. I touched this, I touched that, I doff my hat and off I am. Here I go and there I go, none can find me. I keep nothing with me."

LECTURE I.

THE PATH OF TRUTH.

Lecture delivered on March 1, 1903.

THE SUBJECT of to-night's discourse, as announced in the papers, is "The Path of Truth." This is a heading which might have some meaning to the Western ears; but from the stand-point of Vedanta, this is an erroneous title. The path to Truth or the path of Truth is a contradiction in terms. Truth is not distant. How can there be a path to it then? Truth is with you already, it is your Self already. You are in it already, nay, you are Truth. You are that. So it is wrong to make use of the words—Path of Truth. Your realization of God-consciousness, realization of Divinity is not a thing to be accomplished, it is not a thing to be achieved, it is not a thing to be done, it is done already. You are that already. You have simply to break through the cocoons of desires which imprison you, you have simply to undo what you have done. You have not to do anything, in the positive sense of the word, in order to realize God. Simply undo what you have done in the way of making your prison house, and there you are God already, Truth personified

already. But this undoing of what has been done is to some a very hard task, and thus with reference to the path to Truth we shall discuss the process of undoing. There is some effort to be made in undoing your snares. What are these snares, these chains and shackles which bind you? Your ears may to-day appreciate it or not, the Americans and Europeans may to-day mark the beauty of this statement or not, the truth remains there all the same. The truth is that all your attachments, all your loves and hatreds, all your desires are shackles and chains. These bind you. These do not allow you to see God. These are your prison house. Your desires bind you. You cannot serve two masters. You cannot serve Mammon and God at the same time. You cannot be a slave of the flesh and at the same time the master of the Universe. To realize the Truth is to become the master of the Universe, and to entertain desires is to acknowledge bondage, thralldom and slavery of the things of this world, flesh objects. Everybody desires to become Christ, every body wants to realize the Truth, to become a prophet, but very few, if any, are ready to pay the price.

There was in East India a great wrestler and athlete. He wanted a barber* to tattoo him, to engrave on his arm the picture of a lion. He told the barber to paint a great, magnificent lion on both his arms. He said he was born when the sign of the zodiac, the Lion

* The barbers do the work of tattooing in India.—*Ld.*

or *Leo*, was in *Sinha rāsi*, so he was born under the right influence of the sign of the zodiac — Lion, *Leo*, and he was supposed to be a very brave man. The barber took up the needle to paint or tattoo him, and just when he was pricking a little, the athlete could not bear it. He began to pant for breath, and addressed the barber, “Wait, wait, what are you going to do?” The barber said that he was going to draw the tail of the lion. This fellow, in reality, could not stand the pricking sensation, but made a very queer pretence, and said, “Don’t you know that fashionable people cut off the tails of their dogs and horses, and so that lion which has no tail is considered a very strong lion. Why are you drawing the tail of the lion? The tail is not needed.” “Alright,” said the barber, “I won’t draw the tail, I will draw the other parts of the lion.” The barber took up the needle again, and just pricked it through his skin. This too the fellow could not bear. He remonstrated and said, “What are you going to do next?” The barber said, “I am going to draw the ears of the lion.” The man said again, “O barber, you are very foolish. Don’t you know the people cut off the ears of their dogs? They don’t keep dogs with long ears. Don’t you know that the lion which is without ears is the best?” The barber desisted. After a while the barber took up his needle and was again pricking him. The man could not bear it and remonstrated, saying, “What are you going to do

now, O barber?" The barber said, "I am going to paint now the waist of the lion." There the man said, "Havn't you read our poetry, havn't you read the accounts given by Indian poets? Lions are always painted as having a very small, thin, nominal waist? You need not draw the waist of the lion." The barber now threw aside his colours and his painting needle, and asked the fellow to go away from his presence.

Here is a man who asserts that he is born under the influence of the sign of the zodiac called the *Sinha rāsi* or *Leo*. Here is a man who pretends to be a great wrestler, a great athlete; here is a man who calls himself a lion. He wants to have lions tattooed all over his body, but he cannot bear the sting of a needle. Such are the majority of people who want to see God, who want to realize Vedanta, who want to know the whole truth this moment, this second, who want to accomplish everything, to become Christ in half a minute. When the time comes to get that lion — Truth — painted in their souls, to get that lion of Righteousness painted or tattooed in their being, they cannot bear the sting, the stinging sensation, there they hesitate. The price I will not pay, but the thing I want.

In order that you may reach the Truth and realize the Divinity, your dearest wants and desires will be pricked through and through, your dearest wants and attachments will have to be severed, all your favourite superstitions and prejudices will have to be wiped out, all your preconceived notions will have to be torn aside.

Free you will have to become of all the debasing and degrading yearnings, pure you will have to make yourself. Purity, purity. Without paying the price, you cannot reach God, you cannot regain your own birth-right. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. And what is purity of heart? Purity of heart does not mean only abstaining from conjugal sins, it means that, but it means a great deal more. Whether you relish these words to-day or not, you will have to relish them one day, you will have to come to the same conclusion to day or to-morrow. The conclusion is that all attachment whether it be the attachment to your house, your clock, or your dog, let it be attachment to anything, father, mother or child, for a man who aspires to the realization of Truth, for a man who wants to gain possession of the whole Truth this moment, for a man of noble aspirations, is just as degrading and weakening as adultery. Purity of heart means making yourself free of all clings to the objects of the world. Renunciation, nothing short of it. Purity of heart means that. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Gain this purity and you see God.

There is a very beautiful story in the old mythology of Atlanta. They say that every man who wanted to wed her had to run a race with her. Nobody could get ahead of her but one person consulted his god Jupiter and asked the advice of his favourite god as to the way of outrunning Atlanta and winning her.

The god gave him a very queer advice. He told this man to bestrew the path along which they had to run with gold bricks. You know the god Jupiter could not help this devotee of his to outrun Atlanta in any other way. This Atlanta had got from the highest deity a boon which made her the strongest and swiftest being in the whole Universe. But this devotee of Jupiter threw gold bricks all along the race-course, and challenged Atlanta to run a race with him. Both began to run. This man was naturally much weaker than Atlanta. She outran him in one second, but as she had lost sight of him, she saw gold bricks lying along the path and stooped to pick them up. While she was picking up the gold bricks, that devotee went ahead of her. There after a minute or so she overtook him again and again saw to the left of the race-course another brick. She went to pick up that brick and got it. In the meantime that devotee of Jupiter went ahead of her and after a while she got him again, and there she found some more gold bricks. She stooped to pick up those; in the meantime that fellow outran her and so on. Towards the close of the race, Atlanta had got with her a very heavy load of gold. It was very difficult for her to carry it and also outrun him. Finally that man got the better of Atlanta who was won. All the gold that Atlanta had got also fell to the share of the man who outran her, it went to him and she herself went over to that man. He got everything.

Such is the way with most people who want to tread the path of Righteousness and the path of Truth. When you commence to tread the path of Truth, you find all sorts of base lucre and worldly temptations around you. You stoop to pick them up, but the moment you do so and enjoy these worldly temptations and enjoyments, you find you are lagging behind. You are losing the race, procrastinating, making your path dreary, and losing everything. Beware of worldly attachment and materiality. You cannot reach the Truth and also enjoy worldly pleasures. The saying goes that if you enjoy the Truth, you will no longer be able to enjoy worldly pleasures. Enjoy worldly pleasures and Truth will elude your grasp, get ahead of you. Rama is telling you the Truth to-day. So many people come to Rama and say to him over and over again that they want realization. You may gain realization this moment. Get rid of attachment and at the same time shake off all hatred and jealousy. What is jealousy, what is hatred? It is inverted attachment. When we hate somebody, it is because we are attached to something else. Here you will ask how you are to get rid of your sons, brothers, and husbands, etc. Well, this is your own look-out. The how and what way is your own look-out. But the truth is, let Truth or God become your father, let God or Truth become your mother, let God or Truth be to you your wife, let God or Truth be to you your grandfather,

your teacher, your house, your property, your everything. Have all your attachments severed from every object, and concentrate yourself on one thing, the one fact, one truth, your divinity. Immediately on the spot you gain realization.

There is a beautiful song in the Indian language, which need not be sung here. The purport of the song is that if your father stands in the way of your realizing the Truth, tread over him, go beyond him, just as Prahlad, a hero in India, forsook his father, because the latter stood in the way of his realizing the Truth. If your mother stands in the way of your realizing the Truth, forsake her. This is what the New Testament says. The Hindu Bible also says the same. Love Truth for the sake of your parents. Love and honour your parents as far as they do not retard your progress toward the Truth. If your brother stands in the way of your realizing the Truth, shake him off just as Bibhishan did. If your wife stands in the way of your realizing the Truth, cast her aside just as Bhartrihari did. If your husband stands in the way of your realizing the truth, throw him off just as Miran did. If your preceptor, your religious guide, stands in the way of your realizing the Truth, shake him off, cast him overboard just as Bhishma did. because, your real relative, your truest friend is Truth and Truth alone. All other relations and companions are only fleeting, for a day only, but Truth is with you always. Truth is your real self; Truth is

nearer to you than your parents. Truth is nearer to you than your wife, children, friends, etc. Respect Truth more than kings, parents, children, father, mother, any one.

There is a fine illustration given by the life of a king in India. He trod the path of Truth. It is said that he was going up the Himalayas to let his body melt down in the snows. There is a long story about it. Rama need not relate to you the whole. For some reason, for a great reason, he was going with his parents, with his wife and wife's brothers, and his four brothers, on the summits of the Himalayas. It is said that he was treading the path of Righteousness, he was going to seek Truth. He was going ahead, marching on. His younger brother was following him and after his younger brother came his other brother, and so on in the right order, and after the brothers was the wife of this king. He goes ahead, his face towards the goal, and eyes set upon the Truth. He found that his wife was bewailing behind him, tottering down she could not follow him, she was fatigued and about to die. Here the king did not turn his face back. He asked his wife to run up to him a few feet and there he would carry her with him. "Come up to me, come up to me." But she could not go up to him for those three feet. She was lagging behind, she could not manage to go up to him, and he did not turn back: to turn back one step from the Truth is not allowable. Never will King

Yudhishthira turn back one step. The wife totters down but for her sake the king is not to turn back from the Truth. Thousands of wives you have had in your previous births, and if you have any future births, you don't know how many times you will be married again; how many relatives you have had, and how many relatives you will have in the future. For the sake of these ties and relations you have not to turn back from the Truth. Go ahead, go ahead. Let nothing draw you back. Have more respect for Truth than for your wife. Have more respect for Divinity. The Truth concerns the whole human race. Divinity or Truth concerns all time, is eternal, and your worldly ties are not so. They are momentary. Bear in mind the law that what is really good for you, must be really good for your wife or your companions. If you see that for you it is really beneficial to live apart from your wife, remember that for her also it is really good to live apart from you. This is the rule. The same divinity or truth that underlies your personality, underlies the personality or being of your wife also. The wife of King Yudhishthira fell down. But the king went straight on and asked his brothers to follow him. They ran on with him for sometime, but the youngest brother could not keep pace any longer. He was tottering down overtaken with fatigue and was about to fall down when he cried, "Brother, brother Yudhishthira, I am going to die, save me, save me." King Yudhishthira did

not turn his eyes away from the goal, from the truth on he went, went ahead. He simply calls out to his younger brother to gather courage enough to run up to him those two or three feet, and he would take him with him on that condition, but for nothing, nothing would he go one step behind to give him even a pull. On he goes. The youngest brother dies. After a while the second brother who was at the end of the rope, cried and was about to totter down. He calls for help. "Brother, brother Yudhishtira, help me, help me. I am going to fall down." But brother Yudhishtira does not turn back. On he goes. This way all the brothers died, but King Yudhishtira did not swerve or turn back a single step. Away he goes, on he goes to the path of Righteousness. The story runs that when King Yudhishtira reached the pinnacle of Truth, when he reached the goal, God himself, Truth personified appeared to him. Just as we read in the Bible that God appeared in the shape of a dove, so in the Hindu Scriptures we read about God appearing to certain persons in the body of an angel or in the shape of the King of Heaven. So the story goes that when King Yudhishtira reached the pinnacle of Truth, Truth personified approached and asked him to go in person to Heaven, to ascend to Heaven. As you read in the Bible about certain people being raised alive to Heaven, so here is the story of King Yudhishtira being asked to ascend to Heaven alive.

When he looked at his right hand side, he found a dog with him. King Yudhishtira said, "O God, O Truth, if you want to raise me to the highest heaven, you will have to take this dog also with me. Let this dog also ascend to the highest heaven with me." But the story says that God or Truth personified said, "King Yudhishtira, that cannot be. The dog is not worthy of being taken to the highest heaven, the dog has yet to pass through many transmigrations, the dog has yet to come into the body of man and live the right life, and live as a pure, immaculate person, then can it be raised to the highest heaven. You are worthy of being taken to the highest heaven in body, but not the dog." There King Yudhishtira says, "O Truth, O God, I come here for your sake and not for the sake of Heaven or Paradise. If you want to raise me to the highest Paradise and to enthrone me there, you will have to take this dog also with me. My wife did not keep pace with me, she staggered on the path of Righteousness. My youngest brother did not keep pace with me, he staggered on the path of Truth; my other brothers did not keep company with me, they forsook me, they yielded themselves to weakness, they allowed temptations to get the better of them, they did not keep pace with me, but here is this dog, he alone comes up with me. Here is the dog. He shares my pains, he shares my struggles, he shares my fights, he partakes of my anguish, he labours with me. Here is this dog. If this dog divides with me

my difficulties, my hard fights and struggles, why should not he enjoy my paradise or heaven? *I will never go to your paradise or heaven if you do not make this dog share equally with me that paradise or heaven. I have no use for your paradise if you do not let in this dog with me.*" There the story says that Truth personified or God said once more to King Yudhishthira, "Please do not ask this favour of me, do not ask me to take this dog with you." But King Yudhishthira said, "Away, ye Brahma, you are no Truth or God personified. You may be some devil, you cannot be God or Truth, because if you be Truth, then why should you allow any injustice in your presence? Don't you mark that if you give me the exclusive enjoyment of heaven, and don't allow the dog to share it, my happiness, then you are unjust to the dog which shared my troubles? This is not worthy of God or Truth personified." The story says that on this, Truth personified or God appeared in his true colours, and that very dog was immediately found to be no longer the dog but to be in full glory the Lord Almighty Himself. That king was being examined and tried, and in the final examination, in the final trial, he came out successful.

This is the way you have to tread the path of Truth. Even if your dearest and nearest companions, those who are next of kin to you, do not keep pace with you on the path of righteousness, do not look upon them as your friends, and if a dog

accompanies you on the path of righteousness, that dog should be the nearest and dearest being to you. Thus make your friends on the principle of favouring your righteousness, select no friend on the principle of favouring your evil nature. If you select your companions on the principle that they enjoy the same kind of evil propensities that you do, suffering, anguish and excruciating pain will be your lot.

It is related of a Hindu saint that he was once going through the streets hungry. You know in India saints or sages come down from the mountains and walk through the streets when they are hungry, and beg food for their bodies. On very rare occasions they visit the streets. Usually they live outside the cities in the forests, devoting their time entirely to God-consciousness. The hungry saint was fed. If Rama also takes something, you will have good reason to excuse him. A lady brought to him dainty food to eat. He just took that loaf of bread in his handkerchief, left the house, went out into the forest, as is the way with monks in India. There he put it in water and making it wet ate it. The next day he came again to the streets at the usual time. Again the girl approached him, and gave him something very rich to eat. He went back. The third day also that girl brought him something very good to eat, but while she was giving him this dainty food, she made the remark, "I keep waiting for you. My eyes have become sore in waiting for you, in keeping watch at

the door. Your eyes have bewitched me." These were the words that escaped the lips of that lady. The sage went away. He went to some other door and there he got some food, and eating that food he went out to the forests and threw into the river the food which was offered him by the first lady who expressed her love to him, and the other food that was presented to him by the second lady he ate, and the next day, do you know what he did? He got very hot irons and poked out his eyes, and tied them in his handkerchief, and with the aid of a stick, with great difficulty walking the streets felt his way to the house of the lady who had expressed her love to him, and there he found that the lady was waiting for him very anxiously. His eyes were fixed on the ground. The lady did not notice that he had poked out his eyes, and when she brought something very rich for him to eat, he presented his eye-balls to her saying, "Mother, mother, take up these eyes because the eyes had bewitched you, and had caused you so much trouble. You have every right to possess these eyes. Mother, you wanted these eyes. Have them, keep them, love and enjoy them, do with these eye-balls whatever you wish, but for heaven's sake, for mercy's sake, do not retard my progress onward. Make me not stumble in the path of Truth."

Now we see, O people, that if your eyes are the stumbling block in your way, cast them out. It is

better for your body to be without light than for your whole being to perish in darkness. This is the way.

If your eyes stand in the way of your realizing the Truth, poke them out. If your ears tempt you and keep you backward, cut them out. If your wife, money, property, wealth, or anything stands in the way, away with it. Could you love Truth with the same love as you have for your wife and relatives, could you love Divinity and Atman or realization with the same zest or zeal with which you love your wife, could you love God with even half the love that you show your wife, you would realize the Truth this second. You realize God when you begin to tread the path of righteousness, and overcome some of the temptations which present themselves in the beginning, if you come out victorious over the ordinary temptations, what will you find? You will not find this path all rough and without any beauty, you will not find this path rugged through and through. They say that the path of Truth is narrower than a needle's end. In the Vedas it is written that the path of Truth is as sharp and narrow as the razor's edge, but this is not the whole truth. In the beginning the path seems to be very narrow and sharp, but when you come out victorious over the ordinary temptations, you will find the path to be wonderfully beautiful and exceedingly easy. You will find that the whole of nature helps you and everything stands on your side. These difficulties, these temptations,

these obstacles, these struggles and oppositions only bully you. They only scare and frighten you, but do not really harm you. If you can outstare them and scare them off, you will find that the difficulties were only seeming difficulties, the difficulties and temptations were only seeming difficulties and temptations. You will find all nature standing on your side, the whole of creation ready to lackey you. You will find that out.

It is said in one of the Hindu Scriptures which is the Iliad of India and which relates the story of Rama, the greatest hero of the world, or at least of India, that when he went to search out Truth, to discover or regain Truth, all Nature offered him her services. It is said that monkeys formed his army and squirrels helped him in building a bridge over the gulf. It is said that even geese came up on his side to assist him in overcoming his foes. It is said that the stones offered him their services. The stones forgot their nature; the stones, when thrown into water, instead of sinking, said, "We shall float in order that the cause of Truth be advanced." It is said that air, the atmosphere, was on his side, fire held him, winds and storms were on his side. There is a saying in the English language that the wind and wave are always for the brave. All nature stands up on your side when you persist, when you overcome the primitive seeming difficulties. If you overcome the struggles or temptations in the beginning, the

whole of nature must serve you. Persist in standing by the Truth, and you will find that you live in no ordinary world. The world will be a world of miracles for you, miracles all around you, and woe unto the gods if they do not lackey you in your advance onward. Nature is waiting anxiously upon the ruler of the Universe. You are the master of the Universe, you are the husband of the whole world, if you persist by the Truth.

Now Rama will conclude by relating to you the life of, according to Rama, one of the greatest men in the world, the life of an Indian saint. Shamas Tabrez is his name. This man was born under peculiar circumstances. The story may be true or false, we have nothing to do with it, but there must be some truth in it. It is related about his father that he was once the poorest man in the country. That poorest man devoted his life entirely to God-consciousness. He forgot that his body was ever born, he entirely forgot that his personality ever existed in this world. For him the world had never been a world. He was God, all Divinity. And just when a man's whole being is saturated with an idea, from head to foot, every pore of his body was alive to God-consciousness. It is related that when he walked through the streets, the people heard through the pores of his body this song "Haq, Analhaq," which means "God, I am God." The song on his lips was always "Analhaq, Analhaq, Divinity I am, Divinity I am." The ordinary people

gathered around him. They wanted to murder him. They accused him of heresy. Why is he calling himself God? He was Divinity himself, to him the body was no body, the world was no world. When the words 'Analhaq' escaped his lips, he was not even conscious of that. Just as a man snores when asleep, similarly from his stand-point he was entirely lost in divinity, and if those words 'Analhaq' escaped his lips, they were like the snoring of a man who is asleep. But the people wanted to kill him. What is that to him, whom will you kill? You will kill the body, but that body from his stand-point never existed. Kill his body, what pain can it cause him? It is related that this man's body was placed upon a cross. You know that putting a body on a cross is an easy thing, but there they have something worse than a cross. It was a long iron pole, pointed at the end, with a needle-like end, and the heart of the man was placed exactly on the top of the iron pole, the sharp pointed end of the iron pole had to press through the solar plexus. This way was the man put to death in those days. You see this is worse than a cross even! His body was placed upon a cross of that kind, and it is related that while his body was placed there, this man's face was glowing with glory, and through every hair of his body the same sweet song was all the time coming out — "Analhaq, I am God, I am God. Divinity I am, Divinity I am." The body dies, to him it makes no difference. There you see that, if for the sake of

Truth you have to give up the body, give it up. This is the last attachment broken. What to say of giving up worldly attachments for the sake of Truth, for the sake of Truth you have to give up not only worldly attachments, but if there be need to give up the body, give it up. This is how you have to tread the path of Truth. Here when the man was hanging upon that pointed pole, drops of blood fell from his body, and the story says that those drops of blood were gathered by a young girl. This young girl who believed the same way as the saint, this young girl who was of the same thought as the preacher, drank up this blood, and they say that she was conceived. It may be true or false, we have nothing to do with that. According to the Vedanta, if Christ could be of immaculate conception, this could also be true, because here was a man who was not inferior to Christ, really superior to him in many respects. This woman gave birth to a boy who is the sage whose life Rama wants to relate to you. From his beginning, from his very childhood he was all Divinity, even far exceeding his father. There is such a great book, you will believe that, a large work which came from the lips of this hero. This man did not take up a pen and write it, but it is said that through him always poetry came out, all that he spoke was poetry, all that he said was poetry. But what kind of poetry?—not the doggerel of your American poets. It was real poetry in the true sense of the word. It was God-consciousness and

nothing else. It was sublime with divine ideas. Every word is worth its weight in gold, if it could be weighed at all.

There is a very remarkable fact related about this man. At one time there appeared to him some people who were connected with some show, you might say, a circus or some other kind of show. When they performed in the presence of the king, he was highly pleased with them, and offered them a thousand dollars. Afterwards the king repented. The king did not think it advisable to give away thousands of dollars every night for mere empty shows and so, in order to get back his thousand dollars, he made a pretence, and asked those people to appear in the garb of a lion, and thus if the lion's performance was pleasing to the king, he might give them something enormous, something great, otherwise the king would fine them all their property. These people could not give a lion's performance, they could not put on the garb or assume the shape of a lion and please the king. You see, in India, there are people who put on all sorts of garbs and appear in the shape of some animals and make themselves appear to all intents and purposes the animals they play, but they could not assume the garb of the lion. These people came to this man and were weeping and crying and shedding tears. The story says that this sage being in tune with the universe, in harmony with the whole nature, being one with each and all, natural sympathy overtook his heart, and all of a sudden he spoke to those people to be of good cheer because he was to appear as a lion, and to

give the performance of a lion himself. So the story goes that the next day when the king and his courtiers were all standing, waiting to see a man assume the shape and figure of a lion, all of a sudden, as if by magic, a real lion jumped into the pit. This lion at once roared and roared, he took up the child of the king and tore it to pieces. He took up some other boy and threw it out to the sky. You see here was a man who was in reality divinity and God. To this man the idea "I am this little puny body" had become a thing of the past, it had become absolutely meaningless. He was Divinity himself, and the God that appeared in the shape of a lion, the same was he, and he was in a moment's thought a lion. (Just as you think so you become, and if you have felt and realized your divinity as God, all your thoughts and desires are bound to fructify, to be realized on the spot.) So this man's thought that he could appear as a lion was immediately realized, and a lion he was. The show was over. The sage after killing this boy went away, because he had not to become a lion and respect this body or that. He was no respecter of persons. But here the king was exasperated, the king and the courtiers were all rage personified, they wanted to wreak vengeance upon this man. They came to him and said, "Sir, sir, please bring this boy to life again. If you can kill him, you can bring him to life also. Bring him back to life, just as Christ used to bring to life the dead, by saying Bismillah—which means 'Rise in the name of God, glorify God and walk, be alive, come back

to life'." They asked him to make that dead boy come to life in the name of God. The sage laughed and said, "Come back to life in the name of God," but the boy did not revive. The saint said, "The boy does not come to life in the name of God." He said again, "Come to life in the name of God." Still the boy did not come to life. He said again, "Come to life, get up and walk in the name of God the Lord," but the boy did not come to life. The sage smiled and said, "Qum Bizzini." "Come to life by my order, through my command, come to life" and the boy came to life. This is the truth, "Qum Bizzini," "Come to life in my name," and the boy was all right. The boy came to life, but the people all around him could not bear it. They said, "Here is a man, a heretic. He takes all this credit to himself. He wants to make himself equal to God. He ought to be put to death. He ought to be murdered, flayed alive." To the sage it meant nothing. The people understood him not. He is not calling the body, the little personality, God. He had already killed and crucified his flesh. The people wanted to flay him alive, and the story says that that man immediately applied his nails to his head, and just as the skin of animals is torn and separated from the body, so with his own nails he tore his own skin, cut it off and threw it away. And there is a fine, long poem written by him on that occasion. The purport of that song is "O self, O self," he is addressing himself, "to whom the poison of the world is nectar and O self, to whom the nectar of the

world (that is to say, the sensuous enjoyments) is poison. Here are people wanting something. The world is nothing else but a dead carcass (and here dead carcass means "sensuous enjoyments"), the worldly pleasures are nothing else but a dead carcass and the people who run after them are no better than dogs. Here are these dogs. Give them this flesh to eat. This story may or may not be true. Rama has nothing to do with it, but the spirit of the story, the moral of the story, you have to bear in mind.

Here in order to realize the truth, to tread the path of righteousness, give up all attachment, rise above worldly desires and selfish clingings. If you free yourself of worldly clingings and selfish desires, what about the Truth? Truth you are this moment. Fools pray, "More light, I want more light." You need not pray that way. You need not waste even a prayer on calling for Light. If you make yourselves this second divested of all desires, if you free yourselves of all worldly clingings, you know that every desire of yours chops out a part of yourself, leaves you only a small fraction of yourself. How seldom it is that we meet a whole man! A whole man is an inspired man, a whole man is the Truth. Every wish or clinging makes you a proper fraction, but in reality an improper portion, insignificant portion of yourself. The very moment you cast overboard these desires, clingings, loves, hatreds and attachments and also throw off even the desire for light and chant OM for a second, freeing

yourself from hatred and attachment, well balanced in equilibrium, nothing of yourself left with that person, with that body, or with that object, all that part of yourself which you have left with this object or desire gone, sit still, chant OM and then think who it is within you. Is it not your own self that makes the hair grow and the blood flow through your veins? Is it not your own self who created this body? This wonderful world is also your handiwork. This is your own creation most certainly. Mark it. Who is it that hears through you? Is it not yourself? Who is it that sees through you? Is it not yourself? Who is it that makes the blood flow in your veins? Is it not yourself? And if that Self of yours could work out such marvellous facts, the world is your own creation. Feel that and rejoice in your own divinity, and derive pleasure from within you, enjoy happiness of your own Atman. Throw aside all abnormal desires and inordinate wishes. Chant OM, OM. If you do that for a few moments, your whole being from head to foot becomes Light. Why pray for Light when Light is your own self? You become Light immediately. Make yourself whole, get rid of desires and attachment, get rid of this repulsion and attraction. It is attachment that detaches. When you reach home, see to what you are attached. If you are attached to name or fame, give up that. If you are attached to the desire for popularity, detach yourself; if you are attached even to the wish, to the desire to help the world, give that

up. This seems to be something inordinate. Why should the world be so poor as to be begging help from you all the time?

Rama says take up your duty or work with no notice or desire on your part. Do your work, enjoy your work, because your work by itself is pleasure, because work is the other name of realization. Take to your work because work you have to do. Work leads you to realization. Do not take to work on any other ground. Come to your work in an independent spirit, just as a prince to play football or some other game for pleasure's sake, so come to your work because pleasure or happiness lives in the garb of work. Independent we feel, not bound by a thing.

People say duty, duty, duty. Why should Duty lord it over you? Feel no responsibility to anybody, you are your own lord. Have no fear. We say you will have to work, but when doing other work, which work you make religious, which you make holy and sacred, you are engaged in that, well and good; when your hands are not employed, when your hands are free and you are sitting in your room, enjoy your godhead, relish your divinity. That is the finest work. There throw aside all attachment you own. People say that attachment is necessary, motives are necessary to make us work. A false idea. Give up all attachment, free yourself of all desires, and the very second you find yourself free, you feel no responsibility or burdens thrown on your shoulders. All the burdens on your

shoulders are placed there by yourself. No body is required to come and relieve you of the burdens. When you find that there is no burden on your shoulders, when you find all the objects of love are with you, when you live this Vedanta, your whole being is Light. Being the Light of lights, to whom are you to pray for Light? This is the secret. Free you become. Who puts you in bondage? Who it is that enslaves you? Your own desires, nothing else. All the magnetism of the world, all the powers of the world flow from you, all the miracles of the world are your abject slaves, nothing more. Get rid of these desires, free you become this moment, and when you get rid of all desires, what immense joy should it not bring you? No responsibility, no fear. Why should you fear? Because you are afraid that this thing should be lost. You fear this man, you fear that, you fear ridicule, because you desire this good name, you are attached to good name. All fear and anxiety is the result of desires. Headaches and heartaches are the consequence of desires. You cringe and sneak before the President or King, because you desire his good grace. You become the Lord of lords, the King of kings when you are free of desires, when one by one these desires are thrown off. How free and happy you become that moment! Thus Rama says that the path of Truth is not a thing to be accomplished or brought about, your exertions and efforts are that you will have to undo simply the bondage and

thraldom which you have already done through your desires.

OM ! OM !

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize flower, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snowfall on the river,
A moment white, then lost for ever,
Or like the Borealis race
That flits ere you can find its place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Vanishing amid the storm.

LECTURE II.

THE GOAL OF RELIGION.

*Lecture delivered at the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,
San Francisco, on Saturday, December 6, 1902.*

MY ALTER EGOS, MY OTHER SELVES,

There will be a regular course of lectures, to which to-night's talk may be looked upon as an introduction. "What is the Goal of Religion, and How do the Hindus Try to Realize It?"

According to the Hindus, everybody is God, the most precious jewel, the whole treasure, the supreme bliss and source of all happiness in Himself. Everybody is God and all in Himself. If so, how is it that people suffer? They suffer not because they have not the remedy; not because they do not possess the infinite joy in themselves; not because they have not the priceless jewel within themselves, but because they do not know how to untie the knot which holds it, how to open the casket which contains it. In other words, people do not know how to enter their own spirits and realize their own Self. All religion is simply an attempt to unveil ourselves and to explain our Self. We have placed a curtain before the precious jewels within us with our

own hands, by our own efforts, and have made ourselves miserable, poor wretches, as Emerson puts it, "Every man is God playing the fool."

All creeds are simply the efforts to strike out, to rend asunder the veil which covers our eyes. There are some creeds which have succeeded in making the veil much thinner than other creeds, but in all creeds there are people who have the true spirit, and wherever the true spirit comes, whether the curtain be thick or thin, it is pushed aside for the time being and a glimpse into the reality is had. It will be illustrated by this example: Here is a curtain or veil. (Here the Swami placed a handkerchief before his eyes). It is before the eyes. We can push aside the curtain and see, but the curtain again comes up before the eyes. The curtain is made thinner. (here some of the folds of the handkerchief were taken down), and when the curtain is very thin it can be still shoved aside, but it comes up before the eyes again. It does not leave the eyes permanently. We will make it thinner still. In this state also it can be slid aside for a while, but it comes before the eyes again. When the veil is made extremely thin, even though it be not thrust aside, the veil does not stand in the way of our vision. We can see through it, and even now as before, we can also remove it at times. When the curtain is made extremely thin, it is practically no curtain, and we enjoy supreme happiness in spite of it; we are face to face with God; nay, we are God. Nothing in this world can disturb us or mar our happiness; nothing can

stand in our way. This is the advantage over other creeds of Vedanta which reduces the curtain of ignorance (*Máyá*) to its thinnest and enables a *Jnání* to enjoy blissful vision even in business-life.

The votaries of all religious creeds can at times be *en rapport* with Divinity and lift off the veil, thick or thin, from before their eyes for so long as they remain in communion with the Supreme Being. A Vedantin also can do that, can throw himself into a state of happy trance ; but he enjoys celestial vision even in the ordinary state, a celestial vision which creeds of thicker veil do not.

All the sects in this world, including those of India, may be branched under three principal headings. In Sanskrit we call these 'Tassyaivaham,' 'Tavaivaham,' 'Twamevaham.' The meaning of the first 'Tassyaivaham' is "I am His." This form of creed keeps the curtain in its thickest form. The second stage of religious creeds is 'Tavaivaham,' which means, "I am Thine." You will notice the difference between the first phase of creeds or dogmas, and the second. In the first attempts in the religious direction, the devotee, the worshipper, looks upon God as away from him, as invisible, and he speaks of God in the third person, as if he were absent, "I am His." This is the beginning of religion, it is like mother's milk to every child of religion. Without having once fed upon this milk, a man is incapable of making further progress in religion. "I am His." Is it not sweet when a man realizes even this perfectly ;

awakes early in the morning and thinks. "My Master wakes me"; goes to his official duties and looks upon those duties as imposed upon him by his dear, sweet Master, God; looks upon the whole world as God's and regards his house, his relatives, his friends as God's, as vouchsafed unto him by God? Oh, is not the world turned into a veritable heaven, is not the world converted into a paradise? Let the man be sincere, let him earnestly and with his whole heart feel and realize that everything about him is his Master's, his God's and this body is His. When realized perfectly, even this idea brings exquisite joy, indescribable happiness, supreme bliss—it is sublime. This is sweet enough when realized and put into practice, but as a creed it is only the beginning.

Compare with it the second phase of creeds, the second stage of religious life and devotion called 'Tavaivaham,' "I am Thine. I need Thee every hour, I am Thine, Thine." The first was sweet, but this is sweeter. The first state was very dear and very lovely, but this is more lovely and more dear. Just mark the difference. The difference is illustrated by the veil having become thinner. You know that in "I am Thine," God is no longer spoken of in the third person; He is no longer looked upon as absent, as behind the curtain, but comes face to face with us. He is near and dear to us, very close to us. He comes closer to us, we become more familiar with Him. As a creed this is higher. But it often happens that people believe in this creed, and

address God as very familiar, very near to them, but they lack the true earnest spirit, the Living Faith.

Living Faith being conjoined to the first state of religious development, the curtain, though very thick, is for the time being removed. While a man is feeling with his whole heart and soul — with every drop of his blood — the idea that he is God's, "I am His," as it were, being poured forth from every pore of his body; the sincerity, the earnestness, the ardour and the zeal for the time being remove the curtain from before his eyes, and he is lost, merged in God, in the All, becomes godly, he becomes God for that time. Sometimes the man who believes in the high principle "I am Thine," lacks that true Living Faith and does not enjoy full well the sweets of God's presence. But Living Faith and earnestness can be conjoined to the second stage of religious creed as well.

The third form of creed is called *Twamevaham*, and means "I am Thou." You see how near it brings us to God. In the first form "I am His," God is away, off. In the second form "I am Thine," God is face to face with us, He has become closer to us; but in the final stage of religious development the two become one and the lover and the beloved are lost in love. Thus is Vedanta realized. The moth neared and neared the light till it burned its body and became Light. The word *Upanishad* (Vedanta) means literally approaching so close (*Upa*)

to the Light of lights that most *certainly* (ni) the moth of separating and dividing consciousness may be *destroyed* (shad). The true lover of God becomes one with Him, and unconsciously, spontaneously, involuntarily such expressions find utterance through his lips, "I am He," "I am He," "I am He," "I am Thou," "Thou and I are one." "I am God, I am God. Nothing less can I be." This is the final state of religious development. That is the highest devotion. This is called the Vedanta, which means the end of knowledge. Here does all knowledge find its end; here is the goal reached. Even in this creed, where the curtain is so thin that we can see the whole reality even though the curtain is one, there are some who lack earnestness, sincerity or single-mindedness, and do not slide away the curtain entirely to taste full realization; and there are those also who, after arriving intellectually at this conviction, begin to realize the idea through feeling to such a degree that they remove the curtain and enjoy heavenly bliss — they become heaven itself. These are called liberated, even in this life, Jivanmuktas.

The refining of creed or the thinning of the curtain comes chiefly through the intellect, and the lifting of the veil is effected through feeling. The three forms of creed have been described. Now let us see how far it is possible for men in the different creeds to shift the curtain between whiles. A few Hindu stories will serve as illustrations.

There was a girl very deeply in love, her whole being transformed into love. At one time she was seriously ill, and the doctors were called. They said that the only way to cure her was to take out some of her blood. They applied their lancets to the flesh of her arms, but no blood came out of her body. But at the same time curiously enough blood was observed gushing from the skin of her lover. What a wonderful union! You will call that a tradition, a false story, but it can be true. Often do those people who experience love, though of a lower degree, verify something like that in their own lives. That girl had forgotten her own personality and had made herself one with her lover and the lover had merged himself in the lady's love.

Such a union with God is religion. Let my body become His body and let His Self become my Self.

In a religious book of the Hindus, *Yog Vāsishtha*, we are told of a lady who was thrown into fire. The people saw that the fire did not burn her. Her lover was thrown into the fire, but it did not burn him also. How was it? They were thrown into the river but it did not carry them off. They were thrown down from the tops of mountains and not a bone was broken. How was it? At that time they could not give any explanation, they were beyond themselves, they were in that state where no questions could reach them. Long afterwards the reason was asked, and they said that to each of them the beloved one was all in all; the fire was

no fire, it appeared to that lady her lover and to the man the same fire appeared to be his beloved one. The water was no water to them ; it was all the beloved one. The stones were no stones to them ; the body was no body to them ; it was all the beloved one. How could the beloved one harm them ?

We read in the Hindu Puranas of a young boy whose father, a king, wanted to turn his son from religious life. He desired him to remain a worldling, like himself, but the remonstrances and admonitions of the parent did not prevail upon the child — they were all lost on him. In order to prevent the child from his intention, the father cast him into fire but it burnt him not. The king then threw his child into running water but it bore the child up. To him the fire, the water, and the elements had ceased to be harmful—they were realized in their true state. The boy had dehypnotized himself into this real state. Everything unto him was God, all Love. The threats, frowns, and brow-beating, sword and flame were nothing else than sweet heaven. How could he be injured ?

Some time ago a Hindu monk was sitting on the bank of the Ganges, in the deep Himalayan forests. On the opposite bank some other monks were observing him while he was chanting to himself Shivoham ! Shivoham ! Shivoham ! which means I am God, I am God. There appeared a tiger on the scene. The tiger came and got him in his claws, and though in the fangs of the tiger, the same chant was coming out from

him in the same tones, in the same fearless strain, *Shivoham ! Shivoham ! Shivoham !* The tiger tore off his hands and legs, and there was the same sound, unabated in intensity. What do you think of that ? What do you think of this saying, " I am God, I am God " ? Could you call it agnosticism ? Far from it, far from it. This is the final realization. Do not lovers, on reaching that summit of love, feel themselves to be one with their beloved one ? Does not the mother call her child the flesh of her flesh, the blood of her blood, the bones of her bones ? And does not the mother regard the child as her other ego, as her other self ? Are not the interests of the child identical with the interests of the mother ? Indeed they are.

Embracing Him, accepting Him, wedding Him, become one with Him to such a degree and so intensely that there may be left no trace of separation. Instead of praying " Thy will be done, O Lord," let your joy be " My will is being done."

In India, long ago, ways and customs were very different from what you find them in America in these days. In America, you have electric lights to illuminate your houses at night. At the time of which Rama is going to speak, the Hindus used clay lamps, and when one family got their lamps lit, the people of the adjoining houses would go into their neighbour's house to light theirs. One evening a maiden who was ardently in love with Krishna went to the house of his father on the pretext of lighting her lamp.

It need not be said that it was in reality a desire to get herself singed like a moth at the light of Krishna's face that led her to the house of Krishna rather than to any other house with lighted lamps. She really went to see him ; the lighting of the lamp was only the excuse she gave her mother. She had to apply the wick of her lamp to that of the burning lamp, but her eyes were not on the lamps, they were on the face of the dear little Krishna. She was looking at that charming, bewitching face of Krishna ; she was looking at him so intently that she did not notice that instead of the wick of her lamp being in contact with the burning lamp, her fingers were burning in it. The flame continued to burn her fingers but she noticed it not. Time passed on and she did not return home. Her mother became impatient and could bear the delay no longer. She went to her neighbour's house, and there she saw her daughter's hand burning and the daughter unconscious of it ; the fingers were singed and were shrivelling, and the bones were charred. The mother panted for breath, gasped and wept and cried aloud, " Oh, my child, my child, what are you doing ? In the name of goodness, what are you doing ? " Then was the girl brought to her senses, or, you may say, she was brought from her senses.

In such a state of divine love, in this stage of perfect love, the beloved and the lover become one. " I am He," " I am Thou."

This is the third state, and beyond that comes the state where even these expressions cannot be used.

The above stories illustrate the third kind of Love. The following will illustrate the second state of religious development, "I am Thine," "I am Thine." Two boys came to a master and wanted him to instruct them in religion. He said that he would not teach them unless he had examined them. Well, he gave them two pigeons, one to each, and asked them to go out and kill the pigeons at some retired place where nobody might see them. One of them went straight into the crowded thoroughfare. Turning his back to the people who were passing through the streets, and putting a piece of cloth over his head, he took up the pigeon, wrenched its neck and came back straight-away to the teacher and said, "Master, master, (Swami, Swami,) here is your order carried out." The Swami inquired, "Did you strangle the pigeon when no one was seeing you?" He said, "Yes." "All right; let us see now what your companion has done."

The other boy went out into a deep, dense forest, and was about to twist the neck of the pigeon, and lo! there were the gentle, soft and glittering eyes of the pigeon looking him straight in the face. He met those eyes, and in his attempt to break the neck of the pigeon, he was frightened. The idea struck him that the condition laid upon him by the master was a very trying, hard one. Here the witness, the Observer, is present even in this pigeon. "Oh, I am not alone!

I am not in the place where no one will see me. I am being observed. Well, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" He went on and on, and retired into some other forest. There also when he was about to commit the act, he met the eyes of the pigeon, and the pigeon saw him. The Observer was in the pigeon itself.

Again and again he tried to kill the pigeon; over and over again he tried, but did not succeed in fulfilling the conditions imposed upon him by the master. Broken-hearted, he came back reluctantly to the master, and laid the pigeon alive at the feet of the Swami and wept and wept and cried: "Master, master, (Swami, Swami,) I cannot fulfil this condition. Be kind enough to impart the knowledge of God to me. This examination is too trying for me. I cannot bear this examination. Please be merciful, have mercy on me and impart to me divine knowledge. I want that, I surely need it." The master (Swami) took up the child, raised him in his arms, caressed and patted him, and lovingly spoke to him: "O, dear one, O dear one, even as you have seen the Observer in the eyes of the bird that you were going to slay, even so, wherever you may happen to go, and wherever you are moved by temptation to perpetrate a crime, realize the presence of God. Realize the Observer, the witness in the flesh and in the eyes of the woman for whom you crave. Realize that your Master sees you even in her eyes. My Master sees me. Act as if you were

always in the presence of the Great Master, ever face to face with the Divinity, all the time in the sight of the Beloved."

They say that in a grand museum in Naples, there is a beautiful angelic face on the roof, and at whatever part of the museum you may happen to be, whatever part you may happen to visit, you may go to the roof, you may go to the basement, wherever you may be, the bright, dazzling, pure eyes of the angel look you straight in the eyes. People who are in the second state of spiritual development, if true to themselves, live constantly under the eye of the Master. They feel and realize that wherever they may go, in the innermost chamber of the house, in the most secluded caves of the forest, they find themselves under the eyes of God, seen by Him, fed by His light, nourished by His grace.

Now we come to the primary stage of spiritual development. "I am His! I am His! I am God's!" This seems to be an elementary stage. Oh! But how difficult it is for people to realize the elementary stage of religious development, and if a man is sincere, really single-minded, really devout, puts into practice what he believes, makes this idea course with the blood through his veins, feels it with every drop of his blood, gets himself saturated with it, with this elementary creed, he may become an angel in this world.

A highly revered saint in India was in his early youth working in a place where it was his duty to give

away alms, to distribute food and treasure to the people. Some poor men were brought before him, with an order from his Master to give unto them thirteen bushels of flour. He gave them one bushel; he gave them the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, until he came to the number thirteen. He was counting the number of bushels audibly while dealing out the flour. The number thirteen is called *terá*, in the Indian language. This is a very remarkable word. It has two meanings; one is thirteen—ten plus three; and the other meaning of the word is “I am Thine! I am Thine! I am God’s!” “I am part of Him, I am His.”

Well, he counted twelve and then came the turn of the number *terá*. When he had given them the thirteenth bushel and was pronouncing *terá*, such holy associations were aroused in him that he actually gave up his body and all to God. He forgot everything about the world; he was beyond himself; no, he was in himself. In this state of ecstasy he went on saying *terá, terá, teró, terá*, and went on unconsciously giving to the people bushel after bushel, saying *terá, terá*, until he fell down in a state of super-consciousness, in a state of transcendental bliss.

Thus we see that the people who are in the elementary stages can often rise to the greatest heights, if they are as good as their word; if they are sincere and earnest; if they do not want to throw dust into the eyes of God; if they do not want to make promises

with God and then break them. When once in the temple or church, they say, "I am Thine." Let them feel it. Let them live it. Let them realize it. This is true religion.

The different sects throughout the world can be classed under these three heads—"I am his!," "I am Thine!," "I am He." So far as the forms are concerned, the second form, "I am Thine" is higher than the first, "I am His," and the third form, "I am He" is the highest. Into any of these three forms we may infuse the true religious spirit.

According to the Hindus, those who bring a true religious spirit to bear upon the elementary state of the creed will in this birth, or in the next, rise to the highest creed; they will rise to the second creed, and, with the second creed, again associating the true religious spirit in this life or the next will by and by rise to the next higher religious creed, which is "I am He," "I am Thou." When this state is reached, there are no more births. The man is free, free, free! Man is God, God! He has reached the end! OM!

Oh! brimful is my cup of joy,

Fulfilled completely all desires;

Sweet morning zephyrs I employ,

'Tis I in bloom their kiss admires.

The rainbow colours are my attires;

My errands run light, lightning fires.

All lovers I am, all sweethearts I,

I am desires, emotions I.

The smiles of rose, the pearls of dew,
The golden threads so fresh, so new,
Of Sun's bright rays embalmed in sweetness,
The silvery moon, delicious neatness,
The playful ripples, waving trees,
Entwining creepers, humming bees,
Are my expression, my balmy breath,
My respiration in life and death.
All ill and good, and bitter and sweet,
In that my throbbing pulse doth beat.
What shall I do, or where remove ?
I fill all space, no room to move.
Shall I suspect or I desire ?
All time is me, all force my fire.
Can I be doubt or sorrow-stricken ?
No, I am verily all causation.
All time is now, all distance HERE,
All problem solved, solution clear.
No selfish aim, no tie, no bond,
To me do each and all respond.
Impersonal Lord of foe and friend,
To me doth every object bend.

Rama.

LECTURE III.

TRUE SPIRITUALITY AND THE PSYCHIC
POWERS.

*Lecture delivered in the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,
San Francisco, on December 15, 1902.*

THE first of a series of lectures by Swami Rama, devoted to questions and answers, given at 509, Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Ques. — Is it right to develop psychic power and hold communion with the departed, and, if so, are there any definite steps to be followed?

Ans. — In order to answer this question fully, we shall have to enter in detail upon the attitude which Vedānta holds towards such things.

According to Vedānta there are two ways, the *Pravirtti* and *Nivirtti* or the Path of Action and the Path of Knowledge or Renunciation. The Path of Action corresponds to what the Christian Church calls Salvation by Acts. The Path of Knowledge corresponds to what the Christian Theology calls Salvation by Faith. What is the difference between the two?

The Path of Action as defined by the Hindus, has for its goal the accumulation of selfish personal power ;

the extension of dominion in the world ; to accumulate, extend and broaden our possessions and property, that is the aim of the Path of Action. This is natural for everybody at a particular stage of development. Everybody wants to enlarge and extend his personal dominion, but this will not lead to true immortality or true life. Experiments have to be made in this line, but there must come a time when we will beat retreat and give up this grasping, craving, desiring ignorance and take up the path of Renunciation. This path is necessary for our supreme happiness.

The Karma Mārga, the path of action, is of three kinds. This path of action is simply worldliness. Now, worlds are of three kinds, ignoring the subdivisions.

The first — *Pratyaksha-Samsāra*, gross, material world.

The second — *Mānasik-Samsāra* — psychic or astral world.

The third — *Avijnāta Samsāra*, which literally means the world of the unknown.

These are the principal worlds and they are exclusive of one another to an extent.

At the time when we are in dream-land or in other worlds, the astral or psychic world, this gross, material world is, as it were, excluded, and so it is with the third world, *Avijnāta Samsāra*. Some idea of this third world may be had by referring to the deep sleep state. In that state you are in a world

devoid of any connection with *meum* and *tuum*, the world of the Unknown.

The heaven and hell of the Christians, the Mohammedan paradise, the Hindu Swarg, all belong to the second world, the world of *Mánasik Samsára*, spiritual world.

The second world has many sub-divisions: in certain sub-divisions of the second world we place the spirits. We need not at present enter into these details. The Path of Action is simply worldliness. All ideas of extending our own personal power is worldliness.

A great scientist makes wonderful discoveries as to steam or electricity and by so doing he extends his own personal power; he has also extended our dominion over the elements. We are thankful to him, we honour him, we respect and revere him, but we do not go to him for salvation. We turn to him and take his discoveries at their worth, but we do not go to him for perfect bliss, for the All. Of that subject he knows nothing.

Similarly there may be a great empirical philosopher, one who extends our knowledge of the mind's functions. We go to him, we are grateful to him for letting us know the operations of the mind, intellect, feelings and emotions; we are grateful to him, but even a philosopher like Mill or Spencer will not be turned to for real peace of heart; each is very good in his own line, but does not give us the one thing needful.

In India there are a great many people dealing with Spiritualism, men who have to do with the departed. They have a great deal of knowledge from what is called the other world, not of materiality but knowledge of the other, the second world ; but worldliness is worldliness, whether of this or the other world, whether of this first gross material world or of the second or psychic world. The reality or noumenon underlies all these worlds and is above them. A knowledge of this Reality of Truth is the one thing needful. We welcome these people as we would welcome a scientist or philosopher, but we do not bend our knees before them for real peace and happiness, we cannot get that from them.

It sometimes happens that a scientist or an empirical philosopher possesses divine knowledge ; the spiritualist may also possess the right knowledge, but then his spiritual power, his power to communicate with the departed, is related to his divine wisdom as the knowledge of Mathematics is related to Rama's Vedanta. Rama was a Professor of Mathematics, but that Mathematics has nothing to do with the Vedanta which he is preaching. We must not confound the two.

A gentleman in India, a fast friend of Rama's, was a spiritualist in this sense. He was taken to a place, his eyes were blindfolded and a book on Mathematics was placed before him. This book he had never seen. In that state he could go on reading,

Mathematics has signs of its own and this work contained names which he was not supposed to know. He asked for a blank sheet of paper and went on copying all that was in the pages of the mathematical book. He could not call the symbols by their proper names, but he copied it all: he possessed that power. He could read your thoughts and could copy instantly all that you could write with your own hand, apart from him. Well, here was a spiritualist but he was far from being a holy man, no not in the least; worldly, worldly he was, and not a holy or happy man.

Spiritualism is often designated as a Science and as a Science we may respect it, but it must not be confounded with that which brings the real joy, the Perfect Bliss, that which places you above all temptations.

We know of a man in India who was apparently dead for six months. This process of suspending life functions is called Khechari Mudrá and is given in full detail in the works on Hatha Yoga. He put himself in that state. There was no sign of life, no blood flowed through his veins. After six months he came to life again. Here was a man who might be considered a wonder of wonders, another Christ. He came to life after having been apparently dead for six months, not three days only. This man was far from being happy or free. Rama need not mention the crimes he committed. The prince in whose court he practised these things drove him out of the State.

There was another man who walked on the waters. A real saint laughed and asked him how long it took him to acquire this power. He replied that it took him seventeen years. The saint replied, "In seventeen years you have acquired a power worth two cents, (we give two cents to a boatman and he ferries us across the river)."

All personal power is limited, it binds you just as much as any possession or property binds you. Chains are chains whether of iron or gold ; they enslave you all the same.

If these powers make a man so very holy, then dogs must be holy. Dogs smell out where the stag is. The dog has the power of smell that man has not ; hence they must be holy.

There was a *fakir* who could make a king of any person. How had he acquired this power ? He answered that he fasted and after that ate the droppings of cows. He lived in a certain way and thus acquired this particular power. A brother said to him, "You give this power of a king to be enjoyed by everybody, but to you fall only the cow's droppings." Thus Indians respect and honour persons having these powers. That is all they know that that which puts us beyond all want is simply the knowledge of Self.

A Hatha Yogi came before an Indian prince and threw himself into a long trance. There was no sign of life. The people built a cottage over him to protect him from rain and storm. One night there was a

very severe storm and the bricks fell on the head of the Yogi. He came to life again and the first words he uttered were "A horse as my reward, O king : a horse, a horse, O king." Thus Indians know that so long as persons of this kind are in a state of concentration, they are in a good state, they are happy, but when on the material plane they are just as miserable as anybody else.

Devouring a dagger, sword, or big knife through the mouth, drawing needles through the skin, and many other things are too common in India. Again, keeping the mind in a state of trance for three or four hours is not a state of trance necessarily brought about by divine wisdom. It is practised by thousands of men in India, but in most cases it is simply like Prometheus, stealing fire from Heaven. It is throwing the curtain before our eyes not permanently but for the time being only.

Take the pond or lake; over it is a green mantle or scum. Just turn aside this green mantle and there sparkles the beautiful, lovely water from below. Draw your hand aside and the green mantle covers up again the crystal water which made its appearance. It is reasonable, feasible, and practical to cleanse the lake of the mind. Clear it for a few minutes by turning aside the green mantle and we may have concentration, but it does not cure the disease permanently. Repeatedly take out some of the green mantle or scum and throw it off and thus the remaining mantle

becomes thinner until ultimately the whole lake is cleared. That is the object set before itself by Vedanta.

Again, here is a snake which bites you. Now this snake can be cold-stricken ; it coils itself into a ball and may be handled. Bring it home and place it before the fire. When it receives the heat, it stretches itself and bites ; its venom returns and the poison is there. The venom is not gone from the snake. This is another illustration of the process of concentration adopted by some. In the case of most people concentration is simply the snake of the mind coiled around ; the poisonous fangs of this snake are the desires which apparently die out for a time. This little mind sleeps, or in other words, is thrown into a state of *Samádhi*. The snake is practically dead, cold-stricken, but not really dead. The snake might be handled in another way. We might take up a musical instrument and blow *mantrams* until the snake is charmed ; then by skill on our part we can get hold of the snake, and take out its fangs and teeth. The snake is then fangless and toothless, the poison being taken out of it. This is the Vedantic way of controlling the mind.

Spiritualists usually put their minds in a state comparable to that of the cold-stricken snake and are in a state of bliss, but in this work-a-day life their relatives, friends, brother, sister, and enemies, all of them come and warm up the snake of the passions and desires ; they heat up this snake and then the

snake of passions and desires is roused, the mind within is up to mischief again. The fangs of the snake were not taken out and are poisonous as before. No character is built, no true spirituality is gained.

Most of these people want to trade upon their powers of making money. Concentration of mind is alright, but make the snake poisonless, prick out the fangs of the snake, rise above all temptation; build your character. These things are to be looked after, and must be remembered. When all the points of weakness are cured, you are the snake without the fangs, without the teeth, and even then you can be cold-stricken, but there is no necessity of remaining in that state; there is no venom in your stings. You have Character now and in the busy work-a-day life you are unharmed, undamaged, you are beyond it.

A man drinks wine until he becomes intoxicated and while in that condition, he sells his house for \$500; while in this condition he writes out a document selling his house for \$500. His wife soon gives him vinegar or some sour drink and he becomes sober, he is then sorry for what he has done and recognizes the folly of selling his big house for nothing. He decides to bring a law suit against the man who bought his house hoping to gain his point on the ground of his intoxicated condition which rendered him unaccountable for his actions. He was not sober at the time. Just so it is with some people. They are in a kind of intoxicated state and while in that state they

sell out to God, they give all their money, renounce all their possessions, give up father, mother, sister, brother, friend, all, all for God ; they have lost all for God's sake. Very good, they are in concentration and after a short time worldly wants begin to tell on them and petty cares make their existence felt. They are given vinegar and all intoxication subsides and then they take back everything from God. The body becomes my body, the house my house, and they keep on wanting until they want even what is their neighbour's to be taken back, want everything taken back from God. This is all very well so far as it goes, but true peace and happiness you can have only when you rise to that state of perfection, when you give up everything permanently for God and when you have built your Character which makes you proof against all troubles. There is no anxiety, no fear, no hope of the world. You stand above all this.

According to Vedanta, if for a moment you commune with the Divine you could have certain powers. Will you not have the whole world as yours ? All is yours if you succeed in reaching these heights of Renunciation regularly.

If we seek an official of the king, we make a friend of him alone ; through him we may or may not be able to make friends with the king and other officials. Seek the king first and the other subordinates will seek you and become your friends of their own accord.

Some people in India want to acquire particular powers and do succeed in getting them. There are others who shun them. They want to tread the path of Renunciation, they want to know the one thing needful. There is no power in this world without renunciation but in acquiring particular powers renunciation is imperfect. Let renunciation be perfect, then dominion is perfect ; the whole world is yours. These people who tread the path of renunciation seek the king himself. The king being realized within yourself, all officials become your servants. This is the natural way. *These Powers should seek you.* You should not seek the powers.

Is it right to develop psychic power ? For its own sake it is worldliness. Vedanta says you can communicate with the departed, it is possible no doubt ; but then is it not just as good, nay better, to communicate with the living ? It is a question whether the departed come to us or whether it is our own Self that takes up these forms. The conclusion of Vedanta is that if you look upon the psychic world from the stand-point of the gross material world, you may say that the departed come to you ; from the stand-point of reality even the so-called gross material world people are wrong in making the statement that " such and such a person called to see me." They are wrong from the stand-point of reality, for it is but your own Self which stands up before you, above you, below you, and nobody else. You yourself manifest

in all these apparent varieties. Brother, friend, enemy ye are according to Vedanta. In reality to say that the departed come is not true ; it is ourselves in other forms and in other shades.

Are there definite steps to be followed to acquire psychic power ? Yes, if one would be an engineer, he must go through a particular training ; if he would become a physician, he must go to the Medical College. In the same manner in order to see these psychic phenomena we must undergo a particular training, but this need not be told at this time. Rama would recommend no running or hunting after shadows or ghosts. Where a holy man dwells they dare not approach.

Rama lived at one time in a cave in the Himalayas which was noted for being haunted by ghosts. The people who lived in the neighbouring villages spoke of several monks having died by remaining in that cave for a night. Some of the visitors were said to have been frightened to swooning. When Rama expressed a desire to live in that cave everybody was amazed. Rama lived in that cave for several months and not a single ghost or shade appeared. It seems that they all fled. There were snakes and scorpions inside the cave, and tigers outside it. They did not leave the neighbourhood, but never did any harm to Rama's body.

It is proved by Vedanta that free souls or the *Jivanmuktas* never live after death as ghosts ; it is only the slaves of their own phantoms that have to

assume the garb of ghosts or spirits. It is only the bound souls that are enchained in those shadowy shapes.

Dr. Johnson, the prince of talkers, with whom it is said there was no reasoning, because "If his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it," Johnson who would always have the last word to himself in an argument, in a dream found himself beaten by Burke. To a man of Johnson's character this dream was as bad as a nightmare. He started up and lost his ease of mind; he could not fall asleep; but mind cannot by its own nature — Divine nature — live long in unrest. He had to control himself, he had to console himself somehow or other. He reflected and came to the understanding that the arguments advanced by Burke were also furnished by his own mind, the real Burke knew nothing about them; thus it was he himself who appeared unto himself as Burke and got the better of himself. So it is yourself that appears to yourself as ghosts, spirits, enemies, friends, neighbours, lakes, rivers, mountains. In dreams you see rivers and mountains; if they be outside yourself, the bed must become enriched by the river's water and the bedstead together with the sleeping room must be crushed down by the weight of the mountains you see. The swelling rivers and giant mountains are all *within* you. You split yourself into the outside phenomena, the object on the one hand, and into the little thinking agent, the subject on the other hand. In reality you are the

object as well as the subject. You are the self as well as the so called not-self. You are the lovely rose and the lover nightingale. You are the flower as well as the bee. Everything you are. The ghosts and spirits, the gods and angels, the sinners and saints, all ye are. Know that, feel that, realize that, and ye are free. This is the path of Renunciation. Do not place your centre outside yourself ; this will make you fall. Place all your confidence in yourself, remain in your centre, and nothing will shake you.

LECTURE IV.

THE SPIRITUAL LAW OF CHARACTER.

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*Lecture delivered at the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,  
San Francisco, on December 17, 1902.*

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WHAT is there in this world that remains to be desired to a man who has once known himself? Nothing in all the treasures of the kingdom, nothing in all the universe can draw his attention. Nothing in all the charms and beauties of this world can draw his notice, nothing in all the stores of knowledge can attract him. Oh, what happiness, what supreme joy, what perfect bliss, how indescribable! It transcends all language and surpasses all description. That infinite joy, that supreme bliss, that infinite happiness ye are, that is your real self; that is your Atman.

Know that and you stand above all wants and needs. Have that and the whole universe is yours.

Oh, what a mistake is made by the people, what an error is committed in giving up this infinite joy, this Supreme Bliss for worldly delusion, the shadows, the will-o'-the-wisps. This whole happiness is yours; that ye are. Why not seek that? Take possession of your birthright. Like Esau, people sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Judas Iscariot sold Christ for thirty pieces 'of silver. Do not sell the Christ of your real self, the Lord of lords, for the deluding pleasures of this world. Be wiser, be wiser.

Within you is the real happiness, within you is the mighty ocean of nectar divine. Seek it within you, feel it, feel it, it is here, the Self. It is not the body, the mind, the intellect ; it is not the desires or the desiring ; it is not the objects of desire ; above all these ye are. All these are simply manifestations. Ye appear as the smiling flower, as the twinkling stars. What is there in the world which can make you desire anything ?

Just sing, just chant OM and while chanting it, put your whole heart into it, put all your energies into it, put your whole soul into it, put all your strength in realizing it. The meaning of this syllable OM is "I AM HE", "I AND HE ARE ONE," OM. "THE SAME AM I." OM, OM. While chanting, be conjuring up, if possible, before your mind all your weaknesses and all your temptations. Trample them under your feet, crush them out, rise above them and come out victorious.

In India there is a beautiful story in the Puranas. It speaks of Krishna jumping into the river Jumna while his father, mother, friends and relatives stood by struck dumb with amazement. In their very presence he jumped into the torrent. They thought that he was gone, that he would never rise again. The story

says that he went to the bottom of the river and there was a thousand-headed dragon. Krishna began to blow his flute, he began to play the mantram OM, he began to kick down the heads of the dragon, he began to crush down the heads of the dragon one by one, but as he crushed the many heads of the dragon one by one, other heads sprang up and thus it was very hard for him. Krishna went on jumping and dancing upon the crested head of the dragon ; he went on playing the mantram on his flute, he went on chanting his mantram and still jumping and crushing down the heads of the dragon. In half-an-hour the dragon was dead ; what with the charming note of the flute and the crushing of the dragon by his heels, the dragon was dead. The waters of the river were turned to blood and the blood of the dragon mixed with the water of the river. All the wives of the dragon came up to pay homage to Krishna, they wanted to drink of the nectar of his sweet presence. Krishna came up from the river, the amazed relatives and friends were beside themselves, their joy knew no bounds, so happy were they to find their beloved Krishna, their beloved one, in their midst again. This story has a double meaning. It is an object lesson, so to say, for those who want to gain an insight of reality into their own Divinity.

That lake or river represents the mind or rather the lake of the mind, and whoever wants to become Krishna (the word Krishna means or stands for

Deity, God), whoever wants to regain the paradise lost, he has to enter deep into the lake of his own mind, to dive deep into himself. He has to plunge deep into his own nature, reaching the bottom he has to fight the venomous dragon, the poisonous snake of passion, desire, the venomous dragon of the worldly mind. He has to crush it down, he has to destroy its crests, he has to kick down its many heads, he has to charm and destroy it. He must make clear the lake of his mind, he must clear his mind this way. The process is the same as that followed by Krishna. He is to take up his flute and play the mantram OM through it. He has to sing that divine, that blessed song through it.

What is this flute? It is simply a symbol for you. Look at the flute. Indian poets attach great importance to it. What a great deed was it that the flute performed that it was raised to such a dignity? By virtue of what great Karma was it elevated to such a position? Why was it that Krishna who was the object of worship, who was loved by mighty monarchs, who was worshipped by thousands of fairy maidens in broad India; how was it that Krishna, the beloved one, the powerful one, the Love personified, that Krishna who did not condescend to look at kings or monarchs, why gave he this flute kisses? What raised it to such a position? The flute's answer was, "I have one virtue, one good point I have. I have made myself void of all matter."

The flute is empty from head to foot. "I emptied myself or non-self." Just so, applying the flute to the lips means purifying the heart, turning the mind unto God; throwing everything at the feet of God, the Beloved One. Just give up from your heart of hearts. Give up all claim upon the body, give up all selfishness, all selfish connections, all thoughts of mine and thine; rise above it. Wooing God, wooing Him as no worldly lover woos his lady love; hungering and thirsting after the realization of the true Self, just as a man of the world hungers and thirsts for what he has not had for a long time, hungering and thirsting for the divine; yearning for the truth; craving after a taste of the supreme reality of Self, putting yourself in that state of mind is applying the flute to the lips. In this state of mind, in this peace of heart, with such a pure soul begin to chant the mantram OM; begin to sing the sacred syllable OM. This is putting the breath of music into the flute. Make your whole life a flute. Make your whole body a flute. Empty it of selfishness and fill it with divine breath.

Chant OM and while doing it, begin that search within the lake of your mind. Search out the poisonous snake with its many tongues. These heads, tongues, and fangs of the poisonous snake are the innumerable wants, the worldly tendencies, and the selfish propensities. Crush them one by one, trample them under your feet, single them out, overcome them and

destroy them while singing the syllable OM.

Build up a character, make firm resolutions, make strong determinations and take solemn vows so that when you come out of the lake or river of the mind, you may not find the waters poisoned ; so that the waters will not poison those who drink from them. Come out of the lake having purified it altogether. Let people differ from you, let them subject you to all sorts of difficulties, let them revile you, but despite their favours and frowns, their threats and promises, from the lake of your mind there should flow nothing but divine, infinitely pure, fresh water. Nectar should flow out of you so that it may become as impossible for you to think evil as for the pure fresh spring to poison those who drink from it. Purify the heart, sing the syllable OM, pick out all points of weakness and eradicate them. Come out victorious, having formed a beautiful character. When the dragon of passion is destroyed, you will find the objects of desire worshipping you just as the wives of the dragon under the river paid homage unto Krishna after he had killed the snake.

Draw a diagram for your use and place on this diagram a list of the ordinary sins and shortcomings. This table having been traced, you take the day of the week, perhaps on that day you have suffered from greed or grief ; you then place the mark (x) directly under the column headed greed or grief, along the line of the date and so on. By keeping this private

diary you can bring before you your shortcomings and be brought face to face with your weaknesses.

Rama does not recommend that these marks be kept on the diagram. To-day you yield to some shortcoming ; be true to yourselves and put down the asterisk mark to-day. Next day in the morning or at any time convenient to you, close the door, sit down all alone and open the chart before you and here you see that you yielded to greed or grief or whatever it may be ; then begin lecturing to yourself.

We in this country have too many lectures from others. Let all the great lecturers of the age come, let Christ or God Himself come and lecture, but lectures from others will be of no avail unless you are prepared to lecture to yourself. He alone can raise himself or make progress who lectures to himself. You know that you yielded to grief. Try and diagnose and prognose this feeling. Why were you overpowered by grief ? Find out the cause and then find a remedy for it. You may at that time read an instructive book, say Bhagavad-Gita or the Bible, or Emerson's works, or any books which may tend to lift you from the plane of grief and with their aid and the aid of your own lectures, reflections, meditations, try to drive out this feeling from you for ever. If you feel convinced at that time that you have conquered and that you will not lose yourself again, no matter what may befall you, when you are assured you have trampled it under your feet, that you have gained the

victory, then erase the asterisk mark. You are free then. Why condemn yourself for the past? Let the dead past bury its dead.

Take up these faults one by one, find the cause and the remedy for each, diagnose and prognose each one, lecture to yourself, but before such diagnosis and prognosis is done in this class, each one of you must lecture to yourself. Each one will have to do the work for himself. Sit down and meditate upon that which you suffer from, and while meditating chant or sing OM. While the lips are chanting, while the voice hums this sacred syllable, while you are firm in your resolutions, the infinite blessings celestial are on you. You will be strengthened from within. These are some of the crested heads of the dragon which infested the lake of your minds. Crush them out one by one. There is one common cause for all shortcomings, one common basis, root of all these evils, and that is Ignorance, — Ignorance in all its shapes, especially Ignorance of the real Self, Ignorance of the true Atman.

People identify themselves with the body, accumulate all sorts of things around it and want to have pleasures from without. They are identified with the body and are liable to be grieved or afflicted.

Rise above the body. Feel and realize that you are the Infinite, the Supreme Self, and how can you be affected by passion or greed?

As a sub-division to the general ignorance of the true Self, there is the ignorance of the common laws of nature which keeps people sick and weak. Here is a sacred law of nature, a law which cannot be set at naught. The law is —

Do any kind of wrong, do any mischief, harbour in your mind any-kind of wrong, do these wrong deeds, commit these sins even at a place where you are sure nobody will catch you or find you out, where nobody will call you to question. Sow these seeds of evil wherever you please, even in a place as secure as any fort could be; sow the wind and by the most stern, unrelenting, irrefragable, irretrievable law, you reap the whirlwind; you must be visited with pain and suffering. The wages of sin is death.

People take it as a moral law and say that there is not the same strength in it as there is in mathematical laws; they say that there is no mathematical certainty about it. Mistaken are they who think that way. In the most solitary caves commit a sin and you will in no time be astonished to see that the very grass under your feet stands up and bears testimony against you. You will in time see that the very walls, the very trees have tongues and speak. You cannot cheat nature, Providence. This is a truth; this is a law. We commit sins only in the heart and we find ourselves in the outside world surrounded by embarrassing and harassing circumstances; in difficulties, in all sorts of straits. We find this to be the

case and those who are ignorant of the real cause of their difficulties blame circumstances ; they begin to fight their surroundings, they file law suits against relatives, friends, and their fellow men. Here is a divine law which should be proclaimed in all corners and in all bazaars. Try to throw dust into the eyes of God and you will be blinded yourself.

The law is that you shall be Pure. Harbour impurity and you must suffer the consequences. We will take up these spiritual laws one by one and prove them with a mathematical certainty. When a man once understands these spiritual laws, it becomes impossible for him to stoop to these selfish desires. Having gained control of these desires, the mind can be concentrated for any length of time. Character must be built first, this is necessary.

Is fasting necessary to the conquering of one's own mind ?

As to fasting, Rama says, do not starve or over-feed. Both extremes are to be avoided. Sometimes fasting comes naturally ; we feel within ourselves a natural desire to abstain from eating. Such instincts of the heart should be obeyed, but at other times the inner self tells you to take nourishment. Follow these instincts.

Fasting should be taken as a help but it should not master us. People often fast because it is forced upon them ; they then become servants of this slavery of fasting. Rama does not countenance slavery. As

to fasting, in India some do fast and there are particular days which are especially observed as to what kind of food is taken and how much. These days are the Full Moon day and New Moon day.

On the Full Moon day, people in India eat such food as will not tell on the stomach ; and on that day they specially concentrate the mind, that day being particularly favourable for concentration. This you will see if you try to verify it. Such food is taken as will not disturb the equilibrium of the mind.

The New Moon night and New Moon day are especially instinct with a particular kind of virtue in aiding the concentration of the mind.

True fasting means ridding ourselves of all selfish designs, desires, not feeding them, purging ourselves wholly of them.

LECTURE V.
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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*Lecture delivered at the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,  
San Francisco, on December 19, 1902.*  
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THE KINGDOM of Heaven is within you. How have you to realize that ?

There is a very beautiful story showing how to realize this kingdom of Heaven within us. It is related that at one time the Vedas were taken by a demon and carried to the bottom of the sea.

The word 'Veda' has two meanings. The original meaning is knowledge, the kingdom of Heaven. The second meaning is, the most sacred Scriptures of the Hindus.

The name of this demon, said to have carried the Vedas to the bottom of the sea, was Shankhásur which etymologically means the demon of the conch-shell or the "insect dwelling in conch."

In order to redeem the Vedas, in order to bring back the treasures of knowledge, God incarnated as a fish, fought with the demon, destroyed it, and brought back the Vedas to the world.

Children read that story and take it literally ; common people read it and take it literally, but there

is a deep, hidden meaning in the story. The story was meant to illustrate a general truth.

God incarnated as a fish to bring back the Vedas from the worm living in the conch-shell. God incarnated as a fish and fought the demon or insect at the bottom of the sea, and destroyed it. What was the use of this? The fish is a maritime animal and the conch-shell is also inhabited by a creature of the sea. Now God, the All, in the shape of the fish fought the insect of the sea. The insect was driven out of the shell and the waves of the sea washed the shell ashore. People picked it up. The conch-shell was blown and there came out of it the reverberating sound OM. This is Veda. In this sense was the Veda, the conch-shell, brought from the bottom of the sea.

The story-teller meant to lay particular stress on the importance of the sacred mantram OM. The object is to show that this sacred syllable OM is the end of knowledge in all the world. It is all the Vedas, all the Kingdom of Heaven put in a conch-shell, condensed to its smallest compass. That was the object of this story.

The Hindus blow conch-shell on all sacred and important occasions, *i.e.*, they chant OM at the time of death, birth, war, or worship. Happy he who lives, moves and has his being in OM.

In order to come by these treasures within, or in order that the kingdom of Heaven may be unlocked, this is the key to be used.

The people of Europe and America do not wish to take up anything unless it appeals to their intellect. Even though we may not be able to prove the virtue of this mantram by the logic of the world, yet there is no denial of the powerful effect which this mantram, chanted in the proper way, produces on the character of a man, or of the virtue it has of unfolding inner secrets, in placing all the treasures of the world at our disposal. One object of the story-teller was to show that all the knowledge of the sacred Scriptures of the Hindus was obtained when the writers of these volumes had thrown themselves into ecstasies by the humming of this syllable. This mantram is the seed of all knowledge. The importance of this mantram will be laid before you from different stand-points. It is necessary to show the importance of this mantram in order that the people may take to it with their whole heart.

First of all, the mantram OM does not belong to any special language. Thinking it to be a Sanskrit word and not belonging to any other language, do not reject it. It is the name of God. This syllable comes to you from within, nobody teaches you this syllable. It comes to you at birth. The child's cry resembles remarkably the sound Oom, Om, Aam, a perverted form of OM. The word OM comes from within to every child.

The true way to write OM is AUM. According to the rules of Sanskrit Grammar, A and U, when

connected together coalesce into O. Even the mute can produce the sounds of A, U, and M. Thus OM in its entirety, in its parts, is brought to the world by everybody and by himself. It is the most natural word which can occur to any body. When boys are very happy in the streets, their overflowing joy finds natural expression in the noisy sound of prolonged O, which is simply OM cut short.

This sound occurs in every language, Sanskrit, Persian, English, Japanese, all have it in a more or less perfect form. This sound O is used on occasions when people get beyond themselves ; when they are exhilarated, when they are filled with joy, this sound naturally comes to them. When people fall sick or are in trouble, when they are suffering excruciating pain, what sound finds utterance through their lips ? It is Oh, Oh or Um, which is a mere corruption of OM. The Hebrew, the Arabic, the English prayers end with Amen, which most remarkably resembles OM. The last letter in the Greek alphabet is Omega giving the sound Om a prominent place.

Why should this sound come to everybody, why should this sound come from the lips of every body in illness, be he a European, American, Hindu, Persian, Japanese, or of any denomination ? The Hindu answers. This sound is like a beautiful tree yielding a cool shade to the sick man who is being scorched by the burning sun, so naturally does this sick person seek the cool shelter of the spreading tree. Thus it is that

every body when sick or suffering naturally resorts to this syllable OM, this natural sound. It gives him a little relief. We see it naturally brings relief under all circumstances : the sick are relieved by chanting this sound. If it can bring relief even to the sick and suffering, may it not bring peace and harmony if you sing it in the right way ? We call it *pranava* and mean by it something that pervades life or runs through *prāna* or breath. Every animal sends forth this sound, it is associated with his breath. If you breathe forcibly so as to make respiration audible, you will see that the sound if represented by an articulate word is Soham, Soham, (breathing through the nose). This sound is in the breath of all ; now in this we see S-O-H-A-M.

Sanskrit Grammar is more developed than any other in the world. It has analysed all sounds and all words perfectly. M is called a consonant but this consonant is nasal and it is proved that M is a consonant which borders on vowelhood. O and A are vowels according to all Grammars. S and H sre consonants. Throw aside the consonants and we have O, A, M, or OM.

Now, you see that the vowels are independent sounds and the consonants are dependent sounds, they cannot stand alone or by themselves. For instance, here is the consonant K ; you call it Kay, in Sanskrit it is Ka ; you must join a vowel like E or A to the original sound of the consonant and then it becomes capable of being pronounced.

Consonants represent name and form in this world. All names and forms in this world are like consonants, dependent. Can any of them stand alone without the supreme reality behind them? All phenomena consist of names and forms which cannot be pronounced without an underlying noumenon or reality, substratum, God, the Unknowable or whatever you may choose to call it. The underlying reality is proved to be the absolute being, absolute knowledge and absolute bliss, denoted respectively by A, U, and M. Thus in So-ham the consonants S and H stand for the phenomenal names, form and shape, and the inherent Om represents the underlying reality.

If we have toys made of sugar but of various shapes, some in the shape of a dog, some in the shape of an ox, some in the shape of a lion, some in the shape of a man, they differ from one another, but all the difference lies in mere shapes and forms and names. Being made out of one substance all of them are the same, sugar.

Go to the ocean. There you will find a ripple here and a ripple there, a breaker here and a breaker there, differing in size and shape, but look at the reality behind them, it is the one ocean; all are the same, they are all water; the difference lies in shape and form.

Take up the diamond so brilliant, so sparkling, so dazzling, so hard that it will cut iron easily; then take charcoal so soft that it will easily leave a mark

on paper, so dirty, so ugly, so worthless. Chemists tell us that there is no difference in reality between the two. Both are the same carbon, no difference whatever between the two. Then what makes the apparent difference, it is the difference in the shape and form. The condition and shape of the particles of carbon in one is different from the other, the only difference is in form.

Similarly, according to Hindu Philosophy, all separate divisions in this world are due to name and form. If you dive deep into the bottom, if you analyse the underlying reality in all names and forms, you will see that there is One unchangeable, everlasting, immutable principle behind all. That Reality stands by itself. That Reality might be compared to the vowel sounds, and the name and form might well be compared to the consonant sounds. Thus So-ham, S and H representing name and form, something dependent, being omitted, only Reality remains and we come to the syllable AUM — OM. Thus OM is the reality which runs through your breath. It is present in all breath of the world, it is the most natural name of the power which is at the back of all difference, all divisions, all separateness, the most natural name for the Reality.

Professor Max Müller and other philosophers with him have proved that all thought is related to language as the obverse and reverse of the same coin. One cannot exist without the other. Could you see

this object, the table, without thinking of it? Could you perceive anything else without thinking accordingly? The very word 'perceive' signifies mental thought.

Again, thought and language are the same; you cannot think without language. The infant knows no language and has no thought. Let the child begin to think, it cannot until it has language. The mother breathes names into the ears of the child; the meaning of names are being breathed into the heart of the boy. The meaning is related to the words of the mother as the rider to the horse. Upon the horse of words the rider of meaning rides into the soul of the child.

We cannot think without language. Thought and language are one, and we have already seen that the world and thought are also one. Therefore language and thought being in a way identical, and also thought and the world being identical, word and the world are kin to each other. No object in this world is observed without thought. Try to see an object and do not let its conception enter your mind; it will be impossible. In fact, perceiving the blackboard means thinking of the blackboard.

All objects of this world are the counterpart of the corresponding idea. Nothing is perceived in this world without thought; and there can be no thought without language. The world is related to language as the obverse and reverse of the same coin. This tells you the real truth or the real significance of "In

the beginning there was the word, the word was with God and the word was God."

Now, we want to have a single word or sound which will represent the whole world. We want some word which will represent the power, the energy, the force, the governing substance, the thing in itself which upholds the universe.

In all the languages we have some sounds which come from the throat, others which come from the lips, others back in the mouth near the palate. There is not a single sound in any language which springs from a region of the vocal organs below the throat. The throat is the boundary, or rather one boundary of the range of the vocal organs, the lips are the other boundary. None comes from outside the lips.

Here we have A, U, M; the sound A is guttural. This comes from one boundary of the vocal organs.

U (oo) proceeds exactly from the middle of the range of sounds, middle of the vocal regions near the palate.

M is labial and nasal sound at the end or extremity of the vocal organs or regions. Thus A represents the beginning of the range of sound; U represents the middle, and M represents the end. It covers the whole field. OM, OM is the most natural name. It represents all language and consequently all world. Here arises a question. There are many other sounds which are located in the throat like A. Similarly U and M have many kindred sounds. Why should not

any other guttural chosen arbitrarily and joined with any other sound akin to Ū and also to any other kindred labial of form, a word to represent all languages ?

Similarly, out of all the other sounds which proceed from the same region as U (oo), U is the only sound which may be called the lord, the chief, the monarch of them all. It is a vowel, a sound brought out by every child. A mute has it with him, it was not taught by others, it came of itself, and is consequently the best representative of its kind. M is the best representation of all the labials. There is another peculiarity about it. It is nasal and covers up all the field of the nose which is the seat of the breath. Thus we see that if there could be any perfect name, it is OM. This is the representative of all languages. It is the representative of all thought. It is the representative of the whole world.

All the Vedanta, nay, all the philosophy of the Hindus is simply an exposition of this syllable OM. OM covers the whole universe. There is not a law, not a force in the whole world, not an object in all the world which is not comprised by the syllable OM. One by one you will see that all the planes of being, all the worlds, all phases of existence are covered by this syllable AUM, OM.

Sounds are of two kinds, articulate and inarticulate. We call them Dhyánátmik and Varnátmik. These Sanskrit names are full of meaning. Varnátmik

means literally "sounds capable of being put in black and white." Dhyánátmik means sounds which cannot be put in writing. All ordinary language is Varnátmik. The language of feeling is Dhyánátmik ; it cannot be expressed by characters or written in words.

A man laughs. Could you express that in any written language ? Could you represent that on paper ? A man weeps. That you cannot put on paper. These are Dhyánátmik. We see that the articulate sounds, or the artificial language Dhyánátmik, have a purpose which cannot be served by Varnátmik. Suppose some of you go to a foreign country, or a foreigner comes to your country, he cannot speak or understand your language. He requires something, perhaps, he wants to purchase something. You do not understand him. Perhaps the man is hungry, requires something to eat ; not understanding his language you do not attend to his needs. The man begins to cry and to weep. You then understand, then you see. This language of feeling is understood everywhere, but the Varnátmik or artificial language is understood by those only who have learned it. The natural language is understood everywhere.

You begin to laugh, all understand that something funny or pleasing has occurred to you or is within you. Here is a man who plays on a musical instrument, say, the violin ; you know the harmony. The language of music is Dhyánátmik and understood by everybody.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we read

“ therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods
Since naught so stockish, hard and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature.”

The language of music is not of the same kind as the language of our thought. It has a particular use, there is a charm about it. Science may or may not be able to prove how and why music produces such a charming influence upon you, but it remains a fact. If Science cannot prove it, then it is to blame for that. Similarly, OM, OM has a charm about it, an efficiency, a virtue in it which directly brings the mind of one who chants it under control, which directly brings all feeling and all thought in a state of harmony ; brings peace and rest to the soul and puts the mind in a state where it is one with God. Science may not be able to explain this, but this is a fact which can be verified by experiment. Woe unto Science if it goes against the truth connected with the efficacy of the sacred syllable OM.

LECTURE VI.

THE SACRED SYLLABLE OM.

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*Lecture delivered at the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,  
San Francisco, on December 22, 1902.*

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THE OTHER DAY a few words were spoken on the sacred mantram OM and it was also explained that the subject could not be exhausted in seven or eight lessons. Volumes have been written in the Sanskrit language and are still being written to-day on this sacred syllable. In fact, all the Vedas, all Vedanta, all the sacred Scriptures of the Hindus are contained in this syllable OM.

There are many different sects in India, but all the sects pay their heartfelt homage to OM. The Hebrews, the Mahomedans, and the Christians, all end their prayers with 'Amen.' Mahomedans also do that, although they do not pronounce the word as 'Amen' but 'Ahmeen.'

In your ordinary prayers what part does 'Amen' play? It comes in at a place where all speech stops, where all talk terminates at a point where the soul melts into divinity. You go on pouring the language of the heart until that point is reached where the whole being is about to be melted into divinity. Where

the ineffable, the unspeakable, the inexpressible is reached, there is Amen. Then what is Amen? It is OM, nothing else. In all your sacred prayers Amen or Ameen occupies a place that exactly satisfies the meaning of the word Vedanta or 'end of speech' and very nearly represents the essence of Vedanta, that is, OM.

The literal meaning of Vedanta is the end of knowledge, the end of speech; a point where all speech, all thought stops, and among the Hindus the whole of Vedanta is represented by OM. The meaning in which that word is used in the Vedas will now be brought to your notice — OM, A.U.M.

The Tántrics explain OM in their own way. The Shaivas have their own way, the Vaishnavas have their own interpretation, and all other Hindu sects have their peculiar explanation, but the interpretation that is about to be given is universal; it is to be given at the very fountain-head of the Vedanta.

OM consists of A, U, M. The sound A in accordance with the teachings of Vedanta represents the so-called material universe, the solid-seeming world, the world of gross senses. All that is observed in your wakeful state.

All the experiences of the dreamland are represented by U (oo). The observer as well as the things observed, both the subject and the object of the dreaming state, are denoted by the sound U. The psychic or astral plane, the world of spirits and all the heavens and hells are signified by U.

M represents all the unknown, the deep sleep state, and even in your wakeful state all that is unknown, all that is beyond comprehension of the intellect. Thus OM or A-U-M covers all the threefold experience of man, stands for all the phenomenal worlds. There is in A-U-M the common principle called Amátrá, that which signifies the imperishable, immutable noumenon or The Thing In Itself running through and pervading the threefold phenomena. This Amátrá will be treated fully in another lecture. Suffice it to say that OM represents the All.

All the philosophy of Europe and America is based on the experience in the wakeful state and takes little or no notice of the experience of the dreaming or deep sleep state. The Hindu says "You start with imperfect data. How can your solution of the problem of the universe be correct?"

Philosophers limit themselves to the wakeful state. Mill, Hamilton, Berkley, even Spencer, and all of them base all their discoveries and investigations on the experience gained in the wakeful state alone. There they want to discover the fountain-head of all force, energy, or any name they may please to call it. But see here, if you are given a mathematical problem and are asked to draw a conclusion, all the premises, the whole hypothesis you will have to consider. How can you solve a problem correctly when you take up only a part of the data? Vedanta takes the whole data. Your data are threefold, your worldly experiences

are threefold, and all this should be considered. The world of wakeful state disappears entirely in the other two states and yet you, that is to say, the Self, live in a dream state and in the deep sleep state you are dead, are you? The intellect and personal consciousness vanishes entirely in the deep sleep state and yet the real Self, the real 'you' remains the same. The unchangeable and immutable principle, this reality runs through the threefold worlds, in your true Atman or Self. This is OM. You have no right to take mind, intellect, or brain as yourself. How do you know that the world exists, how do you know that the universe is here? Because you touch things, you see things, you hear things, you taste and smell things; that is the only proof. If you say, here is Victor Hugo, Robert Ingersol, Emerson, all these great thinkers are writing so much about this world, and so the world must exist, and we ask how do you know that religious books are there? You know they are there through the senses. Your senses are the only direct or indirect proof of the existence of this world.

Sensation is the primary cause of all perception, intellection, etc. Sensation is not limited to your wakeful state. In your wakeful state your senses are in the gross form, but do you not sense and perceive in your dreams, have you not sense organs peculiar to that time? The outer eyes and the outer ears are not working there. In the dreamland you create objects of senses and the corresponding sense

organs or senses simultaneously. Thus we see that in dreamland the senses and the objects sensed are like the positive and negative poles of the same power or as the obverse and reverse of the same coin. In dreams the subject and the object spring up together. Both the subject and the object of dreams are comprised by the sound U in A-U-M and the underlying reality in which both the subject and the object appear as waves, is the real Atman or OM. According to Vedanta, just so in your wakeful state your senses and the objects are correlated to each other as the positive and negative poles of the same power. In dreams even though the objects are produced instantaneously, they appear to have a long past of their own. Similarly in the wakeful state the objects of the world together with their past history make their appearance simultaneously with the percipient subject. And when you say that this world is real, this is the solid, rigid world, the statement is entirely founded on the evidence of the perceiving senses or subject, and is equivalent to the dreaming ego calling the objects of the dream real, or to the man on canvas calling his dog on the picture real, whereas in reality both are unreal.

What brought the senses into existence? The elements. How do you know of these elements? Through the senses. Is not that reasoning in a circle? This establishes the illusory nature of the world in the wakeful state. As in dreamland, so long as you are dreaming, the objects are real. Those

objects are no more when in the wakeful state. In the wakeful state all things are solid but when in deep sleep state, where is the world? Nowhere, gone,—gone. Here we see that the definition of reality does not apply to the phenomena of the waking or dreaming state.

The Hindus define reality as that which persists in all circumstances. That which appears to be at one time and like a shadow disappears after a while must be a delusive phenomenon. The same definition of reality is given by Herbert Spencer.

Why do you say that the dreamland is unreal? Because when you are awake it is not there. Then so does this very definition of unreality apply to the wakeful state. When in dreamland or deep sleep state, the wakeful world is no longer.

The sound A in A-U-M indicates the apparent subject and object of the wakeful state as mere manifestations of the underlying Reality, Me.

What a prejudice has overtaken the heart of man. They say "I have hard cash. This is real, this gross, solid-seeming world." O fool, the only hard reality is yourself—Unchangeable, eternal is yourself, that is the only hard thing. The rest is all a trick of the senses. Some people do not like to accept this conclusion, because it is derived from considering the dreaming and deep sleep states as rivals of the wakeful state. A few words will be said for their consideration. Over one-half of the surface of this

big cipher of the Earth there being always night, almost half the population of the Earth is always in the dreaming or deep sleep state. Everybody at some place passes through the sleeping experience just as much as through the wakeful experience. Is not the whole of childhood a long sleep? Death again is sleep. Well, the first three or four years you have been all along asleep. Now count the time, the hours passed in the wakeful state; you will be astonished to see that one-half of your life is passed in sleep and one-half in waking. What right have you to take into consideration what took place in the wakeful state and not what took place in the sleeping state? Are you dead when you are asleep? No; the experiences of your dream-state are also experiences, then why not take them into consideration? If the wakeful state be more powerful, why is it that even the strongest and wisest without exception, are, as it were, bound hand and foot by sleep and laid flat on the sofa or couch every night? The inexorable power of sleep takes no account of their ardent desire to keep awake. The sleep state has a world of its own as has also the wakeful state. Then if the wakeful world has any claim on attention, the dream world also must be duly considered.

Americans and Europeans determine everything from the stand-point of majority. Well then, the dreaming state as well as the deep sleep state are also to have a vote. If on the authority of wakeful

experience the dreaming experience is unreal, so is the wakeful experience non-real on the authority of dream-land and deep sleep state. Again, here are plants in a state of perpetual deep sleep and here are animals in the constant dreaming state, as it were. To them the world appears quite different from what it does to you ; why not regard their experience ? To the ant's eye, the frog's eye, the owl's eye, the elephant's eye things are quite different from what they are to you. O, but you say man's experience alone must be considered and the wakeful state or the wakeful world must be called real. But if you rightly take the experience of all the perfect men, even that will convince you that this solid-seeming world is unreal. You will ask how this is so ? Here are our Scientists, Philosophers, Huxleys and Spencers. All lay immense stress upon the reality of the wakeful world. How can their experience show the unreality of the world ? Just reflect. Will you believe them at their best or at their worst ? You will not take into consideration their remarks made when they are asleep or snoring. In what state are these great writers at their best ? They are at their best and worthy of all credit and reverence when knowledge is as it were issuing forth and springing from them. When in that highest state, go to them and see if every pore of their body, every hair on their skin is not lecturing as it were as to the non-reality of the world and proclaiming non-duality ? In that state there is no *meum tuum*, no

duality, no plurality ; no personality, no world. All phenomenon is melted down to nothing. The thinker is in a state of concentration, a state of abstraction, a perfect state, a state where all knowledge is naturally oozing forth from him, a state where all knowledge naturally comes from him as does the light from the sun. Being in that state he does not talk ; talk comes when he is just emerging from that plane ; discoveries and sublime thought are emanating from him. Thus the actual experience of all great thinkers when at their highest, testifies to the non-reality of the world. This may be made more clear. What do we do when we think ? When you think you proceed by dwelling upon a topic. You take up one point, excluding all other subjects ; you concentrate on it with your whole mind ; all your energies and powers are brought to bear upon that particular point. The mind becomes saturated with that idea. The result is that the idea disappears and absolute super-consciousness results, absolute consciousness which is the fountain-head of all knowledge.

According to a well established Law of Psychology, in order to be conscious of one thing we must have some thing different beside it. When there is no duality in the mind, then all object-consciousness is at rest and thus the point of inspiration is reached.

When Tennyson is beyond all idea of Lord Tennyson, then alone is he the poet Tennyson. When Berkeley is no proprietary, copyrighting Bishop, then

alone is he the thinker Berkeley. When Hume is above his personality which the biographer proclaims, then alone is he the philosopher Hume. When Huxley is not the historian's Huxley and is the all, as it were, then is he the Scientist Huxley.

When some grand and wonderful work is done through us, it is folly to take the credit for it, because when it was being done, the credit-seeking ego was entirely absent, else the beauty of the deed should have been marred. The consciousness of "I am doing" was altogether absent. The thing came from God of its own self. Thus we see that these people, thinkers or great writers, whoever they may be, if we take their judgment, their opinion when at their best, they are found lecturing and preaching by their acts, nay through every pore of their body, that the world is unreal. Acts speak louder than words. In battle we see great warriors and great heroes; being at their best they go on fighting; bullets fly thick and fast all about them, here is a bullet, there is a wound; blood gushes from their bodies; their bodies are torn to pieces, still they press on and on; in such a state pain is no pain. Why? Because practically the body is no body and the outside world no world. In the language of Energy he is giving a lie to the world and body. Thus your Napoleon, your Washington, your Wellington, and all others tell you through their acts, in spite of the belittling intellect they tell you that when the real Self, which is all Energy, asserts itself, the world

is naught. The real Self, which is Knowledge Absolute and Power Absolute, is the only stern reality, before which the apparent reality of the world melts away.

What makes the arms of the warrior strong? It is coming into unison with the stern, hard and fast reality of the true Self.

What causes so many discoveries and inventions to be suggested to the mind? Simply the intellect or mind's absorption for a short time in the hard, stern reality of the real Atman, God, That you are, Ye are that Reality, Ye are the Light of the Universe, the Lord of lords, the Holy of holies, the Highest of the high.

In the mantram OM (A-U-M), the first letter A stands for this stern Reality, your Self, as underlying and manifesting the illusory material world of the wakeful state, U represents the psychic world, and the last letter M denotes the Absolute Self as underlying the chaotic state and manifesting itself as all the Unknown.

When chanting OM, the wise have to concentrate their attention and put forth feelings in realising their Self to be the stern Reality which manifests the three worlds and also destroys the three worlds, just as the sun reveals the colours at sunrise or dawn and also absorbs them back into himself before noon.

These worlds are phenomenal. In your dreaming state you see a wolf and fear that the wolf will devour you; you are frightened, but it is not a wolf that

you see, it is yourself. So Vedanta tells you that even in the wakeful state it is "Ye that are the enemy or the friend." Ye are the sun and the pond in which the sun is reflected. Ye are the lamp and the moth. The bitterest enemy that ye have, ye are that enemy, nobody else. While chanting OM, you have to work your mind up to such a pitch of realisation of this fact that all jealousy and ill-will may be rooted out of the mind, may be voted out. Weed out this idea of separateness. The figure and form of the friend or foe is a mere dream. You are the friend and you are the foe. Are the things you did yesterday with you to-day? Are they not a dream? They are gone. The things of yesterday—where are they, are they not gone? In this sense also the experience of the wakeful state is a dream; the experience of the dream state is a dream. The real, the hard cash, the stern reality, the real Self, is behind them. Realize that.

Some people want to materialise thought instead of realising all matter to be mere thought. They regard the material plane to be real as compared with the Astral world or the world of thought. According to Vedanta, the material as well as the Astral worlds are unreal. You must rise above both because rest, true peace, happiness can be had only when the reality, the hard cash behind the scenes, is realised.

In AUM, A (ah) is sometimes called a Mátrá or form, U is often called a Mátrá or form, M is called a Mátrá or form; but OM does not stop at Mátrá or

form, it stands for the reality, the hard cash which runs through, which underlies all these Mátrás. People say "We want life, we don't want mere ideas." O, what is Life? Is it the life of the dream-state or the deep sleep state or is it the life of the wakeful state that you want? All this is only apparent. The reality, the true life is your Self. There are stern laws which will not allow you enjoyment of pleasure for ever through the senses. Is it possible for you to sell yourself to the senses, to the sense-plane and be happy? No, it is impossible. There are most unrelenting, unrestrainable laws which cannot allow you to be happy in sensual pleasure.

The Atman is the real life, the hard cash. Realise that and these material pleasures will begin to seek you. Just as the moth comes to the burning flame, just as the river flows to the ocean, just as the small official pays his respects to a great Emperor, just so will pleasures come to you when you have perfectly known and felt your true Self, your divine majesty, the real glorious Atman. This Atman is represented by OM.

It has been shown how out of A-U-M, these three Mátrás, the Hindus, especially the Vedas, give you a clue to the underlying reality that you are. OM means the underlying Reality behind the scenes, the eternal Truth, the indestructible Self that you are. Thus when you sing this sacred mantram OM, you will have to throw your intellect and your body into your true Self, make these melt into the real Atman.

Realise it and sing in the language of feeling, sing it with your acts, sing it through every pore of your body. Let it course through your veins, let it pulsate in your bosom, let every hair on your body and every drop of your blood tingle with the truth that You are the Light of lights, the Sun of suns, the Ruler of the universe, the Lord of lords, the true Self. The sun and stars are your handiwork and the heavens and earth your workmanship. Everything declares your glory, and all Nature pays you homage.

OM. OM.

LECTURE VII.

*Lecture delivered at the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,
San Francisco, on December 24, 1902*

IN THE Books of Moses we read that God created the world. He saw his own handiwork and lo, it was beautiful and sublime. We read about it in the Book of Genesis, and so it is. You know that the attitude of mind, expressed by "Thy Will be done, O Lord" receives a much stronger expression from Vedanta. The Hindu puts it, "My Will is being done. My Will is being done." When the wife identifies her will with her husband's will, she can joyfully say "My will is being done", and she need not pray, "Thy will be done", for they are not two but one. She has had to make a great effort to make her will bend to the will of her lord, but when through repeated efforts the faithful wife has conquered the difference, she enjoys the doings of her husband as her own doings. So does a Vedantin enjoy everything in the world as of his own doing. To men of enlightenment

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron-bars a cage.
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

On the other hand, ignorant people, not knowing their true Self, given to egotism and selfishness, make even their palaces and castles worse than gaols, graves, and hells. By their petty cares, low, sordid desires, and imaginary fears and apprehensions they forge their own chains.

Vedanta shows you that your happiness is your own business ; who are worldly desires to interfere ? Realize the truth and you are free. Vedantic realization is hard to achieve, because the vast majority of people in Europe and America think that they have to change themselves into God, that they have to create the Godhead in them. According to Vedanta the self-evident truth is that you are already God, nothing else but God. Your Godhead is not to be effected, it is simply to be known and realized or felt. You have to put it into practice, you have to make use of it. Here is a man who has a vast treasure in his house, and has forgotten it. Here is another man who has no treasure in his house. They both begin to dig for treasure. The man who has the treasure but has forgotten it will, by digging, come across it, but the man who has no treasure buried in the house will find it not. The treasure is there ; be stingy or miserly no more ; bring it into use. You have not to put the treasure there, you have simply to use it. Your soul is not impure and sinful by nature, it has not fallen through the sin of one man, and does not depend upon the virtue of another man to save it.

Here is a blackboard, a hard, solid substance. Suppose you rub the blackboard and rub and scrub it again. Can you make it transparent? No. Take a looking-glass; it may be soiled, dusty or dirty, but when you clean it, it is transparent. You have not made it transparent by your efforts, you have simply brought out what was already there. The blackboard was not of the nature of transparency and could not be made transparent by any effort.

The inherent belief strongly ingrained in every man about the possibility of his salvation, proves the intrinsic purity and sinlessness of the soul which is only apparently sullied for a time. This universal, native belief gives the lie to the unnatural dogma that the real Soul is sinful by nature, and would lead us to the conclusion that, like the blackboard, it can never be made transparent or pure. Man's true nature is God. If God were not man's own self never could there be the advent of any prophet or saint in this world.

Rama says, "Be not afraid; come out; rally all your strength and energies and boldly take possession of your birthright; I am He." Be not afraid, tremble not.

When walking on Mount Sinai, Moses saw a bush aflame. He asked, "Who are you; who is there?" He may not have spoken aloud, but he was very curious as to the marvellous blaze which lighted up but did not burn the bush. The answer came out

from the bush, "I am what I am." This pure "I am" is your Self.

Your Atma, your real nature, is like the transparent diamond, the resplendent crystal. Place beside it something black and the crystal appears black; place beside the pure crystal something red and the pure crystal appears to be red, and so on. In reality the pure crystal is colourless. It is beyond all tints, beyond all redness, blackness, or any other colour; it is what it is. Similarly, the Atma of yours, the true Self of yours is "What it is": It is pure "I am."

Here is a man in India. He places beside that pure Self, the pure Atma, a dark rag, the Hindu colour, and the Atma, crystal-like, is tintured as it were with that colour. The pure "I am" becomes "I am a Hindu." In America, besides the true Self, the pure crystal, the Atma that is colourless and beyond all name and form, a Yankee places, say, a yellow rag and the unadulterated "I am" is coloured as "I am an American." There comes another person, and beside the pure Atma and the transparent crystal, he places, say, a red rag or red piece of paper and the pure "I am" is tintured as "I am a woman." Another places beside the Atma another kind of colour, and says "I am a Master of Arts." Hence we see one says "I am a Christian," another says "I am a Hindu," another says "I am a Yankee," another says "I am a John Bull," another says "I am a child," another "I am a woman," another "I am a lion," another "I am a

tiger," and so on. Here the pure, true Self, the untinged, unsoiled, sparkling Atma, Om, or "I am," is common to all, and is one and the same, unchangeable; there is in reality no colouring in it. The colouring is put there by your own ignorant predication. Take a transparent glass and place beside it some colour. The colour does not sink into it; it is simply reflected in it and not attached to it. Crystal is always pure and colourless. The "I am" is all pervading, universal; it is present everywhere in you. The lion and the tiger show forth the same thought of "I am." This pure "I am" you are. You have no right to identify yourself with the coloured piece of paper or rag beside you, for there was a time when this simple unadulterated Atma inhabited another form. The "I am" occupied another body. There was a time that you felt "I am a lion" or "I am an ox," in some previous birth.

Freedom and happiness you achieve by realizing the true Self, the real "I am," which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The pure "I am" is untouched by time, because in the previous birth the pure "I am" remained the same. It is not sullied by space, because all these bodies are possessed by the self-same "I am." All time is simply 'Now' to it and all distance 'Here.' This pure word "I am" signifies eternal reality; the immutable Truth. Now, it is this "I am" that is represented by OM. The pure "I am," "I am He" is represented by OM.

OM, according to the Persian language, is O-Am, or "I am He," "I am Brahma," OM represents the pure idea of "I am."

In a thousand forms may thou attempt surprise,
Yet, all-beloved one, straight know I thee.
Thou may with magic veils thy face disguise,
And yet, all-present one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress's purest, youthful bud,
All-beauteous growing one, straight know I thee :
In the canal's unsullied, living flood,
All captivating one, well know I thee.

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,
All-sportive one, how gladly know I thee ;
When, e'en in forming is transformed the cloud,
All figure-changing one, there know I thee.

Veiled in the meadow's carpet's flowery charms,
All chequered starry fair one, know I thee ;
And if a plant extend its thousand arms,
O, all-embracing one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,
Straightway, all-gladdening one, salute I thee,
The arch of heaven o'erhead grows pure and bright,
All heart-expanding one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,
 Thou all-instructing one, I know through thee ;
 And if I utter Allah's hundred names,
 A name with each one echoes meant for thee.

Rama wants to say a few words about Moses. When Moses heard a voice in the bush, he found a hissing snake beside him. Moses was frightened out of his wits ; he trembled ; his breast was throbbing ; all the blood almost curdled in his veins ; he was undone. A voice cried unto him, " Fear not, O Moses ; catch the snake ; hold it fast ; dare, dare to catch hold of it." Moses trembled still and again the voice cried unto him, " Moses, come forth, catch hold of the snake." Moses caught hold of it and lo, it was a beautiful and most splendid staff. Now, what is meant by this story ? The snake (*sînp*) stands for Truth (*sîñch*). You know according to the Hindus and other Orientals, Truth or Final Reality is represented by the snake (*Shesh*). The snake coils up itself in a spiral form, making circles within circles, and puts its tail back into its mouth. And so we see in this world we have circles within circles ; everything repeating itself by going round and round and extremes meeting. This is a universal law or principle which runs through the whole universe.

To catch hold of the snake means to put yourself boldly into the position of the wielder of Divine Law, or Ruler of the Universe. Put yourself boldly

in that position and realize your oneness with Divinity.

Moses belonged to a tribe living in slavery. The Jews were badly off in those days. They were driven from their country and had become wanderers. Owing to the numerous persecutions to which they had been subjected, it was but natural for them to believe in a God who was a tyrant out and out ; a God who was a perfect autocrat.

If bullocks were to gather together to form a religious parliament, what would be their definition of God ? They would define or describe God as a great majestic bullock that could frighten any other bullock to death. If lions should form a religious parliament of their own, their idea of God would be that of the largest and strongest lion, the most fierce lion of them all. Can you conceive anything beyond your capacity ? Can you jump outside yourself ? No. Let lions sit in judgment and begin to think of God and they make him a big formidable lion. Similarly, if frightened people sit in judgment and begin to think of God, they cannot help conceiving God as a great slave-owner, a bug-bear, a great master, a terrifying ruler. Thus the Jews naturally portrayed Divinity as a gigantic, magnificent Ruler, a grand Master.

In most Oriental and especially Semetic languages, the word for God is *Malik*, which is often translated as Master. A few words about the origin of this name will not be out of place here.

The Jews had many tribes, and each tribe had a god of its own. The god of one tribe was at one time called Moloch. In the mutual warfare of these tribes, this tribe of Israel gained the ascendancy, and consequently the god of this tribe, Moloch, overpowered all other gods and became the god of all Jews. This gives the origin of the name *Malik* or Master for the monotheistic personal God of the Semetics. At that time the idea of a monotheistic Master was the science of the day ; it was their attempt to penetrate into the gulf of the Unknown. It suited them. Circumstances are changed now ; most people do not want monarchy ; they want self-government ; they want freedom in America, and they want freedom in England and everywhere. Science has progressed. Everything has evolved and advanced. It is high time for the old, overbearing and domineering conception of God to evolve into the freedom-inspiring idea of "I am God" as taught by Vedanta. Just as the absolute monarchy of England was limited step by step, so it is time to take away from this tyrant of a personal God all his powers and achieve religious freedom. The Jews lived in political thralldom, their god ought to have been a Master distinct from them. You enjoy political and social freedom, your god ought to be your own *Atma* or Self. These are the days when people do not want to live in slavery. Bondage and thralldom is fast departing ; evolution is at work and everything must progress upward and onward.

Should your personal God alone be at a standstill? No.

At one time God had a rival Satan, and God had some angels and servants to limit His being. He created the world in seven days. When was it? It was when Moses wrote his Books. You know several thousand years have passed since the days of Moses. The world has undergone a revolution. What kind of God is He Who does not grow? Everything must grow and evolve. By this time your God should have no rival like Satan beside Him. There should be nothing else to limit His being. He should be above the profession of an architect, world-builder or maker. It is high time for the whole world to take up Vedanta. It is high time for the whole world to dare to take up and grasp this hissing serpent of Truth. Absolute Truth comes to you and tells you that you are God; that God is not separate from you; that God is not in this heaven or that hell, but in your own Self. Here in the realization of this idea you have absolute freedom.

Why depress your brains through fears and why raise up your energies in supplications? Represent your inner nature; crush not the truth, come out boldly; cry fearlessly at the top of your voice "I am God, I am God." That is your birthright.

Ordinary people are in the same state of mind in which Moses was when he heard the voice. Moses was in a state of slavery, and when he saw the serpent he

trembled. So it is with the people when they hear this sound "I am," this pure knowledge, the pure truth OM. When they hear this, they tremble and hesitate, they dare not catch hold of it. Words like the following sound like a hissing serpent to the people: Ye are Divinity Itself, the Holy of holies; the World is No World; You are the All in All, the Supreme Power, the Power which no words can describe, no body or mind, ye are the pure "I am" that you are.

Throw aside this little yellow, red, or black piece of paper from beside the crystal, wake up in your reality and realize "I am He," "I am the All in All." People want to shun it. They fear the serpent. O! do catch hold of the snake, and then, O wonder of wonders, this snake will become the staff of royalty in your hands. The hissing serpent will feed you when you are hungry, will quench your thirst when you are thirsty, will sweep off all difficulties and sorrows from your way.

When in the woods, Moses touched a rock with this staff, and bubbling, sparkling water came out from the rock. When the Israelites were fleeing for safety, they had to cross the Red Sea. There this terrible sea stood before them as a gaping grave to devour them. Moses touched the Red Sea with this staff and the waters spilt in twain, dry land appeared and the Israelites passed over it.

This apparent hissing snake, this Truth, appears to be awful, but you have only to dare to pick it

up and hold it fast. To your wonder you will find yourself the Monarch of the Universe, the Master of the elements, the Ruler of the stars, the Governor of skies, you will find yourself to be the all. People have a shyness in applying this truth and embracing this divine principle. Come up, hesitate not. Take hold of this truth fearlessly. Make bold to hug it to your bosom and make it yourself. Realize the Truth and the Truth will make you free.

It is a sin not to say "I am God." It is the worst theft to steal the Atma. It is falsehood and atheism to say "I am a man or woman" or to call yourself a poor crawling creature. Do not play the miser's part. The miser has all the treasures in his house, but does not want to part with a single cent. You have the whole world within you, the whole universe is your own. Why hide it? Why not bring it into use? Put it into practice; drink deep of the nectar of your own Self! Why not gain your own natural intrinsic kingship?

The people in India call this Realization of the Absolute Truth, regaining of the forgotten necklace. There was a man who wore around his neck a most precious and long necklace or garland. It slipped down the back of his body by some means, and he forgot it. Not finding it dangling there on his breast, he began to search for it. The search was all in vain. He shed tears and bewailed the loss of his priceless necklace. He asked some one to find it for him,

if possible. "Well," said some one to him, "if I find the necklace for you, what will you give me?" The man answered, "I will give you anything you ask." The man reaching his hand to the neck of his friend, and touching the necklace said, "Here is the necklace. It was not lost, it was still around your neck but you had forgotten it." What a pleasant surprise! Similarly, your Godhead is not outside yourself, you are already God, you are the same. It is strange oblivion that makes you forgetful of your real Self, your real Godhead. Remove this ignorance, dispel this darkness, away with it, and you are God already. By your nature you are free; you have forgotten yourself in your state of slavery.

A king may fall asleep and find himself a beggar; he may dream that he is a beggar, but that can in no way interfere with his real sovereignty.

O King of kings, my dear Self in all these bodies, absolute monarch, quintessence of blessing, O dear one, make not a slave of yourself in the dream of ignorance. Arise and rule in your supreme majesty, ye are God, ye could be nothing else. With full force from within, casting away all hesitation, feebleness and weakness, jump right into the pure "I am," or Self. Ye are God; He and I are one. What a balmy thought, what a blessed idea. It takes away all misery and unloads all our burdens. Wander not outside yourself. Keep your own centre. Archimedes said, "If I can find a fixed fulcrum, a standpoint, I can move the world,"

but he could not find the fixed point, poor fellow. The fixed point is within you. It is your Self. Get hold of it and the whole universe is moved by you.

OM ! OM !

LECTURE VIII.

*Lecture delivered at the Hermetic Brotherhood Hall,
San Francisco, on December 26, 1902.*

Ques. — Can any particular benefit be derived from the chanting of OM without understanding it ?

Ans. — Monks living in the forests of the Himalayas chant OM or sing something else and play upon a musical instrument. Many times snakes, deer, and wild beasts of the forests leave their places and come up to the side of the monks. Now, these wild animals understand nothing of the laws of music, nothing of the chanting of OM still the effect is there. If the mere sound produces such a marvellous effect upon snakes and deer, cannot the mere sound chanted continually in the right time produce an effect in your life ?

In every piece of music there are three phases or aspects, *viz.*, *first*, the meaning of the song ; *second*, the laws of music ; *third*, the sound or language of the song. If you are acquainted thoroughly with all the three aspects of the song, you enjoy the song wonderfully. But even if you are familiar with only one element, you can still enjoy it to some extent. The snakes and the deer hear only the musical airs, they know nothing of the meaning of the song or of the laws of music, yet

they enjoy it. Some enjoy the musical laws as observed by the artist ; to them the meaning of the song is nothing. Others enjoy only the meaning of the song and they know nothing about the musical laws. Similarly, in OM there are three sides. The first is the mere sound, the mere Mantram as pronounced by the mouth ; the second is the meaning of the syllable, which is to be realized through feeling ; the third is the applying of OM to your character, singing it in your acts and in your life. A man who sings OM in all these ways, chants it with his lips, feels it with his heart, and sings it through action, makes his life a continuous song. To everybody he is God ; but if you cannot chant it with feeling nor chant it with your acts, do not give it up, go on chanting it with the lips, even that is not without use. If you can sing it only in feeling and not through actions or vocal organs, you will still be benefited to some degree. If you can sing it only in action and not through feelings and in the mouth, that is also noble and fine ; but chanting it through feelings and actions will naturally follow if you commence humming it with the mouth.

There are certain things the mere mention of which causes the mouth to water, such as oranges, lemons, etc. The mere mention of these produces an effect and the eating of these produces certainly a complete effect. Just so the mere sound or chant of OM will produce a certain effect and if you take it in its entirety, the

effect is complete. You may not feel the effect in the beginning, but it must eventually bear fruit, rest assured.

Hydrostatics tells us that if we have a cistern with a plug in the bottom and we pour water into the cistern, the pressure at the bottom increases as we pour in more and more water ; and we can calculate by the laws of Hydrostatics just how much water ought to be poured into the cistern in order to make the pressure of the water great enough to push out the plug and send the water out through the bottom. Similarly, if you go on pouring OM into the cistern of your body it will go on producing its effect in the way of adding to the pressure as it were, but manifestation of the effect for the public is one thing and the generation of the effect is another. Still there will come a time when you will see the plug is driven out of the bottom of the cistern, so to speak, and the water begins to gush out from you. The effect may not become apparent up to a certain time but the effect is there. It is like this : there was a newly married girl, the very personification of simplicity, she had had no experience of confinement as a mother. During the first month of her pregnancy she felt a little change in her disposition and naively imagined that the coming months would produce no further change. In India, the bride lives at the house of the mother-in-law, and it is the mother-in-law who attends to the wants of the daughter-in-law and her children. This young daughter one day

quaintly addressed her mother-in-law thus : " Mother, mother, when I am in confinement will you kindly wake me, lest the child be born without my being aware of its birth." The mother replied, " Dear girl, when the time comes there will be no necessity to wake you, you will be in a state to wake up all the neighbours by your screams and cries." During the days of pregnancy a wonderful change was going on, the effect was being produced although the mother was not aware of it : when the proper time comes the effect is made manifest. Similarly, go on feeding on this Mantram, go on nourishing yourself, drink deep of this nourishing milk and the effect will in due time be brought forth. You need not get impatient.

When Rama was a child, he and several other children would get some seeds of corn and barley or rice and dig holes in the garden of the court-yard, and in these holes we would place these seeds together with some water and then cover this all over and so earnest were we in our work that we would forego our meals. We were impatient to see what the seeds would produce, we were impatient to see something come out of the place where we had but a few minutes before planted the seeds of corn, barley and rice. We could not leave the spot for one moment, fearing lest the seeds might sprout without our knowing it. We were very anxious, and about an hour after sowing we were examining the place closely to see if there were any sprouts ; we could see nothing. Disappointed we

were, and we removed the earth a little to see if anything had happened, but could see nothing; we removed the earth a little more and nothing had commenced to germinate; we removed the earth still more and lo, the seeds were unchanged. Be not like those children, impatient and expecting to reap fruit in less than a quarter of an hour. You can sow the seed; but you cannot reap the harvest in so short a time. It must take some time at least, but most certainly the effect will be produced.

Ques.—We have been told that Mental Healers are setting up causes for themselves which will result in terrible diseases in the incarnation. Is that true?

Ans.—No. Mental Healers are doing something which need not necessarily result in terrible diseases in a future incarnation. There is nothing in Mental Healing of itself which should result in terrible diseases. Here are people doing all sorts of worldly work; should such work result in terrible disease? No. Mental Healers like ordinary people are doing a doctoring work. If a usual Doctor's work be productive of such disastrous results in future incarnation, then also will the work of the Mental Healers be productive of such results. If Doctors do not bring such Karma upon themselves, then Mental Healers do not. Rama was asked why he did not practise Mental Healing. The answer was that in Rama's eyes physical life was not important enough to deserve any serious attention. Christ did not make a profession of his healing

powers. When he cured anybody or when any body was cured through him, he said, "It is thy faith which hath healed thee and not I." If Rama should do such work, what would the result be? Everybody will come to Rama for loaves and fishes. Some would come and say "Heal my son, do this work and that;" others would say "I want to be restored to a high position in society." All this brings in a mercantile spirit and commercialism. Mental Healing followed as a profession keeps us off from realizing real freedom.

Ques. — Can the soul manifest itself fully while in the physical body?

Ans. — Here the word 'soul' ought to be explained a little. Here we have a basin of water and in the water the sun is reflected. Now pour the water from one basin into another; you will find that the sun is reflected in the water in the second basin just as it was reflected in the first vessel. Transfer the water from the second vessel to the third vessel and the sun is reflected just the same there. Similarly, your external body, your gross body, may be compared to a vase or clay basin. The water contained in the vase bears a remarkable comparison to your subtle body, consisting chiefly of your desires, emotions, and mind. After death the subtle body is transferred from one basin of a gross body to another. According to some, this transmigrating, subtle body is the soul; but not so according to Vedanta. According to Vedanta the real Self or refulgent Atman is like the sun reflected

alike in the subtle body when in the first basin of a gross body as when in the second. Now, the true Soul, the real Self, is always manifesting itself fully under all circumstances. The real glorious Atman is incapable of any change or development. It is always perfect. If you understand by the word Soul the subtle body, it usually takes many births, lives or transmigrations to attain the final state where further transmigration stops. But even in this life if you are really in right earnest about your salvation, you can realize perfect liberation and undergo no further transmigration.

What is death? Death means the breaking of the gross vessel of the body. When death comes, the water from one gross body or basin is conveyed to another vase, so to say. The subtle body has reincarnated and got another gross body, and in this second basin or vase the true Self, the God, is reflected just the same as it was in the first basin of the body. This basin of the body in its turn lasts, say, for a period of three score years and ten, and it breaks; the fluid that is in that basin, the Sukshma Sharira, is transferred to the third clay basin or body. This is transmigration. The true Atman is like the sun reflected alike in the subtle body, and in all the different basins of gross bodies. The real Self is thus beyond all transmigration. All transmigration concerns only the subtle body and not the sun or the true Atman. Now the point must be made still more clear.

You know that the sun shines perfectly all the time, but the image of the sun reflected upon the water is not always perfect or constant. When the water is in a solid state, the sun shining upon the snow and the ice is not reflected in it. Also, when the water is converted into a gaseous state we see that the image of the sun is not reflected. Thus out of the three states of water, *viz.*, solid, liquid, and gaseous, when the water is in the solid state there is reflected no image of the sun: when the water is in the liquid state then is the image of the sun reflected; but when the water is in the third or gaseous state we again see no reflection of the image of the sun. With changes in the state of the water changes in the image of the Sun take place. These clay vessels or gross bodies are the vegetable form, the animal form, and the form of man. There is a time when the subtle body is of a very gross nature like the solid state. When in that state, the image of the sun is not reflected, although the sun shines overhead all the same. Plants and the lower animals develop and advance, but in them there is no thought of "I am doing this," there is not the least glimpse of "Agent idea," in other words, no trace of the image of the real Self. All the progress or advancement in them as in the whole range of Nature, is being brought about by the sun. But in them the sun is not reflected; just as the sun collects and melts the snows on the tops or peaks of the Himalayas but is not reflected by them.

Vegetables and the lower animals are being developed and raised, being advanced and evolved through the agency and virtue of the sun, the Atman ; but in them there is no appropriation of the real agency and power of the sun, the Atman to the apparent little body. In them there is no Prometheus-like stealing of fire from heaven ; no self-aggrandising thought of personality — “I do this and I do that.”

The fluid of the subtle body by passing through these lower kinds of basins, by and by reaches the beautiful vessel called man, the fluid in the liquid state, the transparent state, and here comes in a wonderful reflection of the Supreme Agent, the Sun, or the Self. Here although the real worker, as before, is the sun, the Self alone, there flashes the reflection or image of the real Self in the subtle body in the form of Egoism or responsible Agent-idea. This thought of “I do this and I do that,” is absent in the vegetables and lower animals. In man the idea of the false self appears. “I am the agent, I am the doer” that is the apparent, the false self, the image of the sun reflected in the fluid. This ego, this apparent self is false and unreal. The real agent and the real worker, God, does everything. He is the responsible master ; and this responsibility is taken up and embosomed by the refined subtle body, through ignorance. This putting on of this Agent-idea constitutes the false, illusory, little self. This false ego is unreal in the same way as the image in the liquid is

unreal. Opticians prove mathematically that the reflection in the mirror or water is merely virtual or illusory. So is this responsible selfish ego, merely virtual or illusory. The evolution in the fluid or subtle body takes place through the sun. The subtle body imbibes and absorbs more and more of the light and heat of the sun, Self, or God and thus changes its physical condition from the grosser to the finer. When the ordinary man absorbs or takes in more and more of the light or knowledge of the Self or Atman, the subtle body undergoes an evolution, his Shukshma Sharira becomes in time gaseous, so to say, and being gaseous, although still confined in the vessel of the gross body, it does not reflect the image of the sun. The false Self, the image, has become one with the sun. Here again as in the case of the vegetables and lower animals, we find no idea of responsibility; no thought of "I am doing this," no exacting demand like "Be grateful unto me," all such spirit vanishes. Here the unreal self, the image of the real Self, is no longer seen; the copyrighting, mercantile spirit is abolished; the appropriating, selfish ego is got rid of.

Gases in general cannot be poured from one vessel into another. Solids and liquids can be transferred from one vessel to another, but gas gets diffused into the air when the vessel which holds it is broken. Thus, the object of all Hindus is to reach that most refined state where they will not be subject to further

transmigration. The highest ambition of a Hindu mother is to give birth to a child who will be free, who will never be re-born.

Ques — Does the soul of a free man live after death as a subtle body or is it absorbed ?

Ans. — When a gas is let out of a vessel, it fills the whole universe. So the subtle body of a free man becomes the body of the world.

Ques. — Of what does the subtle body consist ?

Ans. — The subtle body consists of passions, desires, emotions, feelings, and thoughts. The desires of a free man are impersonal ; they have no taint of selfishness in them and the subtle body made up of desires which are unselfish, impersonal, universal, is, as it were, in the gaseous state and when the gross vessel holding this gas is broken, the gas no longer remains a compact mass but is absorbed by the whole universe.

It is related of King Cyrus the Elder of Persia, that so long as he lived in this world, he lived solely for the service and good of the people. When about to die he stated in his will “ Let not my body be placed in a magnificent tomb, but let it be hacked into small bits and distributed piece-meal all over the Persian Empire to serve as manure.” This is exactly what occurs to the subtle body of the free man ; his subtle body is distributed or diffused throughout the whole world. Everybody partakes of him, carves his flesh and drinks his blood. His is a subtle body, cut

into pieces and eaten by the whole world. Here is egoism cast to the winds. That man, whether he opens his lips or not, whether he be an author or not, whether he appears before the public or not, wonderfully serves mankind. He is a marvellous reformer. He has nothing to desire from all the treasures of kings. All the books and Bibles of the world have nothing to teach him. The favours and frowns of kings and tyrants are meaningless to him. So long as he lives, his benign presence, his holy sight spreads purity and happiness. At his death, wonderfully is the world reformed.

Suppose that owing to the heat of the sun, the air is rarified at this place and when rarified it rises, it ascends naturally, vacating its place here. What will be the result? The air from all sides will rush forth to fill up its place, to occupy the vacant space. Thus are movement and revolution brought about throughout the whole atmosphere. A man who is perfect, who never thinks anything of the body, and has no desires, does not reincarnate. At his death his subtle body which has drunk deep of the Atman (sun) and absorbed the Truth (heat) or light, vacates his place in the universe, and like rarified air, rises above this world. His place being vacated and he no longer coming into transmigration, all those who are nearest to him, by a Divine Law, are made to rise higher to fill his place, and those next to them get a lift similarly and so on the whole world gets a lift. Thus

the world is moved of itself. Here is a wonderful, marvellous reformer. He need not open his lips but the world is elevated.

Archimedes said, "I will move the world if I get a stand-point." He failed to find the fixed stand-point or fulcrum to move the world. Vedanta says that the fixed point is within you. That is the Atman. Get hold of that and you move the whole world.

A few words as to the false self. Here is the image of the Sun in the fluid in the vessel. Science proves and Optics shows that this image is unreal; all light is outside and the image in the fluid is simply the light reflected back. The image is our own inference, a mere trick of the senses; there is no such thing in the water or glass. The image is a delusion and nothing else. Now, this visual image is affected by the movements of the water or fluid, it is disturbed just in proportion as the fluid or water is disturbed.

Who makes the hair grow or the blood flow? Is it this false, little, copywriting, self-asserting ego? Not at all; it is not this little, the so-called responsible ego that makes the brain think. Get rid of this illusory self. Realize your true Self. You are the Master of the Universe; you are the Light of lights, the Holy of holies.

We see that while in a deep sleepy state, the subtle body falls back as it were to the solid state for a time. The blood flows, the food is digested, but there is no idea of "I am digesting." In a dreamy state

the subtle body gives up the solid state and becomes liquid ; the sun begins to be reflected and you begin again to say "I desire that, I do this." That selfish, responsible, desiring self, that image, is again with you. If this selfish personality were real, it would last for ever. Why did it not abide in the deep sleepy state ? Why did it not last ? The very fact that it did not remain in the deep sleepy state, proves that this credit-seeking ego of yours is a delusion. Rise above it. Ye are the Sun of suns, the perfect Bliss, the Reality, that ye are ; nothing else.

With people at large the difficulty lies in the fact that they recognize themselves as this false ego, this false image ; they cannot give it up. This is the cause of all the disturbance.

Water flows. There are ripples and waves and breakers, but all these are due to the action of the sun and not in the least to the image of the sun in the water, but in the waters the image of the sun is agitated and disturbed, just in proportion to the amount of disturbance in the water. Just so the Shukshma Sharira or the subtle body is like the water ; through the power of the true Atman it must be disturbed ; it must have ripples, and yet the false self (the image) gets disturbed as if it were the cause of all that agitation in the waters. The reflection in the waters means identifying with the mind, body, etc. If the body is sick, you say "O, I am undone, I am sick," just because you identify yourself with

the body or the mind. Vedanta says give up this false identification and you will be alright. Anything wrong with the body or the mind should not disturb you. It is only this false sentimentalism due to this false self which causes all your suffering.

Ques. — Can the Soul manifest itself fully while in the physical body ?

Ans. — The answer will depend upon what meaning you give to the word Soul. What is meant by Soul ? Is mind the Soul ? Berkeley, Mill, Hamilton, Reid, all of them identify the mind with the Soul. In this sense the Soul's progress is indefinite. If by the word Soul is meant what we have called the image of Reality in man, the question is inapplicable. If by the word Soul is meant the true Atman there is no room of possibility for any change or progress. But usually the word Soul is with most people a mere chimera, a mere name, with no definite significance. These people may form their own theories about the matter.

LECTURE IX.

THE WAY TO THE REALIZATION
OF SELF.

To the Reader: Each sentence and word concerning the Self should be meditated and earnestly dwelt upon to such a degree that the mind should get steeped in the real Self — nay, lost in it. Beginners may center their energy in the solar plexus while meditating upon OM.

IN VEDANTIC Concentration of mind the chief point is that we have to realize our real Self to be the Sun of suns, the Light of lights. Just throw yourself into this state, above the body, above the mind, and dehypnotize yourself into the Light of lights, into the Sun of suns, and you will see the whole world unfolded before you in a panorama, or melted down as a cloud. Everything will come about in a most submissive way before you.

If not inconvenient, get up early in the morning and face the rising sun while it is yet below the horizon. Look at the aura of the sun, and that fair, bright, most welcome view animates the mind and uplifts it to some extent; and when the mind gets some exaltation or is elevated to a certain height, it becomes very easy to make it soar as high as you please, to make it ascend the highest summits of the delectable mountains, so to say.

On the playground, in India, we place an instrument called *gilli*, which is thick at the middle and sharply pointed at the ends, with both ends resting above the ground, and we strike one end with a bat and the *gilli* rises at once in the air a little; then we deal it a very hard blow with the bat and it goes flying right into the air to a great distance. There are two processes in this game. The first is to raise it and the second is to make it fly into the air. If the mind is to be brought into divine communion, first of all it is to be raised just a little, and the second process is to shoot it far off into the spiritual atmosphere.

Cheerful atmosphere, fair landscapes, and fairy scenes, sometimes go a great way in giving to the mind its first rise — to elevate it in the primary stages; and after that it becomes easy enough for us to make the mind run along, go on and on and on until it loses all body-consciousness and is God and nothing but God. To give the mind the first lift and to impart to it the elementary exaltation, the natural inspiration imparted by favourable time and place may be utilized. Near dawn, the songs of birds, the fragrant air, and the most fascinating and beautiful colours seen in the eastern horizon give to the mind the original rise.

How to make the mind rise higher into the celestial regions — to make the soul soar away up to the throne of God! When the benign light of the rising or setting sun is falling upon the translucent lids of

half-closed eyes we begin humming the syllable OM ; we sing it in the language of feeling.

The meaning of the syllable OM is different with different persons. Everybody in his own stage of spiritual development has to give it the meaning which suits him best. There are some people who take this syllable OM to stand for the Sun of suns, and they look at the rising orb just in the same way as women look at their looking-glasses. In India women wear looking-glasses on their thumbs. They have big gold ring-like frames containing looking-glasses. There is, in fact, nothing so dear to a woman as a looking-glass. When she looks into it she sees her face, as it were, outside herself, but she knows and feels her face to be with her. She sees something outside, but she is convinced of the thing being herself. So does a Vedantin look at the sun as if it were outside, but he gets convinced and *feels* that the real sun is his own Self, that the outward, material sun is simply his image, his reflection and his shadow.

A Vedantin looks upon the Sun as related to himself just in the same way as the moon is related to the sun. The moon appears to shine by herself, but in reality, from the scientific stand-point, she borrows all her lustre from the sun. So the Vedantin feels and realizes that the sun which is declaring his splendour as if it belonged to him, in reality borrows all that from *my* real Self and owes all his grandeur and glory to *me*.

The Earth revolves, but we think the Sun is revolving. When we learn Astronomy we know better and we are not deceived any longer, and we are sure that it is not the Sun that revolves, but the Earth's motion is ascribed to the Sun. Similarly the Vedantin, when looking at the rising orb, feels and realizes that the grandeur, glory, and power that seem to belong to the glorious sun are, by mistake, ascribed to the sun. In reality it is *mine, mine, mine!*

The sun in the material world is a symbol of light, that is to say, knowledge. The sun is a symbol of power. It makes all the planets revolve. It is a symbol of existence, life: all life owes its origin to or is indebted to the sun. The sun is a symbol of beauty; it attracts the earth and everything — so dazzling. Now the sun represents knowledge, light, life, power, existence, beauty, attractiveness. All these attributes a Vedantin *realizes* to be his own. All these attributes a Vedantin feels to be *mine*; nay, *Me* or *I*. These attributes and all this power, light, life, etc., are seen outside myself, in the same way as the fairy face of a lady is seen in the looking-glass outside herself. As a matter of fact, in reality, I am light, life, knowledge, power, attractiveness and everything.

To realize this idea and dehypnotize into the real Self, a beginner gets a great help from the syllable OM. While chanting the syllable OM, to the Vedantin the meaning attached to it is:—*I am the Light of light; I am the Sun; I am the real Sun, the apparent*

sun is my symbol only. I am the Sun before whom all the planets and all the bodies revolve. For my sake all the heavenly as well as human bodies undergo their movements and do everything. I am immovable and eternal, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. Before me does this whole globe, this whole universe, unfold itself. It goes on turning round and round to bring out before me all her parts — to show me everything that is hers. The Earth revolves upon her axis to lay open before me all her sides ; the universe does all sorts of things for me ; the sun sheds lustre for my sake ; the moon shines for my sake, before me. At my commandment, on account of my presence, all the phenomena in this world take place. Just as it is the very presence of the sun that makes trees grow, the muscles of animals move, or men think, so it is my presence that awakens all. It is mine — the real Spirit's — the real God's — presence that makes everything in this world come to pass. All these bodies — heavenly or human — any sort of objects, all these creatures, together with their spirits and gods, owe their existence to me ; they live in me, the Sun of suns !

The Light of lights am I. In dreams we see an object not by the light of the lamp, nor by the light of the moon or the sun ; and yet we see it, and know that without light we could not see it. In what light, then, do we see it ? It is the light of my real Self ; it is the light of Atma ; it is *my* light that makes everything visible in a dream. If I see in a dream a

diamond, it is perceived by *my* light. Even the lustre of the diamond is simply a ripple in the sea of my light. If in a dream I see the moon, she together with her light is likewise a wave in my splendour. If I see the Sun in a dream, it, as well as its light, is simply like an eddy in the ocean of my glory. So it is in the wakeful state: the sun, the moon, the stars and everything are simply waves in the ocean of *my* light. I am the Light of lights. I am the Light of the world. In the ocean of my presence, every object — the sun, the stars, the gods — all behave like rings and ripples.

“ I raised the sun from out the sea ;

The moon began her changeful course with me.”

I am the Monarch of monarchs. It is I that appear as all the kings in this world. It is I that appear as all the beautiful flowers in different gardens. It is I that smile with the bewitching faces of all the fairies. It is I that make the muscles of all the warriors move. In Me does the whole world live, move and have its being. Everywhere it is my will that is being done. It is my kingdom that is reigning supreme everywhere. I am manifest everywhere, I feed every being from the minutest animalcule to the biggest sun. I administer to every being his daily bread. I made the earth revolve round the sun ; I was there before the world began.

Evil thoughts and worldly desires are things concerning the false body and the false mind, and are

things of the darkness. In my presence they have no right to make their appearance. I am the Supreme Ether in which are afloat all the universe and all material ethers. I like light to permeate and pervade every atom and every object. I am the lowest ; I am the highest. There is no lowest, no highest, with Me. Wherever human eyes fall, there I am. I am the spectator, I am the showman, I am the performer. In Jesus I appeared. In Mohammad I revealed myself. The most famous people in the world I am, and the most disreputable, ignominious, the most fallen I am. I am the *All*, the *All*. Whatever be your object of desire, that I am. Oh, how beautiful I am ! I shine in the lightning ; I roar in the thunder ; I flutter in leaves ; I hiss in winds ; I roll in the surging seas. The friends I am ; the foes I am. To Me no friends, no foes. Away, ye thoughts, ye desires which concern the transient, evanescent fame or riches of this world. Whatever be the state of this body, it concerns Me not ; all bodies are mine. Franklin I was ; Newton I have been ; Lord Kelvin I am ; mighty Ram and lovely Krishna I am. It is I that worked in the brain of Kant. It is I that inspired the hearts of Buddha and illustrious Shankar. It is I that lend light to all Shakespeares and Platos. They come unto Me, the fountainhead, and they are filled, get lustre and shine. All these worldly ambitions bind and drag down the real man. Away, ye gay landscapes and gardens of roses. All of you are in Me ;

not one of you can contain Me. In Me is this universe ; in Me is everything. What can contain Me ? How can I be limited ? The world, the *world* is in Me ; the universe, the *universe* is in Me ! And still I am in each and all. I am in the minds and in the thoughts of each and all. I am in the throbbing breast of the lover ; I am in the laughing eyes of the proud beloved. I pulsate in the nerves of each and all. I am in you ; I am in *you* ! Nay, there can be no you and I, no difference. *I AM I !*

I am the unseen Spirit which informs
 All subtle essences ! I flame in fire,
 I shine in sun and moon, planets and stars !
 I blow with the winds, roll with the waves !
 I am the man and woman, youth and maid !
 The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped
 Upon his staff ! I am whatever is —
 The black bee and the tiger and the fish,
 The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass,
 The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb.
 The seasons and the seas ! In Me they are,
 In Me begin and end.

— *Upanishad* (Sir Edwin Arnold, translator).

I hide in the solar glory.
 I am dumb in the pealing song,
 I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
 In slumber I am strong.

I wrote the past in characters
Of rock and fire the scroll,
The building in the coral sea.
The planting of the coal.

Time and thought were my surveyors,
They laid their courses well,
They poured the sea, and baked the layers
Of granite, marl, and shell.

— *Emerson.*

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning
sun,
“ Rest here ! ” I whisper the atom, I call to the orb,
“ Roll on.”
I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening
breeze ;
I am the leaf’s low murmur, the swell of the terrible
seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry ;
The mirror, the form reflected : the sound and its
echo I ;
The lover’s passionate pleading, the maiden’s whis-
pered fear ;
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother’s
heart-wrung tear.
I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and musk and
wine,
The guest, the host, the traveller, the goblet of crystal
fine.

I am the breath of the flute, I am the mind of man ;
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the sea pearl's
lustre wan.

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from the
throat that rise ;

The flint, the sparks, the taper, the moth that about
it flies.

I am both good and evil, the deed and the deed's
intent ;

Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon and punish-
ment.

I am what was, is, will be — creation's ascent and
fall ;

The link, the chain of existence ; beginning and end
of all:

Lo ! the trees of the wood are my next of kin,
And the rocks alive with what beats in me ;
The clay is my flesh, and the fox my skin,
I am fierce with the gadfly, and sweet with the bee.
The flower is naught but the bloom of my love,
And the waters run down in the tune I dream.
The sun is my flower uphung above,
I flash with the lightning, with falcons scream.
I cannot die though forever death
Weave back and fro in the warp of me,
I was never born, yet my births of breath
Are as many as waves on the sleepless sea.

My breath doth make the flowers fragrant,
My eyebeams cause the sun's bright light.
The sunset mirrors my cheek's rose blu-hes,
My aching love holds stars so tight.
Sweet streams and rivers my veins and arteries,
My beauteous hair the fresh green trees.
What giant strength ! My bones are mountains.
O, joy ! the fairy world my bride.
Nay, talk no difference, wonder of wonders,
Myself the bridegroom, I the bride.

Roll on, ye suns and stars, roll on
Ye motes in dazzling Light of lights.
In Me, the Sun of suns, roll on.
O, orbs and globes mere eddies, waves
In Me the surging oceans wide
Do rise and fall, vibrate, roll on.
O worlds, my planets, spindle turn,
Expose me all your parts and sides,
And dancing bask in light of life.
Do suns and stars or earths and seas
Revolve, the shadows of my dream ?
I move, I turn, I come, I go.
The motion, moved and mover I.
No rest, no motion mine or thine.
No words can ever Me describe.

Twinkle, twinkle, little stars,
 Twinkling, winking, beckon, call me.
 Answer, first, O lovely stars,
 Whither do you sign and call me ?
 I'm the sparkle in your eyes,
 I'm the life that in you lies.

“ Break, break, break
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea ! ”
 Break, break, break
 At my feet, O world that be.
 O suns and storms, O earthquakes, wars,
 Hail, welcome, come, try all your force on me !
 Ye nice torpedoes, fire ! my playthings, crack !
 O shooting stars, my arrows, fly !
 You burning fire ! Can you consume ?
 O threatening one you flame from me ;
 You flaming sword, ye cannon-ball,
 My energy headlong drives forth thee !
 The body dissolved is cast to winds ;
 Well doth Infinity Me enshrine !
 All ears, my ears ; all eyes, my eyes ;
 All hands, my hands ; all minds, my mind !
 I swallowed up Death, all difference I drank up ;
 How sweet and strong a food I find !
 No fear, no grief, no hankering pain ;
 All, all delight, or sun or rain !

Ignorance, darkness, quaked and quivered,
Trembled, shivered, vanished for ever ;
My dazzling light did parch and scorch it,
Joy ineffable ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !!

Rama.

LECTURE X.

INFORMAL TALKS ON SELF-REALIZATION.

Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco, January 18, 1903.

[The following talks deal with the objections raised by the readers of the last lecture on "The Way to Self-Realization" which was printed in a pamphlet form in America —Ed.]

WE SHALL take up some of the objections to the way of meditating pointed out in this little book. Most of you have read this book and we will take up some of the objections raised.

Objection I. — The process of Realization you tell us is imaginary ; it has to do more with the imagination and training of thought than with any thing else.

To those who make this objection, Vedanta replies :—

Dear Self, reflect a little ; dear Self, just think a little. All this world and all the bodies in this world are due to no cause other than imagination. It is your imagination and the current of thought in the wrong direction which brings all your sorrows, your troubles, your anxieties, your difficulties, and your pain. It is imagination and the current of ideas in the wrong direction which binds you, and it is imagination directed in the right channel which liberates you. *Similia similibus curantur* ; like cures like.

The ladder from which you fell, so to speak, is the ladder which will lead you up. You will have to retrace your steps by the same road down which you fell to anxiety and misery. The kind of imagination which Vedanta recommends to you for liberation is just opposite to the form of imagination which brought you low. Thus you are sure to be cured by the process *contraria contrariis curantur*; the contrary cures the contrary.

Vedanta proves that all this world is nothing else but your own ideas, nothing else but your own imagination and your own thought. Now, purify this thought, elevate this thought, direct it aright, and you become the Light of lights, the All throughout the universe.

A man suffers from diarrhœa, and the Doctor gives him a purgative and he is cured. The diarrhœa made him go to the bath-room over and over again. Now a purgative taken willingly acts the same way, but there is a world of difference between the two. A purgative is a remedy while diarrhœa is a disease, and while both work in the same way there is a world of difference between them. Worldly thought enslaves you, it is a disease, it binds you and keeps you at the mercy of all sorts of circumstances; every wind and storm can upset you. The diarrhœa of thought is human ideas. Take up the purgative which Vedanta furnishes. This is also thought to be a kind of imagination. So is all the thought of the world, but worldly thoughts and human ideas are a diarrhœa,

and the kind of imagination or thought advocated by Vedanta is a purgative. Take up this purgative and you will be cured of your malady, your disease, you will be relieved of all suffering, anxiety, and trouble.

In East India people do not wash their hands with soap but with ashes. Ashes are one kind of dirt, one kind of earth, and the soil which is polluting your hands is also earth or dirt. Even here when the ashes are applied to the hands, and the hands are washed in water, they not only remove the dirt from the hands, but are also removed themselves.

Similarly, the kind of thought which you will have to dwell upon, the kind of imagination, according to the teachings of Vedanta, is like ashes ; it will wash you clean of every impurity and every weakness, it will raise you above the kind of imagination which is inculcated in this.

A man dreams, and in his dreams all sorts of things appear. Those things in the dream are mere ideas, mere thought, mere imagination. Suppose he sees a lion, tiger, or serpent in the dream. Do you know what happens on such occasions ? When a man sees a tiger, a lion, or a serpent, he is startled at once, and is awakened. The tiger is a kind of nightmare and wakes him up, but this tiger or lion in the dream, although a creation of your own thought, this object of your dream is a wonderful thought, a wonderful imagination. It takes away all other ideas in the dream, it takes away all other dream objects. The

fairy scenes, the beautiful landscapes, the flowing rivers, the majestic mountains of which you were dreaming have all gone after the tiger or the lion is seen in the dream. Now the tiger or lion never eats grass or stones, but the tiger of your dream is a wonderful creation, for the tiger ate up all the landscapes, the woods, the forests; all are gone, it has disturbed the dreaming Self, and at the same time has eaten itself up, it is seen no more when you wake up.

Similarly, the kind of ideas or imagination inculcated in this book is like the tiger in the dream. The whole world is a dream. This tiger will rid you of all false imagination and ignorance, and will at the same time rid you of its ownself. It will take you where all imagination stops, where all language stops, it lands you into that indescribable Reality.

Objection II. — If we are landed into this state of Super-consciousness where all consciousness stops, where all thought ceases, is not that a state of vacancy or emptiness, is it not a state of senselessness? What is the use of taking all this trouble to enter into a state of unconsciousness? We don't want it.

To this objection Vedanta replies, "Brother, nay, my own self, just reflect, be not in a hurry. There is a whole world of difference between this state of Realization and the state of fainting or swooning. One thing is common to both, all thought stops in both. In a swoon there is no thought, and in the state of

trance or Realization there is no thought, yet there is a world of difference between them."

In the swoon, the mind stopped thinking and this stopping of the thinking caused excess of inactivity, and through this excess of inactivity the swoon was produced. In the swoon thought stops through lack of activity, the swoon resembles death, but the state of trance or the state of Realization is all energy, all power, all knowledge, all bliss.

You know the absence of light is called darkness. If we enter a room where there is very little light, we are able to see nothing. Super-abundance of light is practically darkness also for the eyes of man. Could you see into the dazzling sun at noon? If the light of the sun were more excessive than what it is to-day, if it were multiplied ten times, no man could ever see. Science tells us of the phenomena of the polarization of light. Where two rays of light are in opposite directions the eyes of man cannot see; there is darkness. Excess of light is also darkness for the eyes of man, and the want or lack of light is also darkness for the eyes of man. Darkness caused by lack of light is one thing, and darkness caused by excess of light is another thing.

Similarly, stopping thought by the state of Realization is the opposite to the stopping of thought in a swoon or deep sleep. We mark the difference in the after effects of the two.

One man is suffering from epilepsy, that person when he received the shocks of epilepsy is left

enfeebled, weakened, undone, lost : but when suffering from that shock he was senseless.

Another man enters into this state of Realization, or concentration, and all his mental activity has, as it were, stopped for the time, and the stopping of thought in this state is similar to the stopping of thought in the case of the man attacked by epilepsy, but mark the difference. The man in epilepsy is weakened, enfeebled, undone afterward, while the man after descending from those delectable mountains of the state of Realization, after leaving that state of ecstasy, is full of energy, full of strength, full of bliss, and full of knowledge, he can heal and strengthen others, he can raise and elevate others, and is far, far from being himself enfeebled or weakened. So you see that the stopping of thought in Vedantic Realization is quite the other extreme to the stopping of thought in a swoon or fainting condition.

Objection III. — We say we want life, we want life, we don't want inactivity.

Vedanta says, "Be not inactive, go on desiring, do not stop." Truth is very paradoxical ; both sides must be taken into consideration. Those who think that Vedanta teaches pessimism are mistaken. Vedanta teaches you the right way of conducting yourself, in the way to keep the whole world under your control.

We will take up the question of Desire.

Vedanta does not mean that you shall live a life of inactivity, never ; always a life of activity. One's

desires according to Vedanta are alright, but we must make the right use of them. What is desire? Desire is nothing else but Love. Usually the word 'love' means intense desire for an object. If love is intense desire for an object, then all *desire* is nothing else but *love*, and they say that God is *love*, therefore all desires are God. That being true, how happy is the man who realizes his own life to be one with all Desire and then feels that he himself, his own true Atman, is contained in the whole world in the form of Desire and is governing and ruling it. How happy does that man become who realizes his unity with the all-ruling force of desire, who feels that "I am the source of all desire"; "All-desire is due to me", the father, the origin, the fountain-head, the spirit of all desire in this world, that am I; thus I rule the whole world by the reins of desire. The reins are in my hands, I am he who holds these reins and rules these bodies. All hatred, all animosity stops the very moment you reach that point. The desires of friends or foes are my desires. I am the Infinite power which governs or rules those desires. The yearnings and cravings of this person or that are mine. O happy I, the true Atman, the Governor of the whole Universe.

People make a wrong use of desires; they turn things topsy-turvy. If desire is love and love is God, Vedanta requires you to realize that *you are* all desire; but do not make a wrong use of it, do not make a

mistake by calling one desire yours and all other desires some one else's. Desires are pernicious when one works against another. All desires are like waves, ripples, eddies, in the one ocean of Love. The whole universe is made up of one Infinite Ocean of Love, what you might call Love. The stars are held together by Gravitation. Gravitation is attraction, and that is love. All chemical combinations take place through the force of chemical affinity. That is love between atom and atom. Love between atom and atom is called Affinity. Love between one plant and another is called Gravitation. Love between molecules is called affinity. This book is held together by the force of Cohesion. Cohesion is Love.

The whole world is like the waves and ripples in one great Ocean of Love, and Science has shown, Lord Kelvin and others have shown, that "all matter is nothing else but force." Now force in this world is manifested chiefly as Gravitation, Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, Electricity, Magnetism, Light, Heat, etc.

Magnetism and Electricity, what is there in them? You find attraction. Heat seems to disunite apparently, to separate particles, but Science proves by looking at matter from another stand-point, that that which is dissolution or separation from one stand-point, is love and attraction from another stand-point.

The whole world is simply the eddies and the ripples in the Ocean of Force. That power, that

energy of force is, according to Vedanta, your real Self, the same you are. Realize that. That same power and energy of force is called Love.

The theory propounded by Darwin and other Evolutionists, as based upon struggle for existence, is supplemented or complemented by thinkers like Drummond; they show that Evolution takes place not only through struggle and war, but mostly through love, character, and attraction.

All desire is love, and love is God, and that God *you are*. Realize your oneness with that and you stand above everything. People look upon these eddies or rings of desire as separate from the ocean in which these eddies and rings are.

For instance, here is a lake and we say, "Come, child, look, here is a beautiful calm lake." After a while there comes a storm and on the smooth, unruffled surface of the lake there are some breakers, ripples, waves, and you say, "Child, see, here are ripples, eddies, breakers," and we forget the calm water, but think only of the new forms upon the lake. Even now when the lake has those eddies, those breakers, even now the lake is water and the breakers are the same water as the lake.

The water was there when the surface of the lake was smooth, and the water is there now when the surface of the lake is ruffled or disturbed, but new forms, rings, etc., have made their appearance and we do not tell the child to come and see the water, but

we call the child's attention to the eddies and breakers. Here the form of the eddies and the breakers has cast the water into shape. Rings or ripples have covered the lake, the idea of ripples overshadows the idea of water or lake. Similarly in the case of men, the desires are a kind of ripple or eddy, a mere form; this form of desire overshadows the idea of the Reality. The Reality is overpowered by the form. Vedanta requires you to consider the form, not to ignore it, but while considering the form of the ripple or eddy, do not ignore the Reality which underlies it. Thus when some one retaliates, you are insulted, you get mortally offended. Realize the law. The law is that you have made your own mind out of harmony with nature, and that man comes and shows you that you are out of harmony with nature. Cure yourself and that man will not insult you. That is the law. Religionists ought to take it up. The very moment you are in a state of despair or at war with nature, the whole world will stand up against you.

Cultivate peace of mind, fill your mind with pure thoughts, and nobody can set himself against you. That is the law. Vedanta says, 'Do not make a wrong use of the desires of others or of your own desires.' If you keep your balance, all those desires which are manifesting themselves in your mind will be overcome, will most certainly disappear. If you take the right attitude towards them, this will be realized in a most marvellous way in due time. It is by keeping

the wrong attitude toward your own desires that you pervert matters and bring about undesirable circumstances.

Make a right use of these desires which appear in your mind. How is that to be done? Let us illustrate. Here is a man riding on horseback to some distant place. The horse seems to be fatigued, the man must feed the horse, but then the hunger or fatigue of the horse he does not attribute to himself. He knows that the horse is hungry and fatigued and he will attend to his needs, but he will not attribute to himself his fatigue. He attends to the horse but he does not get himself in a rattled, disturbed or unhappy condition.

A man of Realization or a true Vedantist looks upon this body, just as the horseman looks upon his horse. If the body is fatigued, if the stomach requires food or drink, he will give to the body the required food and drink, if it be available, but he will at the same time keep himself above hunger and thirst. It seems a strange idea, but when you begin to practise it, you will realize it in no time; it is practical.

Hunger and thirst are of the body and are felt by the mind, but he himself, the true self, is not pained or disturbed. He who realizes his own Divinity which is God, is not pained or disturbed by the fatigue, hunger, or thirst of the body. The fatigue and hunger of the horse do not disturb the rider; they are felt, but are no cause of pain. Similarly, environments and circumstances of the body require certain objects. Those

objects are needed by the mind and intellect in order to perform their necessary functions, and are like desires. These desires of the mind are seen by a Vedantist but even while the mind is observing these desires, a man of Realization keeps his head above water, he is above desire. No desire becomes the cause of pain to him. Just as a bird when sitting upon the twig of a tree keeps perched there for some time, the twig of the tree moves this way and that, but the bird minds it not, the bird is alright, he knows that even if the twig breaks and falls to the ground, he has his wings. He is, as it were, always on his wings. He is sitting on the twig but is yet above it. Apparently he is dependent upon the twig, yet in reality he is above the twig. Similarly, Vedantins may appear to possess the desires of the ordinary man, yet they are above them. When a Vedantin loses an object of desire, he cannot be grieved or sorry. People possessed of all sorts of desires, sigh and weep when an object of desire leaves them, because they are dependent upon it. The Vedantin does not depend upon it.

Here is a pencil, it belongs to a person. If it be lost, are you sorry? No. You may search for it, but if it be not found, it matters not to you. Suppose however that you lose \$ 5,000. Oh, that will break your heart. You search for the pencil, and you also search for the \$ 5,000 which is lost, but there is a world of difference in the manner of search. You

search for your \$ 5,000 with a broken heart, but you do not search for the lost pencil with a broken heart. To the Vedantin the loss of the \$ 5,000 is as the loss of the pencil. We will illustrate the point by a story.

In India a sage was passing through the streets of a large city. A lady approached him and asked him to go with her to her house. She beseeched him to be kind enough to visit her home. He went with her and when at her home she brought the sage a cup of milk. Now this milk was boiling in a pot and there was a good deal of cream gathered on the top of the pot, and when the milk was poured into the cup, all the cream fell into the cup. In India women do not like to part with cream, and so it worried her, disturbed her very much to see that nice cream fall into the cup, and she exclaimed, "O dear me, dear me." She added sugar to the milk and then handed the beautiful cup full of milk to the sage. He took it from her, placed it on a table and began to talk about something. The lady thought that the sage did not drink the milk because it was too hot. At last he was ready to leave the lady's house, and she said, "O sir, will you not do me the favour of drinking this milk?" Now in India ladies are always addressed as goddesses, and the monk replied, "Goddess, it is not worthy of being touched by a monk." She said, "Why, what is the reason?" He replied, "When you poured the milk, you added sugar and cream, and you added something more still, you added "Dear me" and

milk to which "Dear me" has been added I will not have. She was abashed at the answer, and the sage left the house.

Giving milk to the sage was alright, but to add "Dear me" was wrong. So Vedanta says, do work, entertain desires, but when you are doing something, why should your heart break. Do not add that. Never, never add that to the act. Do the thing, but do it unattended as it were; do not lose your balance; adjust yourself to circumstances and you will see that when you do things in the right spirit, all your works will be crowned with success, most marvellously and wonderfully.

Now, how to adjust your position, how to remain in equilibrium? The great difficulty with people is that all their relations and connections are unscientific, impure, and loose. Vedanta says that your relations and connections ought to be an aid to you and not an obstacle. Every thing you meet in this world should be a stepping stone instead of a stumbling block. Convert your stumbling block into a stepping stone.

You know that if this be a dark room and we enter it, we see nothing at first, but when we keep looking in the dark, all the objects in the dark room will be seen; by keeping an intent watch, all the objects will become visible.

Vedanta says that all these connections which are blinding you, which are keeping you from your true Reality or God, you should see through them, observe

them, watch them intently, and they will become transparent ; you will be able to look through them and be able to see Divinity beyond them. It will seem strange at first, but by and by it becomes practical. By adjusting your position, by looking at things in the right way, all relations, all our connections become as transparent as panes of glass ; they do not hinder our vision. Thus Vedanta requires you to adjust your position, so that everything becomes transparent, not an obstruction ; nay it is possible for you, if you rightly understand Vedanta, if you comprehend its teaching, it is possible to convert stones not only into transparent panes but into lenses, into spectacles, aids to vision, not obstructing but adding to vision. The microscope helps, it is no drawback.

If one ton or more of fodder is carried on the back of an elephant, the animal must bear that weight, he has to carry that weight with difficulty and by exerting strength. Here is a ton or more of grass, fodder, or hay carried upon the back of an elephant and this weight is a source of trouble and inconvenience to the animal, but when the same grass, hay or fodder is eaten by the elephant, as he assimilates it and carries it as his own body, does not that same burden become a source of strength and power to the elephant ? Certainly.

So Vedanta tells you to carry all the burdens of the world on your shoulders. If you carry them on your head, you will break your neck under them ; if

you assimilate them, make them your own, eat them up, so to speak, realize them to be your own self, you will move along rapidly, your progress will become wonderful instead of being retarded.

When you realize Vedanta, you see, — O wonder of wonders! — you see God, you eat God, you drink God, and God lives in you. When you realize God, you will see this. Your food will be converted into God. God's eyes protrude every object. A Vedantin's eyes make God of everything. Every object here is the Dear one, Divinity, God facing us on every side, staring at us from every nook and corner, the whole world is changed into a paradise. Thus, Vedanta does not make you unhappy by taking away your desires, but Vedanta makes you adjust these desires and makes them subservient to you; instead of being tyrannized by them, it wants you to become their master.

Here is a horse and one man catches hold of the horse's tail; the horse kicks and rears and runs fast, jumps, and drags him on and on. Is that a desirous or easy situation? This is the way of the people of the world. Desires are as horses, and they have hold of the tails of the horses and the horses (the desires) drag the people after them and place them in a wretched, miserable situation. Vedanta says, "Do not catch hold of the tail of the horse of desire; be the master, not the slave or the subject, of the situation. You can master the body when you realize your true self.

When you realize the Divinity within, then alone you can master, and not otherwise.

There is still another objection :— Will there not be re-action if we go on concentrating our mind, thought, and energy in the way pointed out in this book ? Will it not revert upon the brain, will it not weaken it ?

No. No. Rama tells you from personal experience that strength and strength alone will come to you day after day ; no weakness, but power, vigour, immense power will come to you. A few words must be said as to the method of practice.

In the morning or at any time, when you begin to practise the methods pointed out in this book, your mind will merge into a state of divinity, ecstasy, super-consciousness. When that state is reached, do not continue repeating OM. Stop ; let that state remain as long as it pleases ; gradually the worldly or body-consciousness will come up of itself. Don't force anything, don't force the repetition of OM. When that state is reached, the body-consciousness will come up readily. It may be that many of you may be able to remain in that state of super-consciousness for half an hour, perhaps for one, two, or three hours or more ; but to-morrow you will be able to keep up that state for a longer time — Day after day the time will increase until in this way gradually by slow degrees your spiritual power will increase.

Rama does not advise those who are beginners in this practice to devote more than half an hour to this. Rama advises that they should limit themselves to 20 or 25 minutes of this practice, but those who have engaged in this practice before will of themselves increase the length of time which they devote to this practice.

In general the rule is that the most spiritually minded and those persons who have already done something in this line of thought will realize more than those who are beginners. The more you are interested and intensified with this thought beforehand, the more you will like to remain in that state for a longer period.

One thing more: when you begin to concentrate the mind, and realize your God-consciousness some idea or ideas will spring up before your mind. At that time go on chanting OM and at the same time take up this thread of thought which makes its appearance in your mind and finish it.

At the time when a man is chanting OM and has the Holy Infinite around him, when a man's mind is determined to make spiritual progress, if a worldly thought comes up, that thought ought to be concluded in such a way that it may, in future life, be a state of conduct. Now pay attention to this, and whether you have ever experienced these things or not, they will come up, and these thoughts are apt to oppose you, and Rama's words will be of benefit.

Suppose you begin to chant OM, and while chanting it, the thought of love or hatred for some object comes up. There the idea was that this thought should not have intruded and obstructed your onward flight. What shall you do with this thought? Take it up and eradicate it, root it out from your mind for ever. How? This thought will be rooted out by knowledge only. The thought of hatred enters the mind, take it up, begin to realize and dissect it, find out its true cause; you will always see that the true cause is ignorance, weakness, this Self attributing the I to the body, the idea of I am the body etc. Ignorance of this kind is always the cause of these intruding thoughts entering while one is concentrating the mind. In such cases Rama says, "Analyze these thoughts and through knowledge eradicate them and continue chanting *OM*. While chanting OM, make strong resolutions and firm determinations to withstand all these thoughts in the future, make firm resolutions to overcome all these selfish motives in the future. These strong determinations and firm resolutions once made, will build up your character and strengthen your moral sight; your ethical power will be of great aid to you in moving about in the world, in your worldly business.

Suppose about half an hour is spent in eradicating that idea, in strengthening and overcoming that thought in chanting OM, and suppose all the time is taken up in overcoming that thought or idea and there is no

time to get into the state of super-consciousness, never mind. If the super-conscious state be not reached that day, never mind, it will come some other day. If on that day one evil thought has been overcome, your character is strengthened ; if you are enabled to resist and overcome temptation in this life, you have a lovely character for the future and that is enough in itself. Thus will your character be formed, and thus will your spiritual powers be enhanced day after day. As to your concentration, let it come or not. Sometimes even hankering after Realization or Truth is a drawback, a hindrance to achieving that state.

Some people say " O sir, we want some method of concentrating the mind, some method of Realization. We don't want lectures, we don't want reading matter." Those people are mistaken. What is the obstruction which clouds your way, which keeps you away from this Divinity, this God-consciousness, Realization ? It is your ignorance, and what is ignorance ? Doubts, misgivings, worldly notions, false ideas, these are ignorance. False ideas, worldly thoughts, evil propensities are ignorance, these are the clouds which obstruct your progress. Lack of faith is ignorance. One who doubts not as to his oneness with God is always in a trance. It is your doubts and misgivings which keep your minds in a wandering condition, it is your doubts which lead you astray. A man who reads such literature, who investigates these matters, who studies, is by slow degrees overcoming all his doubts,

conquering all his misgivings ; that man when walking, talking, eating, or drinking is in the same state as the ordinary man when sitting still, with closed eyes, and concentrating. There is more power in this ordinary state than in most men in the extraordinary state.

OM ! OM !!

LECTURE XI.

INFORMAL TALKS.—(*Continued.*)

 SOME OF THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF
 REALIZATION.

Ques. — Does the Self, the doer of actions, remain unaffected? Is the Self cognizant in any actions of persons?

Ans. — No. The true Self, the real Atman, is neither the doer nor the enjoyer according to Vedanta. If it be the doer or enjoyer, then it could not remain unaffected. The doer and agent in you is the apparent self and not the Real Self, and this apparent self again derives all its energy, all its life, from the Real self.

This is a very knotty question, and if we begin to enter into the details of the question, it would take about three hours, so Rama will simply give an illustration and then stop.

Suppose in an illusion you see a snake in a corner. You seem to see a snake, but when you go to touch the snake, it is no more a snake but simply a rope; thus the snake is located in the rope, as it were, but in reality it is not. Apparently the rope was the supporter, the upholder of the snake, but in reality the rope did never support nor uphold the snake, the rope gave no quarters to the snake.

Thus from the stand-point of illusion, it is the rope, and the rope alone which is the supporter and upholder of the snake, but from the stand-point of reality, the rope was never a snake but always a rope and the snake did not exist. Similarly, from the stand-point of the Intellect and the reasoning self, which is in illusion yet, it is the true self, the Atman, God, which supports and upholds all your actions, all your life, all your energies and strength. From the stand-point of an ordinary thinker, from the stand-point of your conception or wordly illusion, it is the Atman only that supports and upholds everything, but from the stand-point of reality, and Truth itself, the Atman or the real self was never the supporter, the upholder, or the bearer of any acts, any body, or any thing. Suffice it to say that there are two different stand-points. From one stand-point the true Atman does everything, and from the other stand-point the Atman is entirely free and never does anything.

Now we may take up some of the obstacles in the way of Realization. We have been discussing this subject for some days, and to-day Rama will lay before you one of the most dangerous obstacles in the way of Self-Realization. It is criticism ; criticism from within and criticism from without.

We will take up criticism from without. Somehow or other most people have an intense habit of criticizing others, and so long as you have this habit of judging others or finding fault with others, or looking

on the dark side of others, you will find it very difficult to realize God.

Here is a child. It has no thief in him, and if in the presence of the child a thief enter, he can carry everything away, for the child has no thief in him, and for the child there is no thief outside; and so when you try to detect the thief outside, you put the thief within you.

When you try to discover faults or blemishes in others, you are inviting blame or faults to yourselves. When you fire a gun you shoot another body, but the gun will recoil and you will also get a shock, the gun will react against you. When you blame or find fault with others, you will also get some of the fault yourself, for this is the law. Not to find fault with others is not so much to spare others as to spare yourselves. You must rise above all this blaming, criticizing, fault-finding spirit.

It is very much easier to discover the mote in your neighbour's eye than to detect the beam in your own.

Remember it always that when sending out thoughts of jealousy and envy, of criticism, of fault-finding, or thoughts smacking of jealousy and hatred, you are courting the very same thoughts yourself. Whenever you are discovering the mote in your brother's eye, you are putting the beam in your own.

In order to have mercy on yourself you must give up this fault-finding and this denouncing of others. Remember that for that person such and such an act

may be good and at the same time that same act may be very injurious to you. You may give up the act which you blame in him but you need not blame him for that act.

Do you know why the habit of fault-finding and criticism is universal? There is some good foundation for it.

Why do people criticize others and who are they who criticize the most? Weak persons, ignorant people are the ones who criticize most; always. The reason of this is that through the spirit of criticism they want to protect themselves. It is the principle of self-defence and self-preservation, appearing in the form of criticizing others.

One man sees another party doing something which if done by himself would have harmed him; so he begins to hate that act; he must necessarily hate that act, for if he does not he cannot refrain from doing that same act, he cannot remain unpolluted or unscourged by that act. There was a possibility of contagion by that act, so the person liable to catch contagion from his neighbour begins to criticize others, and by that criticism he lies in safety, he thinks that so long as he criticizes his brother he will keep himself free; but then this shows only the bright side of criticism, and shows that criticism is indispensably necessary at certain stages of our spiritual progress.

The dark side of this spiritual progress is that those weak persons make a mistake of beginning to hate and

despise the person on account of the vicious acts of that person. These mistakes you might blame and criticize, these deeds or sayings you might blame or criticize, that vicious attitude of mind of your neighbour you might criticize, but you have no right to begin to hate or despise the person. There is an old saying "Hate sin but not the sinner."

Now, is it practical to hate the sin and love the sinner ; is it practical ? Yes, it is very practical. It may not be for the people who have not solved the problem in that way. A little knowledge is all that is wanted.

Just mark, the act you hate in another, the same act which if done by you would have marred your course and retarded your progress, may be right when done by another. You may say sin is sin always. Where comes the difference ?

If you begin to call particular acts sinful and other particular acts virtuous, then you make a mistake. No act is sinful or virtuous by itself, just as the cipher or zero by itself has no value, but place the cipher to the right hand side of a decimal point and it decreases the value of the expression ; place the cipher to the left hand side of a decimal point and it increases the value of the expression, but by itself the zero or cipher has no value. Similarly, no act by itself is virtuous or vicious.

The difficulty in hating sin and loving the sinner lies in your misunderstanding the nature of sin.

Just as people begin to personify God, when they begin to make much of the body, and of their property ; just as people begin to have fetishes and personifications, this same ignorant tendency of the people leads them to fetishing and objectifying and magnifying particular acts, and they begin to stamp certain acts as heinous and other acts as virtuous. Remember, religion is a thing of the heart and virtue is a thing of the heart, so is sin. Sin and virtue have to do altogether with your position and frame of mind.

It is not the body but the soul that is to be reformed ; it is the mind that is to be regenerated. You have to be born of the spirit. Just as “ Dust thou art, and to dust thou must return ” was not spoken of the soul, similarly, “ You have to be born again of the spirit, you have to be regenerated ” is not to be spoken of the body.

If, for example, a baby in your house drinks milk from its mother's breast, would it at this your advanced age be right and good for you to drink of that mother's breast ? No, a grown up, stalwart man should not live in the house on the mother's milk ; he cannot live on that, but the child does that. There you see it is right for the child to live on that milk, but not for you. For you it would be a sin to do that. At a mature age to live upon the milk of the mother is a sin, but for the child it is no sin ; the child does that which is not right for you to do, but does that make you hate the child ? It is a sin if you

do this and consequently you hate the sin but not the sinner.

For the child it is not a sin, for you it is a sin, and then you hate what is a sin to you and love the child. That particular act is a sin from your stand-point but not from the stand-point of the child. So remember always with all sins in the world the same is the case. Regard all those deeds and acts which if performed by you would be harmful or sinful as worst sins, despise and loathe such acts of the world but hate not and despise not the doers of those acts or deeds. You have no right to misjudge them.

There was a great Persian author, Sadi, who was famous and whose works have been translated by Emerson in English. He writes that when a boy, he was going to Mecca, the holy land of Mohammad. It was the custom that all the people in that company were expected to get up at dead of night and pray. One night Sadi and his father got up and prayed but some of the company did not. They were sleeping, and Sadi pointed to them and said complainingly to his father, "See, how worthless and lazy they are, none of them woke up and prayed;" and the father replied sternly to the boy, "O Sadi, O dear boy, it were better for you to be asleep like them and offer no prayer than to be up and offer prayer and find fault with them and criticize them; this is a worse sin than not to say prayers and not to worship God."

If you have done something very charitable and very great, and your fellows have not, if this great deed puffs you up and you find fault with and criticize your neighbours, have you gained in virtue, are you nearer to God? No, no, you have simply exchanged one vice for another kind of vice, your evil deeds and acts given up were like so many copper cent pieces which you exchanged for silver dollars, the silver dollar is criticism, this fault-finding spirit. There you are the same, you have one vice left. Originally you had perhaps one hundred vices, but now you have but one vice, but that one vice is equivalent to the other hundred, so it does not bring you any nearer to the true Renunciation.

If the world has not regarded this criticizing and this censuring spirit as a heinous sin, then the world is to blame; but experience proves that the man who does something wrong but who has a loving heart, the man whose deeds are not pious in the eyes of the world but whose soul is tender, whose mind is gentle, whose spirit is softened, and near to God, that man who is mild, that man is nearer the kingdom of Heaven than other philosophers.

In the Bible the Pharisees were very pious, their acts and deeds were very pious, but those Phillistines lacked that tender, kind, and loving spirit; these people had this censuring, fault-finding spirit in them, which kept them farther away from Christ than Mary Magdalene, the woman who had to be stoned, a woman whose

character was not the purest, a woman who was not immaculate. This Mary Magdalene had not in her this fault-finding, this censuring, this blaming spirit, she had that spirit of love in her and she was nearer to Truth, she was nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven than the Pharisees.

In a poem written by Lee Hunt whose substance is as follows, this idea is brought out so clearly.

There was a certain Sheik——. He saw in one of his visions an angel writing the names of people in a book. The Sheik asked, "What are you doing, Sir?" The angel replied, "I am writing out the names of those who are the nearest and dearest and greatest worshippers of God." And then Sheik——put down his head and was dejected and he said, "I wish I had been a worshipper of God as others have ; I never pray, I never fast, I never attend church, I shall be debarred. I shall not be able to enter the kingdom of Heaven. The angel said "Can't help." Then Sheik——put another question to the angel and said, "Will you ever put down a list of those who love man and the whole world and not God?" The Sheik said, "Put down my name as a worshipper of man." The angel disappeared. The Sheik had a second vision and in the second vision the angel reappeared with the same book, and when he was turning over the leaves of the book and had revised it all, the Sheik inquired

what he was doing and the angel said he had revised it, he had written down the worshippers of God in order of merit, and the Sheik asked if the angel would allow him to look at the register, and lo ! to his great surprise, the Sheik, who had given his name as a worshipper of man, found his name at the top of the list of worshippers or devotees of God.

Is not this strange ? It is a fact.

If you worship man, or in other words, if you look upon man not as man but as the Divinity, if you approach every thing as God, as the Divinity, and then worship man, then you worship God.

This criticizing, censuring, blaming, fault-finding with men is not worshipping God, this giving away of presents is not worshipping God. In the Bible we are told that people told Jesus about the mother and father who were waiting outside for him, Christ pointed out to the multitude and said, "Behold my mother and my father, look upon the faces of them as upon your own."

You see your own faults and hate not yourself, and if you find faults in your friend, try and keep yourself away from those faults, but hate not. They are God, recognise the Godhead in them.

Here is a man who is in the service of the State, a man who does some official duties of the State. He conceives the idea of leaving all his state matters and goes to the President and devotes all his time

to him and forgets his own duties. Will such a man be kept in office? No, never, he will be turned out.

To worship the President you must take care of your own duties, you must worship, as it were, those acts and deeds which are yours as a servant of the State. Similarly, if you make it a point to profess Religion in your Church and in your rosaries, it is like going to the President and beginning to rub his feet, and bowing down before him, but that alone will not do.

To worship God in the best way is to worship the Divinity and God in your friend. When you have reached the point where you begin to feel the Divinity in the friend, where their mistakes and errors do not keep you offended; their errors and mistakes do not blind you to their Divinity; when that Divinity is in no way clouded, then you will be in a position to realize the Divinity within yourself.

Here is the whole difficulty put in a nutshell. Why do we not find Divinity in the foe? It is because we find fault with him. People must cease to find fault, and see Divinity all around. Believe in the Divinity present in everybody, see the Infinity in everybody. Very often we find people like Nero, who are very religious, very moral in their youth, yet turn out to be very wicked. Henry V. of England was very wicked in his boyhood, but he turned out to be very good in his after-life. Thus, do not try to stereotype the character of anybody,

for some people who are bad to-day may turn out to be very good to-morrow. Sir Walter Scott was a dunce when a boy, but he was a grand man in after years. Sir Isaac Newton got punished several times for not solving his sums in Arithmetic, but look what he became in after years. Mary Magdalene was very wicked in her early youth, but later on when she came in contact with Christ, she was a very pious lady. She became a disciple of Christ. The ordinary sinner of to-day may turn out to be a saint, to be the purest man after a while. Remember that if a man is doing wrong, you have no right to stand against him and hate him. See the Divinity in him, see God in every thing and everywhere. If any body is thinking evil thoughts of you, if other people find fault with you, are you to retaliate? No, no. Never!

When Socrates was in prison and before he was given hemlock, the disciples gathered around him and wanted him to leave the prison and escape; they wanted to bribe the jailor and send him off. Socrates asked them whether bribery and breaking the laws of the State were lawful? They said, "Never." Then he asked, "If this be not lawful, why ask me to escape, why ask me to do what is unlawful?" They said, "These people have done wrong, they have not exercised the law in the proper way, and so it will not be wrong to escape," and he said, "Do you want me to retaliate, to break the law, to do that which is unlawful because

others break the law? If I break the law, it can never correct the error, it can never be consistent with the statement made by you before that law breaking is never lawful. Two blacks never make a white. If others criticize and blame, why should we do so; if we do as others do, we simply add to the original wrong and matters are never mended."

How do criticism and evil thoughts injure you? They injure you only when you receive them; if you do not receive them, they will not injure you. Just as if some one sends you a letter and you receive it, it will be either good or bad in its effect upon you. But if you do not open the letter, if you do not receive it, or if the letter is left in the Post Office, it is sent back to the sender. Similarly, if other people send evil thoughts and you do not receive them, then those evil thoughts are sent back; but by receiving and accepting these thoughts you pervert matters. Receive not their criticism. How? By asserting your Divinity, by keeping in your centre, by living in the Spirit, by realizing the Truth.

The following is a poem which was written when the mind was no mind. The substance of the poem is to feel the presence of God, to bring God close to you, when these walls, these veils, these masks of criticism are no more in your body, are removed in others, and God is felt.

"So close, so close, my darling, close to me."

By darling is meant God, the Infinite.

The same is it that makes the hair grow, the same is it that makes the blood flow in the veins, the same is it that gives you the power to see or to speak. In your speech is God, in your seeing is Divinity, in your act of hearing is Divinity present, and that Real self, that Divinity of which you are so full is this same Divinity appearing in your friend, your brother, your relations, and your enemy. There are no enemies when you feel Divinity, when you shut your eyes to Divinity, then foes come. Feel, feel that bliss which you seek ; that Divinity is so close, so near to you.

Rejoice, rejoice ! the objects of your desires, consciously or unconsciously, have God for their object. Have not all desires happiness for their object, and is not happiness God ? O, realize.

“ So close, so close, my darling, close to me !

Above, below, behind, before, you be.

Around me, without me, within me, ‘ O me ’ ;

How deeply, immensely and intensely you be.

My baby, my lover,

.
All ties broken, all other connections snapped, all ideas of *meum* and *tuum* left behind, all worldly connections put up in the background.

Divinity and reality so prominent ; the Self realized to such a degree that all selfish ties are snapped ; this was the realization. So long as those ties remain most

pronounced for you, realization is not there. That is the law. There is wondrous truth in the words of Christ, "Sell all thou hast, give to the poor, and follow me," but the people are afraid.

O modern civilization, you must recognize and realize the truth in the doings and sayings of Christ. Here is Vedanta telling you in strong language that you cannot simultaneously serve both God and Mammon. The moments of realization are those when all thoughts of worldly relations, worldly connections, worldly ties, worldly property, worldly desires, worldly needs are all melted into God, into Truth.

My baby, lover, father, sister, brother,

My husband, wife, my friend or foe ; my mother :

O sweet my Self, my breath, my day, my night,

My joy, my wrong, my right.

Gay garments of love, thou changest aright.

How charming are the colours at daybreak put on.

O Truth, O Divinity, O God, I have nothing else.

I have no ties and my relation is only with Thee.

I never waver. If I am careless, it is but teasing, teasing my loved one, for I have to tease only Thee.

"O home, sweet home, my bedstead, my support." Please fill your souls with the idea that the Divinity is your bedstead to lie down upon.

Feel that you lie upon God.

"Hold on just a moment, I see what I bought,

O see the Almighty I am ; I forgot."

The thing purchased or bought, that I am, my self.

That which you purchased is what you have always been.

“The dazzling glory, my chariot of sun.
Quintessence of Godhead, restorer of sight.”

OM ! OM !!

LECTURE XII.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Lecture delivered on February 26, 1903.

Ques. — What is it that says, “I am not this body, I am the Atman, I am the Self?”

Ans. — In the Real Atman there are no words. From the stand-point of the Real Self there is no possibility of making a statement of this kind “I am Brahma, I am this or I am that”; no words can reach the true Atman, the Atman stands above all words. Thus the statement “I am Brahma, I am the Atman, I am Divinity” cannot be made by the Atman, because the Atman transcends all words. This statement is made by the intellect (Sukshma Sharira) or any other name you may give it. The question is if the mind makes the statement “I am Brahma, I am Divinity,” the mind and intellect are not Brahma and therefore are not justified in making the statement. Vedanta says, from one point of view, mind and intellect are not Brahma; but on the other hand, the mind and intellect are nothing else but Brahma, even the body is nothing else but Brahma, and every thing in the world is nothing else but Brahma. Just as when

we say that the black snake is a rope, the attribute 'rope' does not belong to the snake in the same way as the attribute 'black' belongs to the snake. The snake is black. Here the attribute 'black' belongs to the snake, but when the statement is made that the snake is a rope, the rope is not an attribute of the snake. Similarly, when we say that the mind, body or intellect is Brahma or Atman, then Brahma or Atman is not an attribute of the mind, intellect, or body. The one meaning is that the mind, the intellect, or the body denies its apparent self, and finds Divinity or God. So when we say "I am God, I am Divinity", it does not mean that God is an attribute of mine, as when we say "I am king," for king is an attribute, but God is no attribute of mine. This statement "I am God" is not such a statement as "The snake is black." If the statement "I am God" were a statement which made God your attribute, then it would have been an irreligious statement, but as it is, the statement "I am God" means that the apparent Self is to be realized as an illusion only, and the true Divinity is to be manifested in its full growth. *O ! Divinity I am.*

O people of the world, if you call me Swami or Rama, if you call me this or that, you are mistaken. Divinity I am ; this body I am not.

A man was asleep, and in his sleep he found himself detected as a thief ; he found himself a beggar ; he was in a wretched condition. He prayed

in his dream to all sorts of gods to help him, he went to this and that court, he went to this and that lawyer, he went to all his friends and sought their help, but there was no help. He was put in jail and cried bitterly, for there was no help for him. There came a snake which bit him and he felt excruciating pain, and this pain was so great that it woke him up. He ought to have thanked the snake which bit him in his sleep. Whenever we dream sad and horrible things, whenever we have the nightmare, we are awakened. So the snake in the dream woke him up, and he found himself sitting in bed all right, he found himself surrounded by his family, and he was happy. Now, we say in the dream he was bound, and he sought release and in the dream the snake came and bit him and this snake was the same as the other objects in the dream with this difference that this snake woke him up, it startled him. It ate him up. We do not mean that the snake ate the man but that it ate the dreaming ego of the man; the dreaming ego of the man was as the other objects in the dream, and this snake not only destroyed the dreaming ego of the man but it destroyed all the other objects in the dream, *viz.*, —the jail, the jailor, the monkey, the soldiers, and all the rest. But this serpent was a strange serpent, it did something very extraordinary, it ate up itself because when the man woke up, he no longer saw this strange snake.

According to Vedanta, all this world that you see is but a mere dream, Máyá, and what about yourself who sees the dream. You are the dreaming ego, the dreaming culprit, or the thief &c., and all your friends and other people are the companions in prison, from whom you seek help and invoke aid, you invoke aid from all gods in heaven and hell and they cannot release you. You go to your friend to seek aid but there is no peace, no true aid ; no true or real joy comes to you until the time comes when you find yourself bitten by a snake. Now what snake is that ? The snake of Renunciation. Renunciation appears to be serpent like, and it bites you. The word Renunciation seems awful to you, it stings you as it were. True Renunciation means Knowledge, it means Vedanta.

When this true Renunciation comes, what we call Jnana follows. The great saying "I am Brahma, I am Divinity, I am the Lord of lords" is realised. Here this statement "I am Brahma, Atman" seems to be a hissing statement to the ears of the Americans and Europeans, it is the hissing snake that will bite you, and you say, "O well, how can I entertain such a preposterous idea, how dare I make such a preposterous statement ?"

O people, let the snake bite you ; its stings and bites are welcome ; they will release you, they will free you of all anxiety and trouble. This Truth does not instil into you venom but it instils nectar into

your being, and you wake up and the dreaming ego is gone and the world is gone also.

This is no speculation of which Rama is talking but a truth or fact which you can verify from your own experience. All pain, trouble, anguish are immediately gone.

The statement "I am not the body" is made by the thief in the dream, because you have stolen God, you have stolen the Truth, you have concealed your real Self, so you are a thief in the dream, and this thief in the dream is stung by the serpent *Truth*, "I am the Atman." Thus it is the thief in the dream that receives the life-giving sting of "I am Atman" and the result is that you wake up, and the true Atman shines in its full glory, and this Atman is unapproachable. It surpasses all description. Language cannot reach it.

Ques. — If Death is like the sleep of the living, does it mean that we do not know what is going on in the sphere of death at that time?

Ans. — When you enjoy the sleep of death, you live in a world of your own creation. In the wakeful state you live in a world of your own creation; you live in the small, petty world around you. So in the sleep of death you live in a world of your own creation; thus the sleep of death bears the same relation to the world of the wakeful state as the dream world bears to the wakeful state.

Ques. — What is it that sleeps since the spirit does not require rest?

Ans.—The Atman, the real God never sleeps. Sleep cannot touch the true Self. This sleeping state as well as the wakeful state, is, according to Vedanta, nothing else but Mâyá, illusion. Sleep comes only to the mind or the false ego. Sleep attaches itself only to the unreal, the seeming self, the subtle body. Sleep is an aspect of your false ego, Mâyá, dream, illusion.

Ques.—Do mediums get communications from departed spirits?

Ans.—Rama says that even in the wakeful state all communications which you receive are received from within yourself. In your wakeful state all the objects which appear without you are within you. In the hypnotic, mesmeric, or mediumistic state also everything comes from within you. Vedanta lays all stress as to the phenomena of the universe upon the fact of your true reality, lays all stress upon the fact that the sun, the moon, the stars, all the solid-seeming world is but your own creation. Millions of those spirits and saints are within you. Nothing is without you, nothing is outside you.

There is a beautiful poem in the Persian language, written by one of the greatest poets of the world, Hafiz by name, a poet whom Emerson has translated to some degree. Translated it means,—“O mind, throw aside all this distrust, all this debating. Come, bring me the cup full of ruby wine that gives me the key to unlock the doors of heaven.” It does

not mean that you ought to become a disciple of Bacchus, it means let us have that wine, that Nectar of Divinity, let us have something which will create Divine madness. Let us have that sting of the serpent which wakes up the wretched thief in the dream, this way the doors of heaven are unlocked. So Rama says, please throw aside these desires and questions for a while and enjoy with Rama the Divine madness. Rama must speak, he must unbosom himself. Rama can no longer keep himself regardful of your thoughts and desires, he cannot any longer pamper to your tastes.

O people of America and of the whole world, the truth is that you cannot serve God and Mammon, you cannot serve two masters, you cannot enjoy the world and also realize Truth.

Thus in order to get the whole Truth, you must get rid of worldly desires ; you must rise above worldly attachments and hatred ; you must bid farewell to all the ties and bonds, enslaving and clinging ; you must rise above all this. This is the price, and unless you pay the price you cannot realize the Truth. If you are not prepared to pay the price, rest content with the hard lot which you must bear. If you want Realization, if you want God-consciousness, come up please, pay the price, and then you will have everything. Christ spoke these words unflinchingly. O people, how much are these words distorted to-day, how they are twisted to give us a meaning that might scratch

the toe of an audience and how it is tortured. It reminds Rama of a story. There was a man in India, famous, full of truth, mad with Divinity. He walked through the streets crying at the top of his voice, "O customers of Divinity, come." He used to go about selling Divinity. "O customers of Divinity, O all desirous of God-consciousness, come; O ye that are heavy laden, come." He cried in the language of his country, and in that language Nom is the name given for God. He cried in his own language, *nom lelo*, which literally means "I have an article to sell. Purchase it, O people, and that article is God" and he used the word Nom. Now Nom has two meanings; one meaning is God, and the other meaning of Nom is beautiful, bedecked, jewelled necklace, but that saint used the word Nom to mean God and not jewellery. One day while passing the streets selling Nom and God, a gentleman who wanted to purchase a fine necklace heard him crying through the streets and he thought that this fellow must be an agent for some banker and wants to sell that necklace. When people in India are going to be married, very often they want very precious jewels for adorning themselves or their brides. The man asked where this hawker or sage lived and he went to his house and was amazed. The house of the hawker was very poor and he wondered how the house of a Nom seller could be so poor. He entered the house and did not find the hawker, he knocked

at the door and there came out a dear little child and he asked for the master of the house, and the child replied, "My father is away, he will be here in the evening; but, sir, would you mind telling me what business you have with him?" He was very much impressed with the talk of the child and wanted to talk with her, so in order to exchange some words with her, he said that he wanted to purchase Nom. The child smiled and said, "I can give you Nom, it is so easy." He said, "All right, I will wait." He waited at the door and she went in. He waited and waited but the child did not make her appearance and he was about to lose his patience, as he had waited twenty minutes and he thought that long enough time to dig out the treasure from under the ground. Losing patience he peeped into the house and there he found the child was whetting her large knife, and he said, "What does that mean?" and he spoke to the child and said, "Child, why are you playing childish pranks? This is no time to trifle with a gentleman of my rank; do not fool with me please; this is no time to try your idle experiments; come out and say that you do know where your parents have buried the jewellery; but the child exclaimed, "Please excuse me; have patience and wait a minute. I am coming" and he said, "Come right away, why sharpen that knife?" She said, "Do you not want to receive Nom? He said, "I want Nom; but please

show it to me that I may take it to some banker or to those who can set the right value on the article," and then she said, "Our Nom is not an article which requires a valuation to be set upon it by the banker or jeweller of the streets. Our precious Nom has already got its value fixed ; there is no going up or coming down. The value is already fixed and the price already determined." He said, "Is it so ? Then please come, show it to me, throw aside your knife." She said, "O , but you must pay the price first and then you get Nom afterwards." He said, "Do you intend to stab me, why do you sharpen your knife ?" She said in the most trustful, pure way, "If you did not know the price of Nom, why did you come here ? Do you not know that in order to get Nom, you must lose your life ? Life is the price you must pay for Nom. He who will save his life must lose Nom."

In the Arabic language there is a verse which means — "Die before you are put in the grave, and by so doing make this world a heaven." In Sanskrit many verses are written which describe the same fact.

When your whole being is turned away from the world, when you have suffered, when you have been crucified and have died to the world, then do you live. Be not deceived by the flattering remarks of preachers and teachers. Rama tells you the truth, he does not flatter. There is a beautiful Sanskrit verse in the Vedas, which means :—

Man's body is like a citadel and the senses are the loopholes. At the loopholes of the citadel we place cannon and guns, which are shot off from within, and which shoot outside. Similarly, from you, cannon balls of sight are shot out into the hearts and heads of spectators ; from the loopholes of the ears thoughts shoot out. Well, it says, the maker or creator of this citadel, the Atman, has played a funny joke with man. All the cannon balls shoot outside from within you, and man is bewildered. Man thinks that he is gaining and conquering this world ; man thinks that he is extending his property, but as a matter of fact he is losing his own self. In this citadel man thinks that he is gaining knowledge, that he is victorious in the world, but as a matter of fact he is starving his true Atman. There the verse says, " He conquers all the world, who can turn the mouths of his cannon and guns and shoot within ; whose eyes instead of looking outside look inside or within, and see the source of sight ; whose ears can turn back and hear the true source of hearing, the Atman, the origin and power of hearing ; whose mind can look into and see the source of its activity, energy, and power.

Look within ! What is it that makes the eyes see, the ears hear, the hair grow ? It is the Atman, God. How simple is that ! If you care to give this Truth a moment's thought, you may see that you are nothing else but God. Feel that Divinity within, and be the

Master, the Director, the Emperor of the Universe ; but this life grows old and then comes death ; the seed must be prepared in order that it may grow. The lamp must burn in order that it may shine. So in order to live as God, the little ego, the false self, the outgoing tendency must stop. Will this lead us astray from the story ? The girl said, “ Sir, did you not know that the price is already fixed ? In order to get Nom (Nom meant God to the girl, and it meant the necklace to the man) this head of yours must be cut off with this knife ; then and then alone you can get Nom.” Boldly, cheerfully, and unflinchingly the girl made this statement. The poor customer was stricken aghast ; he cried aloud and made such a noise that all the neighbours collected. He began to complain. “ Look here, ” he said, “ this poor hut contains butchers and homicides. I presume that the parents of this girl are the worst homicides. This matter ought to be placed before the court ; let us call the police.” But the people said, “ Don’t talk that way, the parents of this girl are noted for their great piety etc., ” and he said, “ I come to see that all those very pious people are usually very bad ; they are not religious ; under the cloak of religion they perpetrate religious crimes.” There was a great noise and confusion in their talk and all of a sudden the father of the girl appeared on the scene and this man was about to strangle the father of the girl. The pious father was tranquil and serene, when the queer

customer addressed him in very harsh language and said, "Why do you teach even your child to perpetrate such heinous crimes, why do you do such deeds every day as to make your children homicides in their very infancy?" The sage replied, "How is it, sir, what do you mean?" The whole matter was explained and when the sage heard the story, his heart was filled with emotion; his whole being was thrilling with holy thoughts; his soul was saturated with Divinity; tears like great beads appeared on his cheeks and he said, "O prophets and saints, O angels, God! have matters come to this! Have matters come to such a low pass, is the name of God to be brought down to the power of a child like that, was this to be changed to a small thing like that? Pointing to his daughter he said that it is because the Divinity, God, has been taken up by an innocent, ignorant child, that the name of God, the Divinity has become so ridiculously cheap that the name of God, Heaven, and Immortality is sold at such an awfully low price as the head or heart. O Divinity, O sweet Immortality! Is it dear if it were sold for one life? Let millions upon millions of lives be created and destroyed for the sake of one glimpse of that Reality. Let infinite lives and heads be chopped off and cut to pieces for a moment of that Holy God-consciousness.

When these words were uttered by the saint, the heart of the queer customer melted and all the

by-standers stood aghast. It was then that they came to know that the same word Nom meant something exquisitely sweet for the little girl and for the parents of the girl, and that their own minds were so grovelling in materiality as not to grasp the true meaning.

This story tells you the price you must pay in order to taste the sweet nectar of heaven. It tells you the inevitable value set on Realization.

You cannot enjoy the world, you cannot enter into sordid, petty, low, worldly, carnal, sensuous desires and at the same time lay claim to Divine Realization.

Here is the jewellery shop, and for this jewel, this goal, this heaven, you will have to pay at the cost of your head and your lower nature. If you cannot pay the price, go away. If you cannot enjoy that perfect consciousness, the sole reason is that you do not pay the price ; so pay the price and that moment you realize that bliss.

A man fell down and hurt his legs and he began to find fault with Gravity and cried, "O wretched law of Gravity, you made me fall." Well, it is better for millions of men to fall and break their legs than for the Law of Gravity to be eliminated. Fight not with Gravity ; take your steps cautiously and you will have no falls. All your falls, all your injuries, all your hurts, all your anxieties and troubles are due to some weakness within you. Remove

that and fight not with circumstances, do not blame your fellow men, throw not the blame on the shoulders of others, but remove your own weakness. Bear in mind that whenever you fall or suffer or are troubled, it is due to some weakness within you. Remember this and fight not with Gravity.

What is this weakness within ? It is the dark pitch of Ignorance which makes you look upon the body, the senses, as you. Get rid of it, discard it, and then Power itself you become. When is it that you feel your liver or your spleen ? You feel your liver or your spleen when it is out of order. When do you feel your lungs ? You feel your lungs when they are out of order. When the nose is alright, you do not feel it.

Similarly, when you feel the body, it shows that there is some disease there. When in perfect health, you feel bold and strong, you feel not the body or the personality ; you will be above this mockery, this false self ; you will be above the superstition of this little body. To you the whole world will be your body ; and the moment you are in that state, Bliss is for you, and you will never feel any desire for this or that. This weakness in you makes you stumble time and again, this weakness, this ignorance makes you feel your body.

There was this question put to a sage, " How is it that when Christ was crucified, he did not feel the cross ? " At that time the sage had some cocoanuts

around him. In East India, people visiting friends or sages always bring fruit and these cocoanuts had been brought to the sage. One of the cocoanuts was raw and the other was dried up. The sage said, "This cocoanut is raw. Now if I break the shell, what will happen to the kernel?" They said, "The kernel will be cut or broken also, it will be injured." "Well," said the sage, "here is the dried cocoanut, and if I break this shell, what will happen to the kernel?" They said, "If the shell of this cocoanut be broken, the kernel will not be injured, it will be unharmed." He said, "Why?" They said, "In the dried cocoanut, the kernel separates itself from the shell, and in the raw cocoanut the kernel attaches itself to the shell." Then the sage said, "When Christ was crucified, what was crucified?" They said, "The body." "Well," said the sage, "here was a man whose body or outer shell was injured or crucified, but here was a man who had separated the immutable self, the true kernel, from the outer shell; the outside shell was broken but the inside was intact; so why feel sorry, why weep or cry over it? In the case of other men, as in the raw cocoanut the kernel attaches itself to the shell and so when the shell or body is disturbed, the kernel or inside is disturbed or injured also, and that is the difference."

The weakness or disease in you is this attachment to the shell; this clinging, this slavery to the shell.

Thus giving up this clinging, this bondage to the shell is death from the stand-point of worldly men. From the stand-point of your present vision that is death, and unless you suffer this death and detach yourself from this shell and the concerns of the shell, you cannot conquer death, you cannot rise above anguish, misery, disease, or pain. Let the body become as if it never existed. A man of liberation, a free man, is one who lives in Divinity, in Godhead, in such a way that the body was never born.

Rama has many times heard the expression "I wish I was never born." Dean Swift used to read this passage from Job, "Let the day perish in which I was born." Rama says, "Brother, this is not the way to make the day in which you were born perish. Let the body, the desires perish, and live in God-consciousness to such a degree that for you there is no day on which you were born, as if there was never any body, as if the body had never been born. Just as when you enter the deep sleep state, all the experiences of the wakeful state disappear ; they are forgotten ; so rise to the God-consciousness to such a degree that for you your past relations may become a complete blank. This is the way you have to make the kernel detach itself from the shell, then you conquer death.

Realization means setting to this new tune all your old songs. The old songs will remain the same, but you must set all of them to an entirely new

tune. You must look at the world from an entirely new stand-point. You cannot mix the two stand-points. It cannot be that you can look at certain phenomena from a worldly stand-point and regard other circumstances or phenomena from the new stand-point. Let your stand-point be entirely changed, look at everything as God, as Divinity. Your relation to the world should become the relation of God to the world; an entire change. This will be illustrated by some stories.

At one time there came a man to a meeting where we all had God-consciousness, and on entering he began to cry and weep and beat his breast; no body attended to him. He was grieving over the death of Rama's son, and this boy was related to this man. Well, no body attended to him, and he sat down, and then he was asked quietly, calmly, plainly, to hush his anxiety, and to console himself; and he said he could not bear the death of this relation of his (the son of Rama). None of the audience could weep or cry or show any signs of disturbance, for there was the state of God-consciousness; there was that state where everything in the world was looked at from the stand-point of God; there was that condition where the old songs were set to the new music of Divinity. The words or remarks which escaped the lips at that time were as follows — "O brother, the fact that you are a relative, is of the same sort as somebody coming and saying 'O sir, the wind is

blowing ;' but, O fellow, what if the wind does blow, what is unnatural about it to upset us? or O sir, the river is flowing; what if the river flows, it is natural, why should it upset us; the river flows, that is natural; there is nothing abnormal or extraordinary about these statements. Similarly, when you come and say that your son is dead, there is nothing extraordinary about it, it is most natural; every one who is born is born to die. When you enter the University, do you enter to stay but a short time or to make it your home all the time; do you get examined and remain there all your life as a freshman or sophomore? When you enter the freshman class, it is intended that you should leave that class one day and go on to the sophomore class &c.

When you enter a staircase, it is understood that you are not to remain there always, but will leave the staircase after a short time.

When you reincarnate, is it not understood that you must leave that reincarnation or past life?

Similarly when you enter this body, it is understood that you will leave this body. So if that boy whom you call Rama's boy is dead, it is quite natural, there is nothing remarkable or curious about it. It is not strange, it should not upset you, it is like saying that you had your nails pared to-day. If the son is dead, all right, there is nothing unnatural about it.

This is the way to look at your worldly relations and thus keep yourself free; look from the stand-point

of Reality, making Rama the true self, Divinity, your home, and look at all your acquaintances, connections, and relations from that vantage ground. Just as from the Lick Observatory people make observations of worldly phenomena, so from the Lick Observatory of your Atman through the telescope of Divine Wisdom look at this world and you will see the Divinity you are, the God of gods, the Light of lights, the Truth. The same am I. Not the body, not the mind, not this little, false, craving Ego, but Divinity I am. Feel, O feel that !! Realize it. Realize that you are God. This is the one thing needful. What care I or what care you or what care anybody if this body is in a dingy hut. Keep this God-consciousness, and wherever you are that place is converted into heaven. What need you care if this body of yours is tortured ; let God-consciousness be with you. and all the treasures of the world are yours, all the treasures of the Universe are yours. Have only this and throw away everything else.

Once there came a man and said to Rama, " O sir, a great prince is coming to pay his respects to you." Now here is an important point. Rama is about to talk on a critical point, where people usually feel these flattering, puffing remarks of friends. Well, the man said, " Here is a very wealthy man coming to pay his respects to you." There was Rama looking at every thing from the stand-point of Divinity, and these words escaped the lips of

Rama "What is that to Rama?" The man said, "O sir, he is going to purchase such magnificent, beautiful, costly things to bring to you." Rama said, "What is that to me?" "What is a prince to me? Let me have Reality only. Trifles and frivolities, these unreal phenomena, have no interest for me; my Truth, my Divinity, my joy, my Atman is enough to keep me busy. These vain talks, these frivolous, worldly things do not concern me. This prince or these wealthy people come to the body of Rama, and if Rama become interested in these bodies, he would become a veritable interrogation point; but when the point of view is changed and when the old songs have been set to new music, when the observation is taken from the highest stand-point, then what interest can a Lord or Mayor, or an Emperor excite in me? None whatever. So let the stand-point be changed. When newspapers have no attraction for you, when they cease to interest you, then that day you have risen above the body, and have come nearer to God. This gives you one way of applying this Truth in your practice. When that crucifixion is attained, then the True Life in you will manifest itself in ways like that.

These stories are told not that you may simply imitate them. No, no. Feel the Divinity within you, feel God that you are. Feel that and rise above all temptation, fear, and anxiety.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

LECTURE XIII.

IS A PARTICULAR SOCIETY NEEDED ?

Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco, January 29, 1903.

Ques.—Would it not be best to start a Society of our own for pursuing these truths given us by the Swami ?

Ans.—One of Rama's objects is to break down caste and sectarianism.

It is true that by starting a society or forming an Association, the cause of Truth may be strengthened, but often there is more harm than good done.

If an association or society be formed, it should not be as other societies. Rama wants no slavery, no yoke of Vedanta. You are all free to attend any other Association, to listen to all new comers ; my own will come to me. If you are attracted to other speakers, if there be something in this one or that for you, then go to them. Every speaker is Rama. Krishna I am, Mohammad I am ; hear them freely. Rama does not want you to become slaves to him ; do not shut out the light. At the same time Rama wants you to benefit by this truth.*

* *N. B.*—There seems to be an underlying reference to the custom common in America especially with the Hindu and Vedantic preachers in America to try to dissuade their admirers and disciples to look askance on other preachers and lecturers. — Ed.

Truth as old as the hoary-headed peaks of the Himalayas, truth sung on the banks of the Ganges thousands and thousands of years ago, is the same truth which was apprehended by Emerson, Whitman, and all the others, the same truth which put them into ecstasy. The same truth presented in a thousand forms by the present day associations and societies, comes in its entirety or in its parts; the same truth which is talked of in your journals and papers may be presented beautifully, but truth has not changed, it is the same to-day as it was thousands and thousands of years ago, but Rama says the truth is brought most beautifully by him, and if you but read these books, you will see that these truths are magnificently, wonderfully portrayed by Rama. Some people could not relish Rama's oratory, because he did not humour and pamper their tastes. Let Rama swerve from the truth and take up a tone which will flatter and humour and please your fancy, and people will gather in large numbers to hear Rama, but Rama did not descend from the heights of truth in order to pamper any body's taste, and never will.

Christ spoke only to eleven disciples, but those words were stored up by the atmosphere, were gathered up by the skies, and are to-day being read by millions of people. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.

It may be that this thought is being expressed by many persons, but Rama's way of putting this same

thought which is being propounded by the Press of to-day will supply some need and impart some good ; some will be benefited by this way, and others will be benefited by other ways ; but then millions of people will receive great benefit from Rama's way. Rama says that if you take interest in it, take it up, advance it and pass it on to each and all. If after Rama leaves, you form a society, take up the works of Swami, take up the works of Emerson, Whitman, Spencer, and all the others ; form a society which is not bound to any name, having for its object the true advance of Truth, and if in that society there be any one who has anything original, or in studying or reading have run across some helpful points, they can bring before the society such information so that all may be benefited ; or some members who in private meditation come across some new ideas may also communicate them, but let it all come naturally, not in accordance with rules etc.

Here is a whistle which when blown produces the note of the nightingale. We can blow it when we like and get the note of the nightingale, but the note is not natural. The natural song of the nightingale cannot be bound by any space, time, or law. The nightingale will sing when it pleases him and not when you approach him and say "O nightingale, sing." So you will see that a fixed time for speaking or lecturing imposes conditions, and the best results are not obtained.

Fixed conditions are necessary to procure hall rental and in order that more money may be commanded, but all these laws crucify the Truth. This is selling the Jesus of Truth for thirty pieces of silver.

Rama tells you that if you want to form a society, let it be formed on natural lines and not in imitation of the present societies. It may be that it will be the first of its kind.

The Christian Church is a blunder by itself. Whereas it has done immense good, it has also done proportionate wrong by placing walls around its members and preventing them from receiving Truth from any other source than the Christian Bible. So are the Buddhist, the Mohammedan Church, and many others, a tremendous blunder, because they confine the members in narrow limits and prevent them from receiving truth from any other source. You must reach Heaven through that door or window and through no other.

You have the right to look at the skies through any door or window ; in fact you have a right to leave the house, to leave the window or door, and enjoy the whole heaven in the open air. So Rama wishes a society formed not on unnatural plans like other societies, but on the most natural plans. Members must not be bound by any lines but must be free ; a society where members lecture when they feel free to lecture or when they feel inspired ; just as the

nightingale, when forced to sing, all the beauty of his song is lost. Do not make yourselves like artificial wishes, do not imitate the sound of the nightingale. Do not be bound by laws and rules. Truth cannot be bound by lines.

Rama's best works are written in the deep forests of the Himalayas where no body was listening. There Rama sang out to the trees of the forest ; the air in the woods took up the sound and echoed it far and wide. Those works began to spread, but whenever Rama was compelled to speak before a society and spoke in accordance with rules and laws, his efforts were not good. It was unnatural and the beauty was gone. Sometimes when only one person listens to you, truth comes more beautifully and magnificently. Truth cares not whether the audience is large or small. Take up the idea and by and by the whole world will listen.

Why should you belong to a society ? The society belongs to you.

Here you are. You breathe into your lungs very little air at a time and yet all the air in the world is yours. Is it not ? You are heir to all the air in this world. All the atmosphere is yours, you can breathe the whole atmosphere. The air of India, Japan, China, England, America is Rama's and Rama is you also. The air of the Himalayas with its sweet fragrance is yours. No one has any proprietary right over air. Similarly, no one has any proprietary right

over Truth or knowledge. All the religion of the world, all the Truth of the world is yours.

When you breathe, just reflect upon this thought and feel this idea that as this body is breathing the air of the whole world, so the mind is heir to the Truth of the whole world.

Breathe the Truth of the whole world, gather it from all sources, from Emerson, Whitman and others, from the Upanishads, Gitá, and all, they are yours. Think them to be yours.

When you take up a book to read, look not for the author. Let books come out as the Upanishads, written without the author's name.

The authors of the Upanishads took no credit for giving their ideas to the world. The greatest works in India, the six systems of Philosophy, contain nowhere the name of the author. The author does his work impartially, devoid of that copy-righting spirit, free from this proprietary self, and full of the spirit of "*I am the Truth.*" It is pleasure enough for me to feel "*The Truth I am.*" What pleasure there is in the idea "I wrote 100 books, I own \$ 5,000,000." True happiness is brought to me by realizing that "I am the whole, the Absolute Truth, the Magnificent, indestructible Atman, the Reality;" that happiness casts into the shade all your worldly personal joys and pleasures.

So breathe and when you breathe, feel and realize that everything in the world is yours. Feel that the

air of the whole world is yours, that all the beauty and love of the whole world is yours, just as the air is yours passing through the lungs, just as every drop of blood in your veins belongs to every individual cell. Every individual cell in your body owns every individual drop of blood of the body. Similarly, when you breathe this thought, realize that all knowledge, power, truth, happiness. all dogmas, all creeds, Krishna, Mobammad, Rama, Jesus, all belong to you. Count not your contents by what is flowing through you at this instant.

Now a word as to how to cure yourself of the dumps or this dejected state. The remedy is very simple, and on account of being so plain and simple, people neglect it.

Experience has shown it, and all these great men consciously or unconsciously stumble on the process which Rama lays before you; and when you try it, you will marvel at its effects.

If while sitting in your room you are dejected, or you feel tired, or a little selfish or an evil thought, unhappy idea, or thought of jealousy, or undue attachment of a lower nature should crop up, just bear in mind that in a healthy state of body these thoughts cannot approach us; remember that there is something wrong with the stomach.

When a man comes to Rama and begins to use improper language or is harsh in his tones, he never finds fault with him, nor does he answer him in the

same tone. You should not retaliate when somebody expresses jealousy, sarcasm, or signs of displeasure against you, you may rather take pity on him and give him some medicine for the relief of his stomach. When you yourself suffer, what are you to do? Are you to take outside medicines? O no. These outside medicines will not be an efficient remedy, the effect will not be lasting.

When you feel in a state of depression, Rama's advice is to give up your laziness, throw aside your book, be on your feet, walk out in the open air, and walk rapidly. Naturally your breathing becomes deep. Naturally will this breathing take place, and that will cheer you with energy, and all depression will be gone; that cold breeze blowing on your face will produce a wonderful effect. It is a wonder of wonders that more people have not observed it.

People have delivered many Lectures on Pránáyāma or controlling the breath, but Rama's method is the most natural one for it. While walking on the seashore or elsewhere, by Rama's method your Prána will be put in the right order. Another way is after walking out of the room in the open air. Suppose you do not walk rapidly but slowly, suppose you do not think it nice to walk rapidly and being slaves of nicety more than freedom, if you think more of public opinion than of your own good, suppose then that you walk gently, then your breath simply fills the upper part of the stomach and does not go

deep enough, then Rama advises you to stand still in a corner or at some place where you are not noticed, then open the mouth and take in the air fully. Inhale the air fully through the mouth and exhale it through the nostrils ; this process should be practised rigorously, and you will see how wonderfully it will cheer you up.

Rama suggests to you the most natural Pránáyáma. Breathe, breathe, breathe. In deep breathing the air will fill the lower part of the stomach and will also pass through the entire canal within. This way you will be at once released of depression, and your energies will be put to the best advantage. While breathing you can exercise the mind by feeling "I am breathing the air of the whole world. All beauty and love of the whole world are mine," Continue this idea in the mind with deep breathing "All the beauty, all the wealth of the world is mine," will cheer you up. Just test it, it is so simple and yet so wonderful in its results.

As to walking, people want to take walks in the society of some one else, and some silly poet has written a poem to this effect :—

"Have a friend with whom to talk,
Somebody with him to walk."

Rama says that if you are no thinker, or if you are not spiritually minded, if you have nothing grand or noble to do with the mind, it may then be necessary for you to keep somebody beside you ; or suppose

you are very weak, then Rama advises you to avail yourself of the privilege of walking with a teacher. That will do you some good. But walk not with people who will not elevate or raise you ; walk not with those who bring you upon the lower planes of hatred, envy, or jealousy. If you walk alone, and if you are a thinker, there can be nothing more beneficial to you than to begin to chant OM when no body is around. As you walk and chant *OM*, you will see that the very atmosphere will inspire you and in you will be evoked wonderful and marvellous thoughts.

People do not avail themselves of this fact. It seems to be a very commonplace advice, but when practised you will be astonished at the wonderful effects which are produced.

Here is the great and mighty ocean. In this mighty ocean, one drop of water has the same power behind it as the wave of the ocean. One wave has the same power behind it as another ; every bubble has the mighty ocean for its soul, every ripple is supported by the infinite sea.

Similarly, feel, feel, please that this what you call the body is supported and upheld, is nourished and fed, — this small tiny drop, like the wave, — this body is strengthened and supported by the same mighty Ocean of oceans, the same which keeps up and upholds the sun and stars.

Your self is the support of the sun and stars, it is the self of every drop of your blood, it is the self of

the whole body, every hair of the head is the self of the whole body.

You are this Infinite Self ; you do not only support and keep up this body, but you are the Self of all space and all time. Now mark, — you are that self which is supporting all time and space ; you are that Self of Infinity. Now see, if this body die, will that self die ? No. If the body die, the Self cannot die so long as there is time or space ; — O wonder of wonders ! — I am the Self of all space, the Self of all Eternity, the Self of all time.

Feel that idea while in lonely walks, while walking on the beach or in the open air ; — while standing alone, feel this idea. You may not chant OM freely ; holding the idea is chanting OM through feeling.

You need not put too much stress on the outward chanting OM, but through feeling you should realize “I am all Infinity, all space I am, all bodies are full of me ; all desires of friends or foes are mine, all desires are mine.”

Here is a person of whom I am jealous, — a person whom I consider my rival ; now think “That rival I am.” Give up all separateness ; realize that this little jealous Self you are not. Suppose you love some one and you find that another loves the same one, then comes the thought of jealousy ; encourage it not ; the loved one you are, the other one who also loves the idol of your heart you are also ; his joys are your joys, realize the truth. In order to realize truth you must realize

yourself as Truth. Think "I am he whom that person approaches, there is no separateness." Rise above that. Get rid of this idea of great and small. Apply your Vedanta in realizing no great and no small. Think "I am he who is great to-day and he who is not great to-day he also I am." One man may be greater than you, he may have the power of gaining more wealth than you, he may gain more honours than you. Now the only way to advance is to see that what I envy is the body, but the body is not the self of the hero, the self of the hero and I are one. Feel that and get above this idea of jealousy.

The more your heart beats with the best in nature, the more you feel that throughout the whole of nature it is you who are breathing. You breathe in the growth and decay of trees. The Sun rises and sets, the same is inhaling and exhaling.

Life and Death are like inhaling and exhaling. So long as you are shut off from nature, you are lost; the more you feel that the whole world is your breath, and that Infinite power you are which breathes through the phenomena of Death, through the coming and going through the Earth and all, you rise above all petty cares and anxieties. That is inner beauty. People who become inwardly beautiful, whatever their faces may be, become lovely, they become the centre of attraction of the whole world.

Socrates was very ugly and prayed for inner beauty. To have good thoughts is inner beauty.

How smooth does it make the whole world for you ! There is no unevenness, no roughness in the world when you feel that you are free.

If the Sun comes down, if the Moon is driven into the dust, if the systems are dragged into annihilation, what is that to you, the Real, the true Atman. Feel that because then nothing can harm you. The Sun, the moon, and the stars may be destroyed, but you are not destroyed ; you are the soul of all space and all time. You are indestructible ; you stand as a rock. Realize that. This is the way you must breathe ; breathe through the lungs and mind. Through the mind you breathe the self of the whole world ; you breathe the whole universe, and thus bring yourself in harmony with Nature. Your life becomes harmonious with the whole Universe.

What is harmonious motion ? Let the motion of the brain become harmonious. Harmonious motion is the music of the spheres. All the spheres of the universe are breathing in that harmonious motion.

Acquire this harmonious motion. Be in time with Harmony, in time with the music of the spheres,— then you become inwardly beautiful.

Here in the great ocean there is a fish ; the water of the ocean fills the gills of the fish, and the water of the ocean passes through it ; the whole motion it has.

Similarly, feel that the whole world is mine. What is it that dampens your spirits and your cheerfulness ? It is what is called Spiritual Opacity. You have to

make yourselves transparent, you have to give up the Opacity in you, it darkens you.

What is this Opacity? It is this little ego, this proprietary self which says, "This is mine, that belongs to me, etc." This opacity is what must be given up, and while breathing in the open air feel that you are in unison with the whole world. You become transparent and everything will come to you. Two men came before a king and asked him to employ them in ornamenting and painting the walls of his palace. These two rival artists applied to the king in order to get the monopoly of the whole business. The king wanted to examine their work before engaging them, and accordingly they were asked to paint two opposite walls.

Screens were placed before the walls so that the artists could work independently of each other. They worked about a month and at the end of that time, one of the artists came to the king and told him that he had finished his work and would like him to come and see what he had done. The king then asked the other artist how long it would take him to finish, and he replied, "Your Majesty, I also have finished." The day was appointed, and the king together with his entire retinue and other visitors came to see which of the artists had outrivalled the other. The screen before the wall of the first artist was taken down. The king and his retinue and all the visitors pronounced the work as marvellous, splendid; they fell into

raptures over the work, thought it great and sublime.

The courtiers whispered to the king that nothing better could be expected ; that there was no use to look at the work of the other artist, because this painter had far surpassed all their expectations, they thought the entire work ought to be given to this man. The king was, however, wiser than his courtiers, and accordingly ordered the screen to be taken off from before the other wall, and lo ! the people were astonished, they opened their mouths and raised their hands and held their breath in amazement. O wonder of wonders, it is marvellous.

Do you know what they had discovered ? Now the second painter had painted nothing on the wall during the whole month. He had worked to make the wall transparent as far as possible ; he rubbed and scrubbed and beautified this wall ; he succeeded in making this wall perfectly transparent. Upon examining the wall, all that was painted on the opposite wall by his rival was perfectly reflected in this wall. Besides, this wall was more smooth, more even and beautiful, while the other wall appeared to be rough, uneven, and ugly. All the painting on that wall was reflected in this beautiful, smooth wall, and consequently the second wall had all the beauty of the first wall added to it.

Now the kings and people of those days were not acquainted with mirrors, and they did not examine very closely, but exclaimed, “ Your Majesty, this man

has entered deep into the wall ; he has dug two or three yards and has painted every thing."

The images appeared in the mirror the same distance as the images were from the mirror.

Now as this painter rubbed and scrubbed the wall with sand and worked with it until it became a mirror, so Rama tells you that people, who are busy reading books, gain superficial knowledge ; while painting outside, let them paint the walls so as to make them beautiful by the process of gaining all knowledge.

This process is trying to make the walls of your mind or intellect transparent, smooth, thin, by rubbing and scrubbing them as it were ; by purifying your hearts, by making your hearts transparent ; then all the knowledge of the world will be reflected in your mind ; you will be inspired with the whole universe.

Rama tells you from personal experience that while living in the deep forests of the Himalayas, it often happened that when the mind was in a transparent state, when it was negative,—the most splendid ideas, wonderful philosophy and wonderful power came into the mind by inspiration so to speak. So Rama tells you that *all* books are written through inspiration ; the Bible, the Upanishads, the Vedas, Milton's works, Emerson's works, and Ingersol's works, even though Ingersol is not a so-called Christian. Spencer's works are all just as inspired as the Vedas, the Korán, or the Bible. There is no knowledge without inspiration, all knowledge comes through inspiration. It is when

authors begin this proprietary, mercantile, egotistic claiming, this mercenary spirit of exacting charge, this asking and begging from people which makes the walls of the heart imperfect, rough, and uneven, it is this little crawling, sneaking spirit; and when this spirit is cleaned out, got rid of, the wall of the heart is perfect. When you vibrate with the whole world, when the business of the world is your business, when the heart of the world is your heart, when you feel that you pulsate in the whole universe, when either consciously or unconsciously you are in that state, then knowledge comes and fills you:—this is the way.

In books and temples raise your search; search within yourself for the secret; breathe in the whole world. You are transparent. Your opacity is gone when you have in mind no rivalry, no claims to yourself, when you feel the desires of an enemy as your own desires, when you apply this test to your soul and see that all those of whom I used to be jealous are me,—that I am the owner of their desires. If their desire be to kill this body, if this desire brings to you the same happiness as it does to them, O, then you are in tune with the universe, in harmony with the whole world. You are transparent, all opacity is gone, you are God Almighty. This is the secret of success. All the treasures of the world become yours.

OM ! OM !

LECTURE XIV.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Lecture delivered on February 15, 1903.

Before commencing the Lecture, it will be better for you to concentrate your minds upon the solidarity of mankind, upon the oneness of each and all, upon the Brotherhood of Man. Just feel, feel, feel.

OM.

If this were strictly a speculative talk, it would not be worth while to spend an hour or so in hearing it. It ought to be made a practical matter which may really bring you spiritual happiness. Oh, what a joy it brings when we feel that all the people in this world are my Self. That music which I heard was mine. What a joy it does bring when we feel that the people in this world who are at the high spring of prosperity and who are awfully popular, Oh, those I am. What a joy it brings! Try to feel that and you will see natural consequences in your practice. Just as you feel that this one body is yours, so begin to feel and realize that all bodies are yours; and when you commence feeling that you will mark that just as this body, which you call yours, obeys your behests

and your desires, just as at your desire, at your will the feet begin to move, at your commandment the hands begin to move; just as you observe that in your own body, similarly it is a matter of experience, it is a fact capable of realization, it is an experimental fact that if you concentrate your mind and your energies upon this truth of oneness, you will observe that all the bodies in this world will begin to move and behave exactly in accordance with your desires. It is an experimental fact, believe in it, verify it. It is not a matter of speculation, it is not empty talk, it is as much a fact as you call this body of yours a fact. Though it is a stern reality, yet supposing it for the sake of argument to be impracticable, you will see one immediate pleasure falling to your lot by this realization of the oneness of humanity. Why do these people feel sorry and anxious about riches? They want to possess gardens, they want to call grass plots their own. What a sorry thought! Could you not go to the gardens of the rich people here, to the public gardens, and sit there hours and hours and enjoy those gardens just the same way as the gentleman who calls that garden his own enjoys it? Could that gentleman who calls that garden his own ever see all those flowers and fruits with four eyes? Were not those gardens, flowers, foliage and all those fruits to him accessible only through the same kind of two eyes as you have got? He can hear the music of the nightingales and birds in the garden with the

same sort of two ears as you. Then why worry and bother about the silly desire of possessing that garden? Well, Rama wants you to feel all the gardens of the world as yours, Rama wants you to feel and realize all the bodies of man as yours. Just feel that all the talented forces and gifted minds are yours. This is not a feeling which you might call far-fetched or unnatural. Have you not to practise various virtues for the realization of the high ideals of life? Those are useful to you, but the most useful of all would be for you to concentrate your energies and centre your thoughts upon this truth of truths; upon this reality that all are one, all the bodies are yours. Upon this truth, reality, centre your thoughts; concentrate your energies, feel, feel, feel that all are your bodies. When you look at a man who is passing through the streets, who is honoured, say, the King of England, the Czar of Russia, the President of the United States, let no thought of envy or fearfulness enter your mind. Enjoy that princely gaze as yours, feel that as yours, "I am that, nobody else." When you try to feel that way, your own experience will prove the truth that all are one, everybody will be your ears, eyes, feet, your own body. Brotherhood of man! Logic may be able to prove it or not, Science may prove it or not, Philosophy may or may not be able to prove it, but it is a fact, a fact which experience proves.

OM.

Well, Rama will now give you some reasons which establish this truth, the Brotherhood of Man, and while he advances the reasons you will try to take those conclusions in your feeling heart, you will try to grasp those things in your feelings, in your heart, you will try to realize yourself the conclusions escaping the lips of Rama.

When this title "Brotherhood of Man" was suggested to the gentleman who had to get it advertised in the newspapers, Rama afterwards felt ashamed. "Brotherhood of Man" is a misnomer. "Universal Brotherhood" is a misnomer, it does not quite come up to the mark. The word 'brother' implies some difference; brothers are seen at war fighting with one another, but here there is not the least room for any difference; here there is more than brotherhood. "Oneness and the United Oneness of Man" would have been a better title. You will say, "Bother us not about the speculations of the Atman, you always talk to us about the Atman or Self, that is something very subtle." Well, all right, if you be willing to hear about that Atman, then there is no room for talk, and all the matter ends immediately; there at least we are all one, no words can reach that state; no language can come up there. But if you do not want to hear about the Atman which is beyond words, Rama will take up the matter from the very grossest stand-point. We shall begin with the gross

body ; that is very gross ; even if we waive the nature of the Atman, even if we do not consider the Atman, the true Self, the physical bodies also prove that all of you are one. Minds prove that all of you are one. Even on the plane of feeling, Science shows that all of you are one ; upon the physical plane, upon the psychological plane, upon the astral plane you are all one. If you do not feel that, and if you do not live that brotherhood in your practical every-day life, then you are violating the most sacred truth. You know that the person who tries to encroach upon the laws of State is punished, he cannot go scot-free. Similarly those who do not feel this brotherhood and do not carry out this brotherhood in every-day life in practice, must suffer. All the suffering in this world, all the misery and all the anguish in this Universe is due only to your trying to violate this most sacred law, this most sacred truth, the Law of laws, the brotherhood of mankind, nay, the oneness of each and all. Now, all our physical bodies are one. Brethren, how can that be ? That body sits there and this body stands here, how can they be one ? Just as in the ocean we feel a ripple here and a wave there ; they appear to be located at different places ; they appear to be of different sizes, but as a matter of fact both these waves or ripples are one as they are from the same water, it is the same ocean which appears in these waves. The water which now forms this wave will, after a while, form the

other wave or ripple. Just as we observe in the case of waves, so it is with your material bodies. The matter which now forms this body does after a while form another body, nay more, the material particles which appear to be composing this body which you call Rama's body, go into the other body even in your lifetime. So does respiration prove. You are taking in oxygen and sending it back converted into carbonic acid gas. This carbonic acid gas is inhaled by plants and the plants set free the oxygen. That oxygen you inhale and you exhale carbon dioxide, the same carbon dioxide is inhaled again by plants. From that we see that you are related to plants even as brothers; your breath passes into them and their breath passes into you; you breathe into the plants and the plants breathe into you. You are one even with the gardens and plants.

We will consider it from another stand-point. The same oxygen that you breathe and is converted into carbon dioxide, was set free by the plants, the same oxygen goes into the lungs of your brothers; that which was now in your body is then in your brother's body. You breathe the same air, all of you. Just feel that all of you breathe the same air, in your breath your bodies are all one. As you live upon the same earth, the same sun, the same moon, the same atmosphere are all around you. You eat fruits, vegetables or meat; you eat them, they form your body, they are excreted and in their excreted form,

they will pass into vegetables and fruits, they re-appear in those shapes, the same matter which went out of your bodies, when it re-appears in the shape of vegetables and fruits, is taken up again by your brothers, enters into the bodies of other people. Thus we see that the same matter which was once yours becomes theirs in no time. If we look at our skin with a microscope, we will observe small living particles coming out of our bodies; very minute living particles coming out of our bodies. They are not only coming out, but similar particles are going into your body. Here are some particles coming out of the bodies and others going into the bodies. Here there is a continual exchange going on in this world; the living particles which are now coming out of your body are being diffused into this atmosphere, and these very living particles which were now yours, become your fellows' in no time. Science lays it beyond doubt that your physical bodies are all one. You will not perhaps believe that. How could it be possible that living, microscopic particles going out of the bodies of my friends enter my body, and those that come out of my body stick to the body of my friends? How is that possible? Let us see. How is smell caused? You know that smell is due to small, living particles coming out of the objects which we smell. Flowers are fragrant because they send forth small living particles. This is a fact proved by Science. Here we see all your bodies, do

they not smell? But your sense of smell is not sharp enough, or say, is not of a kind, or of a capacity to be able to perceive this smell. Your bodies do smell. Sometimes even you smell your bodies; dogs will smell you out. How could dogs smell you out if your bodies were not giving out smell? All smell going out of your bodies proves that small, living particles are leaving your body and going out of it. These small living particles go out of your bodies and enter your bodies from the bodies of others. There you are all One. Oh, we have all of us the same body. Feel that smell. We have all of us one physical body in that sense. One man is sick, you go to him and the very room smells of his sickness. One man is suffering from a contagious disease — cholera, smallpox, or plague. How is it that other people catch the contagion? The only reason is that the small particles that are coming out of the body of the sick enter your body. Does it not show that the particles which come out of the bodies of the sick stick to our bodies? Thus we catch contagion and feel sick. One man is suffering from cold, another who remains with him, provided he is a man of very fine nature, will catch cold. One person is suffering from consumption. Another catches that disease. How could that be, if the living particles which form your brother's body, did not come out of their bodies and form your bodies? It shows that all of you are

one. Even our physical bodies are one, not to say anything of the Atman. Well, this leads Rama to a strange conclusion. If a man falls sick, what is the main significance of his sickness, the main responsibility connected with it? He is sick, he is suffering himself, that is true. Why? Because of his ignorance, because it brings about our sickness. He suffers himself, but he is responsible for his sickness to the whole world. He is sick and through his diseased body he is unconsciously sending forth germs of disease. I have no business to fall sick not only because of my pain, but because of being responsible to the whole world for the sickness of this body. You have no right to fall sick. You are responsible to the whole world for your sickness, your sick body is making the whole world sick, it is creating those malarious germs. Thus everybody should be very careful. Sickness is not only a physical disease but a moral disease as well. You have to be on your guard then to keep your bodies well and strong. When you are eating or drinking anything, then be cautious, not in the name of your own bodily personal comfort, but in the name of the good of the whole world. Do not eat too much, do not drink too much, be very cautious.

Well again, what is the duty of those who are healthy towards the sick? Those who are healthy have to attend to the sick. Not on the ground of doing a favour or conferring a boon, but because of

the whole world. For the good of the whole world, in the name of Humanity and Truth, in the name of universal brotherhood, in the name of your own good, you have to nurse the sick. It is no benevolence to the sick, it is your duty to Humanity to nurse the sick and to try to help out. You see then that our physical bodies which appear to be so different, are suffering for one another. On the physical plane we are brothers, united by the most holy bonds of common flesh and blood. Physicians prove that after every seven years the body of a man is entirely changed. Every particle of the body is replaced by new particles. That also tells you that these particles which are changing, these bodies which are in continual flux, we have no right to look upon as exclusively mine or thine. I have no right to call this body mine and that body thine. This body is changing every moment, and that which I call mine at this moment does not remain there. What is it that I call mine? Seven years ago what is now the body of Rama was the body of some body else. That which was the body of Rama fourteen years ago, to whom does it belong now? To many people. So this body which you are calling yours belongs to each and all. Feel that please. Even on the physical plane you are all one.

We come now to the mental plane. Your hairs grow and the blood flows in your veins. Just mark. What is it that makes your hair grow? Is not that the same power which makes the hair on your fellow-man

grow? Could you conceive any difference? What is it that makes the blood flow in the veins? Is it not the same power that makes the blood flow in the veins of each and all? What is it that makes the food get digested in your stomach? Is it not the same power which makes the food get digested in the stomach of each and all? Is it not one and the same power? Just keep this truth before your mind, and feel it for a second. Oh, wonder of wonders, what am I? Am I not the same power which makes the hair grow and the food get digested and the blood flow in the veins? If I am the same power, then I am undivided, one, present in the bodies of each and all. I am the one indivisible, undefinable, indestructible power governing and controlling all these bodies. Feel that please. This is on the mental plane. You are all one. You are all one, no difference. Feel that please. Why grieve when this one body which you call yours starves? All the bodies that are well-fed are also yours. Why feel miserable and unhappy when this particular body which you call yours falls sick? All those that are healthy are you. Feel this truth, feel this truth. What is your duty towards others? When other people fall sick, bring them up to you, just as you would have attended to the wounds of this particular body, attend to those wounds as if they were yours. Your duty towards others will be to raise them up, feel for them, sympathise with them. But your duty will be to your own body to keep

yourself cheerful and happy under all circumstances. Avoid all worry and botheration.

We come now to the Psychological plane, the plane of feeling. On the plane of feeling also you are all one. On the Psychological plane you are all one. This is a truth, a fact, realize it. There is a lyre, or say, a stringed instrument well adjusted, well fitted, and there is another stringed instrument placed opposite to it, both of them being fitted exactly alike. When you begin to play upon a string, a similar note comes out from the opposite instrument. When you strike a chord on the one instrument, a similar chord on the opposite instrument begins to vibrate. Why is that? Because the vibrations which give us the sound from one instrument are present around the other instrument. You begin to feel something, your neighbour is touched immediately. In dramatic performances and in theatrical places, the actors put on all kinds of feelings. Their feelings are not sincere, they weep on one side and begin to laugh on the other. Their feelings are not sincere, and yet it is seen that when the best performer begins to cry, all the audience, all the spectators, are moved to tears. Why is that? One lyre or stringed instrument is struck, and all the instruments of your minds and feelings are struck immediately. That were impossible if all of you had not the same minds, if all your feelings or minds or the psychological beings of man were not related to each other as brothers, as one. If your minds were

not related to each other the same way as the different waves are related to each other, if your minds were not ripples and waves in the same ocean, this fellow-feeling would be impossible. Science says that if one body is to act upon another body there must be continuity between the two, no force can act breaking the law of continuity. Here is this solid, rigid desk or table, move one point of it, the whole moves, because this point is rigidly connected with the other points. Every force in order that it may act must act in a continuous action. Here the feelings of one man are transmitted to another man. This would be impossible if the heart of one man were not connected with the heart of another man by a continuous medium, so to say. Thus if all your hearts were not connected with each other continuously rigidly, the feelings of one man could never pass on to another. This is a stern fact. Don't you see that the fact of the feelings of one man passing on to another compels you to the conclusion that all your minds are connected with each other, as one body, so to say, there is solidarity of thought and feeling? Rama has often noticed that when he laughs in the Lecture every body laughs. It is also seen that when a man begins to cry, other peoples' minds begin to get mellow, tender. Here is one man singing, those that are round about him also feel the vibrations. Rama has also seen that when one man begins to sing, other people begin to sing. That is a fact. How could this be if all your feelings or minds were

not one? Just notice this please. How do we learn things? We learn things from our friends, from other people. How could a teacher teach you anything if the teacher and the taught had not the same mind; if there were no brotherhood on the mental plane? Here is a mind directly communicating with another, the knowledge of the teacher becomes the knowledge of the pupil, how could that be if the two minds were not connected directly? And you know again this is a matter of experience that when you really feel for another friend, and entertain feelings of love, kindness, benevolence, feelings of appreciation for one man, the other man is bound to feel the vibration at distances of thousands of miles. Rama has tried the truth of this fact, and every day Rama tries that. Thousands and thousands of miles make no difference. Does it not show that all your minds are of the same plane, are intimately connected, are one? On the mental plane you are brothers.

How are culprits and criminals produced in this world? One man comes and wounds your feelings, but that man is very strong, too strong for you. You send out against him a thought of hatred, but you cannot carry that thought of hatred into effect. The same strong fellow wounds the feelings of another mild man, that second mild man resents it, sends out evil thoughts but cannot execute those thoughts in his own person. The strong fellow hurts the feelings of a third body, the third body is also poor and can

inflict no direct injury upon the culprit, and so on, say twenty, fifty, or hundred men suffer from one man, until there comes a time when this strong fellow approaches a very, very strong man, a match for him. This fellow being insulted very slightly by the original culprit gets exasperated and enraged to such a degree that he does not consider at all the weight of insult ; he does not consider whether the insult is very slight or very strong ; he jumps to his feet and takes into his hands a gun and shoots him. There the original culprit is shot, this second fellow is taken by the police as a criminal and the matter is brought before the magistrate. The magistrate begins to investigate the matter. He is surprised to find the wrath quite out of proportion to the insult inflicted upon him. The insult was very slight, but the wrath evoked in this second criminal was awful. The magistrate is surprised ; the newspapers take up the matter. Here was a touchy fellow, here was a very vicious fellow, a very slight insult provoked him to such a tremendous wrong that he committed homicide. Do not such cases happen every day ? The magistrate and the newspaper cannot explain why such awful wrath was provoked by such a small insult. The Vedanta explains it. The Vedanta says that there was on the mental plane a joint stock company. You know that joint stock companies have many shareholders and one man is the boss or manager. Thus when the original culprit provoked your feelings, you sent forth thoughts of animosity

and hostility against that man, and there you contributed your quota, your share of wrath against the man. When the second person was insulted, the second person contributed his share, and when the third fellow was insulted, he gave his share. So the fourth, fifth, or sixth, and so on, until there came a time when all that was necessary to start business. When a sufficient number of shares were paid up, there appeared the boss, the strong man, and when this strong man was insulted, by a law of spiritual affinity, the wrath sent forth by the first, second, third, fourth, and twenty and hundred persons, all these wraths were at once drawn to this boss, attracted, called forth, and collected in the person of the man who dealt out the final death blow, who shot the original culprit and himself became a State criminal. The Government or State will punish this boss only, but in the eyes of God or in the sight of Divinity or Truth all of you are shareholders, all of you are murderers. You are also murderers. You who sent forth thoughts of animosity or hatred, are to blame just as much as the man who committed the murder is to blame. Thus Christ says that it won't do simply to abstain from murder but you will have to abstain from sending forth any thoughts of hatred. He who hates his fellow is just as much a murderer as the man who commits actual murder. Why? While this explains why people who commit murders are oftentimes exasperated quite out of proportion to the

insult, the insult was very slight, but the exasperation and wrath are tremendous, there you see that it is not the personal wrath only that is provoked, it is the wrath of your brothers also that comes up to you and takes hold of you, and you become mad, you become possessed by the wrath of your fellows who have been slightly insulted by the culprit. Just as a man is possessed by a demon they say, as a man is possessed by a ghost, so you become possessed by anger toward your fellow man, and being under that possession you are exasperated, intoxicated, and in that state you deal out the death blow, and people begin to wonder why this wrath provoked was quite out of proportion to the insult. This is the way your murderers are produced. Read the history of the world and you will find that after a reign of terror all the people wanted a man who might carry matters with an iron hand, who might keep the mob under control. Each wanted to control the mob, but none of them had the power to do it. Now the desire on the part of each and all was to get somebody who would control the revolting people, and it took shape in the body of Napoleon. Napoleon comes up just when the times need him and he has the power of thousands, nay millions. Why do heroes possess the power of millions? An army came to capture Napoleon and he, single-handed, went straight up to them and said "*avaunt*" and they stopped. Here is one man hushing into silence thousands who came to capture

him. The people are astonished to hear such facts. Vedanta explains it. Vedanta says that in reality, the power, the thoughts of thousands are accumulated in that one man, as a matter of fact the thoughts of thousands are in that man. Thus Napoleon has no right, no hero has any right to entertain any thoughts of self-aggrandisement. Hero! If you possess the power of millions, you are millions. It is the millions whose thoughts are working in your body. Where is your specially bred divine person? It is the millions that are working in yourselves. There you see again Shakespeare, a great dramatist. No Shakespeare is needed in these days. It was in those times that they wanted a Shakespeare and Shakespeare came. Those were the stage-going days, those were the days when all the people had a mania for the stage. Those were the days which wanted dramatists, which wanted plays. The people wanted them, and it was the people's minds and thoughts that appeared as Shakespeare. You see Shakespeare or any other great man does not appear alone. Along with Shakespeare we have a whole galaxy of bright persons, geniuses, philosophers,—Marlow, Beaumont, and Fletcher and what not,—and we have before him a whole reign of literature of the same sort. Here the circumstances, the times of the people send forth thoughts, thoughts in that direction, and all these thoughts by a law of chemical affinity assemble in one body and there you have your Shakespeare. Thus you see that your silver-tongued

Shakespeare and your speakers who can keep in awe big audiences, one man who can control thousands, one general whose word becomes law unto thousands, millions, one man who can bring energy and action into millions and millions, how could this be produced if the thoughts of millions could not collect or accumulate into different bodies? There you see that Shakespeare and Napoleon are your own creation. Your emotions and your thoughts become their emotions and their thoughts. These are historical facts, and we also observe them every day all around us. Thus upon the psychological plane you are all one.

How were the Crusades caused? One man felt deeply about the state of Jerusalem. He came back to Europe and preached to the Europeans about the condition of Jerusalem. He preached, wept, and cried. One man felt all this, and the people got the same feelings, the feelings of one became the feelings of others. All of them set up in arms against the Turks, the Mahommedans. Thus were the Crusades caused. How was your War of Independence caused? The same way. One man, the President of the first Congress in America, drew out his sword when the people did not agree with him. He drew out his sword from the scabbard and said, "I for one am for war, war, war." And all the people had to catch that word. The same Congress fellows who were against war, and against him, had to follow him. There you see that if your hearts and minds

be not one, how could such marvellous actions be possessed? One we are. Feel this oneness.

We come now to another plane. You see that in your deep sleep state, all of you are one. Sleep is a great leveller. No difference is left in the deep sleep state, the king and the poor fellow, one sleeping on those velvet cushions, covered by those magnificent sheets, the king, and the poor beggar lying down in the streets are in the same state. Consider both of them in the deep sleep state. Where is the difference? Both are one and the same. In your deep sleep state you are one; in your wakeful state your bodies are all one, and your minds and feelings which live in this dreamland, are all one. Now we come to consider the real Atman, the true reality. Oh, the one Atman, the real reality, the true Self. There is no room for language or any expression of difference. There even the word 'wave' or 'ripple' cannot apply, there you are all one. You will say, no, my son is mine, but this fellow is not mine. You are mistaken if you think that. It is not so. Those whom you call as different from you, are just as much yours as your son is. How many times were you connected with them in your past births as brothers, sons or daughters, or fathers? Do you know that? The same person who is now your enemy may have been your father or your son in the past birth. The man who is your father in this birth may not be your father in your next birth. In your next birth you will be born of some

different parents. Your feelings and sympathies are continually changing and so your relatives and friends, sisters and brothers are also continually changing. Does it not happen that a man who is born under the same roof with certain girls and boys, passes all his life apart from them, never sees them again in his life, and does it not happen that a man born in this country passes all his life in other countries? The reason is that the people who were born in other countries, happen to be his spiritual relatives. There you see that you ought not to confine your brotherhood only to those whom you call your sisters and brothers, wives or husbands. All, all, each and all are your own Self. Realize that. Science proves it.

Now Rama is going to sum up. Science shows that just as this particular body which you call yourself is one; the toes of the feet are connected with the heel, and that is connected with other parts of the body, and there is the law of continuity running through all the particles of your body, and your body is one, indivisible whole, and on that ground you see that it is only one power, the Atman, which fills the head as well as the feet. The same self pervades the feet and the hands. You see that. Now Science proves that different objects in this Universe are so related to each other that if by the side of the most undeveloped protoplasm, we place a higher form of protoplasm and next to that we place the next higher

form, and so on, and if we could arrange everything in this universe in the right order, we would find a continuity running through every object in this universe. We find the whole world held up by this most inviolable continuity. That being the case, the whole universe is a single, indivisible body. Now, as in the case of one whole body you are forced to believe one self pervading the ears as well as the feet, so in this whole universe, which is a single continuous body, you will have to believe one Self or Atman filling or pervading the minutest microbe as well as the highest angel. Thus the Self or Atman of the highest angel is the same as the self or Atman of the most insignificant worm. There from the stand-point of the Atman you are all one.

Now, reasons or arguments to establish the brotherhood of man have been laid before you to some extent. Now will Rama lay stress upon the practical application of this truth. You may not accept it intellectually, but moral laws will force this truth upon you. You will have to live this truth in practice or die. There is no other way. Here is the hand. Once it became selfish and wanted to violate the law of brotherhood or unity and began to reason this way.—“Here am I, I work all day, but all the benefit of my work is reaped by the stomach, or other parts of the body, I do not eat anything. I should not allow the teeth or mouth to reap all the advantage, I will have every

thing myself." The hand, after advancing this argument, became willing to carry it into effect. The food that was served on the table — milk, meat, all sorts of things, fruit, vegetables, — all those things the hand must now eat himself; the hand must get the benefit of it himself. The hand took a pin, made a hole and poured that milk into it, injected that milk, so that the mouth would not get the benefit. The hand made itself sick, it could not be benefited by it. There was one other way. In order to make itself fat the hand wanted to take honey, and wherefrom does it come? From the bee. So the hand took the bee and made it sting it. The hand got so much honey, it got the life of the bee into it, you know the bee dies after it stings. The hand became very fat, all the honey was in the hand. Oh, but this made the hand bitter and painful, it tortured the hand. When the hand had suffered and suffered, after a while it came to its senses. The hand said, "All that I earn must not go to myself alone. All that I earn must go into the stomach and there it must be used by the blood, by the hands and feet, by every organ of the body, and then and then alone can I, the hand, be profited; there is no other way. Then and then alone can the hand be profited. Now the hand was forced to believe that the self of the hand was not confined within this small area. The self of the hand will be profited when the self of the whole body is profited; the self of the hand will be profited when the self of the eyes is

profited. The self of the hand is the same as the self of the eyes, and the self of the ears and the self of the whole body. So try to be selfish in the same way as the hand did, and you will suffer the consequences, you will suffer the same way as the poor hand did by trying to execute his selfishness. The divine law cannot allow you to separate yourself from your own kind. The most sacred truth is violated when you consider yourself not one with your fellow-men. The merchants who do not look upon the interests of their customers as their own or the shopkeepers who do not regard the interests of their customers as identical with their own, are shunned and avoided by the people and ruin themselves. In your life you will have to realize this, then and then alone will you prosper. O hand, your self is the Self of the whole universe, your self is the Self of the eyes and the feet and the teeth and every other part of the body. Feel that, realize that. If you want to keep yourself above misery and make yourself happy, realize and feel this oneness with each and all. Your practice will show, your own experience will prove that when you feel and realize this unity, when you concentrate your mind upon this truth, every body around you is bound to come up to your help the same way as the hand comes up to help this part, when this part is itching or suffering. Here you feel an itching sensation, the hand immediately comes up

there. Similarly if you realize that the Self, the Atman, or the true nature of yourself, is the same as the Self or Atman of your fellow who is related to you as _____, when you are in need your fellows will immediately come to you and aid you. This is a matter of experience, practice, experimental fact.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

LECTURE XV.

RELIGION.

Lecture delivered at Muttra.

RELIGION, (as is manifest from the derivation of the term *re*, back, *ligare*, to bind), is that which *binds* one *back* to the origin or fountain-head.

Ques.— What is the origin or source ? What is it at whose decree as it were the mind thinks, the eyes see, and nature lives ?

Ans.— That which cannot be perceived by the mind, the eyes, and other organs of sense, but makes the mind, the eyes, etc., speed to their work is Brahman. Brahman cannot be the object of perception or thought. Mind and speech turn back from it in dismay.

A pair of tongs can catch almost anything else, but how can it turn back and grasp the very fingers which hold it ? So the *mind* or intellect can in no wise be expected to know the great Unknowable which is its very source.

Religion, then, as distinguished from Theology and also divested of its dogmatic excrescences, is essentially a mysterious process by which the mind or intellect

reaches back and loses itself in the inscrutable source, the Great Beyond.

The devout Christian or pious Musalman when offering prayers holds his hands aloft, unconsciously pointing out that it is the Above, the *Beyond*, the Incomprehensible, which he is striving to approach. The Hindu, immersed in Bhakti or lost in Samadhi, gets his eyes naturally shut, which clearly indicates that it is the Within, the Invisible, the *Beyond*, in which his mind or intellect is being merged.

Not "a religion" but "the religion" which is the soul of Islam, Hinduism, or Christianity is, strictly speaking, that indescribable realization of the Unknowable, where all distinctions of caste, colour, and creed, all dogmas and theories, the body and mind, time, space and causality, together with all that is contained therein, this world and all other imaginable worlds are washed clean off into *what* no words can reach. Is it mystifying? Not at all.

Let any person of real religious experience refer to his moment of what is called communion and assert whether any idea of God, not to say of himself or the world, subsists there. In true realization there is no *meum* and *tuum*, no trace of subject and object.

Any systematic attempt leading to the goal above pointed out is *religious*.

It may be asked what is the need of aiming at such a mystical end. Before answering this question let us examine in what way the chief ideals and objects of

attraction for man — knowledge, heroism, love, and pleasure — are commonly reached.

1. *Knowledge* is commonly understood to be the amount of information acquired through outside means such as books or teachers ; and a man is taken to be of scholarly attainments if he has stuffed his brain with learned classics that have had their day. It is true that the achievements of the past should not be discarded and are worth a careful study ; but true Education (*e, out, duco, I draw*) begins only when a man turns from all external aids to the Infinity Within and becomes as it were a natural source of original knowledge or a spring of brand new ideas. Newton and other apostles of truth pour forth useful discoveries. Who taught them ? From what books did they learn all that which superseded all foregone researches ? Certainly, the education of the benefactors of mankind consisted in unconsciously approaching that Real Self by which alone all that is unheard-of is heard, all unknown is known, all unthought-of is thought. Light shines out through one when his mind is *concentrated*, that is, when a man loses his little self, when his body, mind, etc.. disappear to him as it were and a state is reached where the world, the ego, and everything is merged in the Great Unknowable ; it is then and then alone that truths descend in showers, discoveries crop up, knowledge begins to flow, and the secrets of Nature are unfolded. Thus all truths, discoveries, inventions, designs, theories and the like are

the natural outcome of a kind of transcendental *yoga* or *religion* as above defined. The poet being once in that super-conscious state sublime thoughts and noble ideas must proceed from him. The mathematician or philosopher has simply to abandon his (apparent) self, and wonderful solutions of the most intricate problems must occur to him. After a problem is solved or discovery made, the apparent 'I' wants to get the credit for it, but this copyrighting or patenting 'I,' so long as it was making its existence felt, no discovery could be made; it was only when the 'I' renounced itself and the idea of religion as above defined was released that success and knowledge began to well out.

2. Let us watch a hero in the battlefield. He is mad with super-abundance of power, thousands count nothing to him, his own body has no appearance of reality to him. He is no longer the body or mind and the world is no more existent, the spirits are up and every hair of his body is thundering out his immersion in the Great Beyond which lies at the back of the body, the mind, and the whole world. Thus, to the spectators, indomitable courage and heroic power are like lightning flash of the Unknowable into the phenomenal world; but in regard to the subject himself undaunted Bravery is unconsciously no more than religion, that is, absorption in the Power behind the screens.

3. How beloved is the word *love*. Every body

must love a lover, as the saying goes. To the pure Hindu in most instances love (*Bhakti*) is the only desideratum. There are some noble souls who would gladly sacrifice anything and everything for the sake of divine love. Let us try to discover the fountain-head of *love*.

The ideal *Bhaktas* like Chaitanya Maháprabhu or Bunyan are distinguished for their unusual trance or raptures of prayers ; and it goes without saying that divine love raised in intensity to such a pitch means transcending all ideas of shame, conformity, or the world and exemption from the bondage of little self. Even those who have been blessed with an experience of love directed towards lower objects, will testify to the apparent paradox that highest *love* transcends the idea of beloved and lover. Thus undeniably is *love* identical with *religion* in the above sense.

4. The very word ecstasy (*e*, out, and *sto*, stand) shows that HAPPINESS, no matter under what conditions or circumstances experienced, is nothing different from standing, so to say, outside the body, mind, and world. Referring to one's own experience any person can see the oneness of happiness with *freedom*, though temporary, from all duality. The longed-for object and the wooing subject welding into one constitute joy. Thus manifestly the very nature of happiness is *religion*.

These observations clearly prove that all the noble and desirable ends of life are reached only when the

intellect and along with it the whole of objective world melt into the Unknowable Beyond.

But this is getting a dip into the Universal Essence just as one consults a dictionary or as a diver plunges into the ocean and with pearls comes out shortly.

Sensuous pleasures are in their essence strictly speaking *religion*, but the mode of realizing *religion* involved in them may be compared to getting a peep into the Darbar through the grating of a dirty gutter. They resemble a flash of lightning which though identical in its nature with broad daylight, does far more harm than good. Or, more appropriately, they are the stealing of fire from heaven like Prometheus.

Is it not possible to enter the blissful Darbar by a lawful portal? Cannot the midnight lightning flash be made continuous to become everlasting bright day? In an instinctive desire of that nature lies the necessity of religion in its ordinary sense. Strenuous struggle to that effect is worth while, and those who pooh-pooh the importance of religion are despite themselves engaged in suicidal efforts.

All attempts of Philosophy or Science to pry into the Ineffable have failed helplessly. Time, space, and causality, contemplated either from the subjective or objective point of view, defy all efforts to discover their nature. The ultimate nature of Matter, Motion, Force, or Energy presents insurmountable difficulties to the inquiring mind. Atomic theory is beset with contradictions, Boscovich's theory of Centres of Force,

in the long run, fares no better. All the dogmatic theologies of the world have more or less of superstition stamped on their face. One system of philosophy explodes the other, the latter in its turn spares no pains to return the compliment. From this it is apparent that the interior of Nature will for ever remain a mystery to the mind and that it is not given to human intellect to sound the depths of cosmos.

Then, should we give up all search into the Underlying Absolute, as a forlorn hope? Shall we devote our energy and power exclusively to practical discoveries and inventions like railways, telegraphs, and gunpowder? Even such toys bring no peace or rest. The very thirst for more and more that indispensably accompanies every new possession emphatically declares the vanity of earthly ambitions.

These considerations land us in utter despair. Despair not, say the Upanishads. The deep hope for rest is not to be frustrated. However obstinately we may shut our eyes to the Reality, in moments of happy isolation the query forces itself on us "Whence emanates all this phenomenon? Why am I? What do the earth and sky signify?"

The Veda says that this ingrained question must necessarily find its solution, though not through philosophy, Science, or earthly love. The question itself being included in the *anirvachaniya mýá* (insoluble riddle of the whole world) forms a part

of the indescribable mystery it wants to unravel. As an eagle cannot outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats, so thoughts cannot transcend the sphere of limitation. So long as the questioner and the objects questioned about remain, the prison walls of *máyá* are there, and there can be no rising above the appearances. The goal may be reached by special culture and when reached must dissolve altogether the question as well as the answer. Vedanta aims at this goal independently of the enslaving process connected with ordinary pleasures, ecstasy, love, and the like. Being lost in such vision one is the Brahman itself, unknowable to the mind or intellect. A man who gets even a glimpse of such realization stands above fear and anxiety. Unshakable strength of character is the necessary outcome of this realization or *religion*.

Hence the desirability of Religion.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

LECTURE XVI.

CRITICISM AND UNIVERSAL LOVE.

For the Indian people and a Message to the world.

WHENEVER any promising movement is undertaken, the party-spirit in India calls forth the attention of the public to the dark side of the leader's character. Thus every flower is nipped in the bud. But who has not a dark side? (Swami Vivekananda's healthy and hopeful plans and bold teachings are discarded by bringing into bolder relief his habits of eating and drinking. Swami Krishnananda of Kashi is crippled by exposing to the public an objectionable behaviour which, as a matter of fact, did not belong to him).

Attempts are being made to put away the Sádharana Dharma movement and the Dharma Mahotsava meetings on the pretext of the imputed personal drawbacks in the man who took the lead in those lines. It is queer logic, indeed, on falling down from the ass to fall foul with the ass-driver.

The other day Rama saw a milkboy carrying some bottles of milk into a house. Accidentally one bottle slipped from his hands and broke.

He flew into a rage and flung into the streets the other bottles also.

That is just what people do in their dealings with each other. Observing in a friend tiny flaws in a particular line, what a strong tendency have we to sweep off all regard for his good traits !

In Hydrostatics we read of the total pressure and resultant pressure. The total pressure may be infinite on a body and the resultant pressure nil. The myriad forces in India have no resultant pressure, being nullified by being pitched one against the other. Is it not a pity ? What is the reason ? Because each party concentrates its attention on the faults of its neighbour. Thus there can be no union, and this very concentration, based on doubt, acts as a malicious force to engender the objectionable characters. " Call one a thief and he will steal " is an undeniable truism.

Is there no common ground ? Have our neighbours no commendable features ? Have the different sects in India no bond of union ? What right have we, in the name of Purity or impurity, to play the part of self-elected members of God's detective police and pry into the private behaviour of a man whose public behaviour is a help to the country ? His private conduct is a question between him and God. Who are we to interfere ? The energy we waste in judging others is just what is needed to make us live up to our own ideals. Could compulsion from without make a man a whit more moral ? Or can the conforming, conventional, praise-seeking conduct be called pure ? Confound it not with purity ; it is *weakness*.

We do not give up a rose for its thorns. A confectioner may be living on husks, but on that ground we need not refrain from eating the sweetmeats of his make. Not that which goes into a man defiles him, but that which comes out of him. What if Swami Vivekananda ate and drank certain things? So long as from him come healthy teaching, we will never mind what is going into him. We have to take the teaching and advice of a man on its own merit, without regard to the personality of the teacher. What have the elements of geometry to do with the personality of Euclid? Shall we reject a beautiful picture because the painter was ugly? Shall we cast aside Inductive Logic because Sir Francis Bacon took bribes? In this twentieth century, it is high time for us to wake up to a sense of discrimination (*viveka*), and not mix up personalities with preachings. Shall we reject a beautiful lotus because it grows in a dirty pond.

The greatest cause of India's poverty is discarding the rubbish, dreading to touch the bones of dead animals, and developing a kind of nose-hygiene, sneering at all kinds of what they call debris. And it is the utilizing of these very so-called low things that makes Europe and other civilized countries great. Are not beautiful flower-gardens raised out of dirty manure? The most dingy smoke and dirty coal well utilized makes a wonderful power in steel plants and other manufactories in America and Europe.

The greatness of Rama lay in his turning the menial monkeys into a marvellous army. Who cannot live at peace with the pure and pious? But a great soul is he whose broad sympathies and a mother-like heart embrace in a wide sweep even the sinners and the low.

Let us not waste away our life in trying to eclipse the Sun of True Self in the duststorm of petty little kitchen superstitions, working thereby the spiritual as well as physical degradation. Sad indeed is the kitchen-religion which allows the Infinite, Immortal Soul to be sullied by the foreigner's soup. Pray, do look below the tattered and torn caste-clothes. What are you? Infinite and Immaculate, Immortal Self of all is your Self. It is the ignoring of this inner Equality in reality that creates all the apparent mischief in the world.

The misdirected, hysteric moralists in denouncing and fighting against the personal conduct of their neighbours, attempt only to remove the froth and foam on the surface of the stream, whereas they do not approach at all the real cause, the unevenness at the bottom.

Who are you who go about to save them that are lost? Are you saved yourself?

Do you know that who would save his own life must lose it? Are you, then, one of the lost? Could you or would you be one of the lost? Arise, then, and become a saviour.

Buddha was a frequent guest in the house of a courtesan. The author of *Who Will Cast the First*

Stone? was not ashamed of the company of Mary Magdalene, by no means ‘respectable.’ O disrespectful Respectability! There can be no union and love in a country, so long as we keep emphasizing each other’s faults. The secret of the successful art of living lies in developing the mother’s heart to whom all her children are lovely, whether big or babes. True education means to learn to look at the universe through the eyes of God.

Every body must pass through every state, and just as physically every one has to pass through babyhood, childhood, etc., so, on the moral and spiritual plane, babyhood, childhood is an essential, nay, indispensable step. The so-called sinners are my moral Babies, and has not a Baby a beauty of its own? Those that you miscall “fallen” have “not risen” yet. They are the Freshmen of the University just as you also were at one time.

Some make so much fuss about Universal love and yet keep the eyes rivetted on the ugly points in the character of their proteges hiding the inconsistency under the expression “You may hate the sin and *love the sinner.*”

O dear people, you can never love anything so long as you perceive ugliness there. Love means perception of beauty.

Fighting with darkness will never remove it. In a dark room, if we are throwing stones in all directions, striking with the cudgel right and left, breaking

down the panes, knocking over the table, upsetting the ink-stand, and cursing and denouncing all the time, will it remove the darkness? Bring the light in, and darkness never was. So the negative criticising, chilling, discouraging process will not mend matters. All that is necessary is the positive, cheerful, hopeful, loving, encouraging attitude. If all the mud in the sewers is exposed in the streets, will it bring about any uplifting result? Never. So will not emphasizing the faults of others do any good. Let the flowing current of fresh water of peace and good-will run over the sewer and all the dirt will be washed off. It is said that Akbar drew a line and asked his wise man Birbal to shorten the line without cutting or erasing it from any side. The latter drew a longer line parallel to it and Akbar's line was shortened. So it is. Wisdom is to draw the longer line. Best criticism is to make people feel from within what you wish to make them realise from without just as Birbal convinced Akbar from within that his line was shortened. All grumbling is tantamount to "Oh, why is the lily not an oak!" Let us observe the beauty in each. "Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good." From all life's grapes I press sweet wine.

Critic dear, I love you, but I equally love and esteem the man you criticise.

STRUGGLE.

What wins in the Struggle for existence? Love.

Those communities which can put their hearts together, their heads in harmony, and their hands in loving service, though few in numbers, come off victorious in struggle against teeming millions of divided energies.

Struggle is of three kinds: (1) with the unlike, (2) with the like, and (3) against nature.

Where, instead of wasting energy in *struggle with the like* through jealousy, spirit of rivalry, and party feeling, alliance with the like is secured, sure victory is achieved in the *Struggle with the unlike*.

“All forms of tyranny have their beginning in kindness” is a saying too true.

And where love even for the unlike is entertained, victory and success in our struggle with nature is guaranteed and the conquering of the elements becomes an easy matter. And all struggle with nature is tantamount to realizing on the material plane the truth “*I am the ruling spirit of all.*”

WHY IS THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM SO COMMON
IN THE WORLD.

The spirit of criticism seems to be offensive, but mostly it is due to defensive self-preservation. In order that a habit or practice may be given up, a sharp criticism, showing all the evil consequences, is necessary. When we see others afflicted by that habit,

we naturally want to avoid their company for fear of contagious suggestion. The formation of a new habit and view-point accompanies the breaking of the old ; and so long as the world has any room for improvement, the spirit of criticism and comparison will last. It is not the criticising and comparing spirit that is undesirable or possible to eradicate, but the venom in it, which is but giving to the parties concerned a sense of personality. Let us fling aside the vulnerable little " I " which alone makes " *sin* " in ourselves and others ; and, cured of all pain, we can look at all deeds and people around us with the scientific indifference and philosophic calm of a chemist or botanist, examining everything most dispassionately, accurately, and minutely, with no fear of being entangled in the chemicals and plants under our inspection ; like the sun as a *Sākshi* helping all and watching all, the briars and roses, the waste and gardens, men, women, animals, plants, ants and clouds.

To escape plague the only way is to live up to the laws of hygiene. To be saved from foreign politics the only remedy is to live the law of spiritual health — the law of love for your neighbour.

It is as easy to be prosperous as to be wretched if only we can make the proper renunciations. " Sacrifice averts evil " is a saying as true to-day as in those good old days, only it is not the vicarious sacrifice of innocent animals but the sacrifice (*Havan*, *Yajna*) of our party-spirit, caste feelings, jealousies, etc.,

at the altar of Love that brings heaven to us in this world.

TO THE PERSON CRITICISED.

As an equilibrator comes Criticism. It is the pruning process of Providence, helping us to grow more beautiful. When visited by the scissors of criticism, just retrospect what is passing within you. There must have been a tendency to drift down into lower feelings, and here is the warning. A man in a light skiff in a tortuous channel beset with rocks, borne by the flowing current toward an unknown sea, is kept alert by the dangers of the situation. As his boat bumps against the rocks, he must bestir himself. If this knock were not useful, he would not heed it. What we know as pain is the necessary danger signal. Organic beings need such stimulus to veracity.

The painful criticism from friends or foes is a nightmare to wake up to your true self, God. When you are awakened, where is the nightmare? It never was. All loss changes into positive gain the moment we set ourselves right in regard to the law of Love. Poor Cinderella lost her slipper, her innocence drew back the slipper and the king for lifelong companion to boot.

But when we are at one with the All, no cheats will dare come to us. Thieves crawl into a house only when the house is unlit. The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain

of the stupidity of his helpers, of the faithlessness of his followers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the non-appreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat, is the final proof of power. The unnecessary friction, reckless wear and tear of mind being saved, what in the world cannot be accomplished most satisfactorily ?

O Love, Sweet Love,

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

Now hiding behind the foes and friends,

Now disappearing in the criticisms and praise.

Now lost in pleasures and pride,

Concealed in troubles and pains,

Then out of sight in life's hard trials,

Forgotten in the midst of losses and gains.

O Love, Sweet Love,

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

Percussions, concussions of trials and joys,

Hard blows and knocks, all smiles and sighs,

With a wondrous Chemistry, with a strange Electricity,

A purifying process, a disengaging analysis,

From loves and hatred, concerns, attachment, clingings,

Repulsions, from the ore of passions,

Brought out of my heart, a Radium of Glory, O what

A strange story !

O Love, Sweet Love,

For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

From my Radium of heart
 X Rays do start,
To the objects of all sorts
 Transparency impart
 On all sides and parts.
What a marvellous Art !
 O Love, Sweet Love,
For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor !

Sarcasms so sharp,
All shakings and props ;
Foes, friends, and shops —
 Your hiding walls
 No more opaque,
 Reveal you all.
O Jewel of Jewels !
My Self, Radium pure,
 Thou burnest as fuel
All caskets and purses,
Valice, trunks and curses,
Doors, locks and boxes —
All possessions obnoxious.
O Truth, Radium pure !
O Self, omnivorous sure !
 O Love, Sweet Love,
For ages and ages Thou gavest me the dor.

CLEAR SIGHT.

Children *personify* everything. A cloud's roar is nothing else than the growl of an annoyed person over yonder. So do grown up children give a sense of curdled personality to all those they come in contact with. When anything is apparently going wrong, to quarrel with the surroundings instead of setting us right with the Law of Love, is like breaking the Telephone receiver for hearing the bad news from the friends at the invisible end.

The Australian blacks believe that rain is caused by themselves through mysterious incantations and similar other ways, the process being called *Melka*. "When on our expedition," says a noted authority, "we were overtaken by violent tropical storms, my blacks always became enraged at the strangers (the other blacks who had caused the rain)." This same old, dark ignorance like the primitive blacks characterises those who fret and worry in any way over the faults of their neighbours. The rain falls and nothing but the impersonal Law of Nature is behind it. The flower blooms and nothing but the same impersonal Law is in manifestation. Just so, Judas knows it not, but in his betraying kiss, nothing but the Law of Love is operating in full force. Who would have remembered Christ by this time but for what immediately followed that false kiss?

The beautiful Joseph says to his apologising brothers, "It was not ye that threw me into the well.

The Lord Love, in order to exalt me in Egypt, found no better lovers than my own brothers."

Everything seems so changing, fleeting, and melting in my fingers. I cannot give any sense of constancy and personality to any object, and so how can I criticise? In the lightning flash is seen a railway train at full speed or a passing cloud. We think it to be at rest, stationary; but when we know more of it, we think otherwise. So do people see things only in the fleeting light of Máya, and on that base their sense of constancy and personalities, possessions. This is called worldly wisdom. Look at things in the daylight of abiding Truth, the Infinity within, and you are one with Immortal Peace.

The debates and discussions of mankind always prove futile. All attempts to settle differences by argument breed dissension, discontent, and dissatisfaction, and why? The foundation is not properly laid before raising the superstructure. First win the heart, then appeal to reason. Love might hope where reason would despair. The wind could not take the coat from the traveller in the fable, but the heat did.

People are too anxious for agreement of thought and creed. They don't wait for the union of souls. Understanding is *under standing*, or *standing under* the apparent forms and seeming moods. This is brought about by love. Unless you feel all, you *know* not *all*. You need not *think* so much as *sink*. If *Love* breaks *Law*, it is the fulfilment of law. If anything else breaks law,

it is fanaticism and revolution. Love is the only divine law. Other laws are organized robbery. Love alone has the right to break law. Owning through love is divine, owning through law illegal.

Politicians of India, you have been trying the method of protesting criticism and heart-burning complaint, but things have been taking the worse turn every day. Let us try now the right way. If the other party did wrong, doing wrong in return will only add another black to the previous black but will not make it white. An elderly gentleman was about to spank a boy for showing him disrespect, saying, "Fool, why did you misbehave?" The boy replied, "Sir, I was naughty because as you say I was a 'fool.' Now you are so wise, behave as is worthy of you."

When an electrically charged body comes not in contact but only in proximity with another body, the result in the second body is what they call a charge by *induction*, that is to say, quite the *opposite* kind of electricity is generated. It is the actual contact that brings about a kindred charge. So when you want to settle matters through reasoning and logic while the glass-partitions of caste-feeling and race-feeling do not let the hearts unite, you come in dangerous proximity. The result produced is quite the opposite of what you desire to effect. You cannot know a man unless you first love him.

Love might hope where reason would despair.

Religions, creeds and denominations are worn by people merely like amulets about the neck. All kinds of virtue and efficacy are ascribed to them, and yet after all what little we achieve is utterly independent of those pet charms. Let us redeem our manhood and rise above those favourite superstitions. How long will you cling to those toys of names and forms ?

Yes, you must give up one after another, all your pet prejudices, *possessions*, clingings, attachments. Your possessions possess and obsess you. You cannot fence out anybody without first fencing in yourself. Hidden in this painful Stripping Robbery lies the treasure of Blissful Success. The dearest name of God to Rama is *Hari* which literally means the *Robber*. O Sweet Hari ! Some might object. Oh ! If I love and yield to the foe, he will eat me up. Rama says, "O you deluded cheat, did you ever really try the experiment ?"

On all the doors of life is written "Pull," but you misread and begin to "push." How will the door open in such a case ? Pushing is arguing ; pulling is drawing within your own self through Love. Heart is the entrance to the jubilee hall of Inspiration ; Head is the exit. Love inspires, head expounds. Feelings always precede thinking, as the body precedes the clothes. Change the feelings in an individual, and his whole method of thinking will be revolutionized.

What is life ? A series of interruptions. Yes, it is so to the people who live on the surface of life, but not to one who lives as life (or love). It is true that there

is nothing so poisonous as the company of gossips, believers in appearances, shameless slaves of shameful "respectability," but where the lord Love encamps, no impertinent tramps can loaf around. We have no need to shun their company. Law is no law and Nature no more than a stubble, if the intruders dare encroach on you, except when their services are just needed.

Ganimat of Punjab in his *Nairang-i-Ishq* tells us of Aziz, the schoolmaster, poor schoolmaster! madly in love with one of his pupils, Shahid. While correcting the calligraphy exercises of his students, the senseless teacher guides himself by the blurred and slurred scribble work of his pupil-master who was just a beginner in school. Well done! How true! Defects are visible only where our eyes are jaundiced with lack of love. When Lord Love pitches a tent in our heart, day is, as it were, added to day, as if another sun had adorned the heavens.

VERACITY.

There be some who in the name of Purity take up arms against Lord Love, as if purity could breathe a moment's life without love. Some die of love, others die of hatred. But it is a far more deadly crime to harbour hatred accompanied by Pharisaic purity than love unpopular but truthful. The world has enough of slaves of impurity, but perhaps more dangerous are the slaves of purity concealing their weakness under the name of morality. Be genuine, true to yourself. Live

your own experience. There is no master more masterly than your own experience.—

No man was ever pure at heart except through his own experience. Attaching undue importance to the merest trifle of outward purity, nay sex-hatred, keeps you off from the only true Purity—realization of Self. Extravagant regard for sexlessness and practical impotency is wandering away along the Tangent line aberrating from the true course of orbit.

If artificial morality-hawkers leave people alone, the so-called physical and mental cleanliness will be learnt just as easily and naturally as one learns to wash his hands regularly as a mere matter of hygiene, as a simple law of health. To make much fuss against sensuality is to create what divine human Nature is free from. Let your energy be directed to higher topics, you will have no time to think of anything smacking of carnality.

There are schools which tend to make intellectual paupers instead of training men to think for themselves. Moral pauperism is produced by the giving of precepts. Spiritual pauperism is produced by forcing religious beliefs on innocent boys and girls. Spiritual pauperism and religious intolerance (or fanaticism) are respectively passive and active states of the same disease.

All rivers empty into the same ocean. All loves flow into the one Love. On the bosom of God grows Beauty. This Kamalá springs from the navel of

Brahma. Whoever loves Beauty must reach and *own* it through the One who sleeps on waters. Verily, Beauty is spirit's home, and the food of the soul is beauty. A soul without a sense of beauty is fit only for treasons, strategems, and spoils. But where is beauty? Is it in the glamour of blue eyes, roseate cheeks, nightingale voice, picturesque landscapes and fine arts that beauty lies? It does, but is not limited there. It is a sorry æsthetic taste indeed that has to wait all winter before spring brings it joy; pitiable is the state of the music-lover whose fastidious taste must be offended and wounded a hundred times before one satisfactory tune falls to his hearing; unhappy is he indeed whose pleasure is dependent on landscapes, gardens, congenial company, honeyed words, and things outside himself.

The Man of Freedom is he whose inner illumination casts a halo of beauty on all around him and from him radiates nothing but divine love. Even in robbers and drunkards the hidden divine Nature gravitated up to the surface while in the presence of Chaitanya Maháprabhu.

The hoary-headed Sun has never seen anything but light in the course of his travels.

Is that aphorism of Yoga Darshana wrong which speaks about the love-nature even of wild beasts being redeemed and expressed under the love-power of the Free? Is the heaven of all religions to remain a dream for ever if it be not this living love?

WHAT IS PURITY ?

To keep our Godhead unsullied by craving, cringing thoughts of limitation and personality. Thorough Purity means not to be mastered by outside influences. To stand above the worldly charms as well as repulsions, to stay unmoved by favours as well as frowns, to be unaffected by attractions as well as repulsions through the realization of Pure self, which sees nothing different, is Purity. The pure alone can enjoy Nature seeing his own inner "Kingdom of Heaven" reflected in the mirror of all names and forms, rejoicing at the view of landscapes and charming sights only as a lovely lady smiles at her looking-glass. The truly Pure also can have a love where you do not *fall* in love, but *rise in love* — inspiring love and not weakening attachment or wishy-washy sentimentalism. True Purity alone is true love, and true love alone is genuine purity. Sometimes *moral weakness* passes by the name of Purity just as attachment assumes the name of love.

You can no longer enjoy a thing when you become attached to it. A disinterested nature-lover can enjoy a garden, whereas to the so-called master of the garden his flowering property is no more than a perpetual source of care and anxiety. This purity or love (cosmic consciousness) is all we need, all other things are bound to be added unto us.

HOW IT COMES ?

By glorifying your present state whatever it be ——— exalting the Now ——— will God-Consciousness dawn spontaneously on you and not by running after any Self-Realization, as if it were somewhere away. A child in being true to his own childish plays and appetites does outgrow childhood and achieve maturity and not by aping the ways of grown up boys.

WHAT IS BEAUTY ?

Renunciation ; giving up egoistic life. Verily, verily, everlasting life lies in losing the congested life of personality. The absorbing, self-seeking, imbibing tendency to accumulate all the colours in the rays of the sun makes objects black, ugly, and dark. The innocent, liberal, free giving in regard to the colours in the rays of light keeps objects bright and white. The light is continuously being shed and heat constantly given out all around by the sun, the centre and focus of all attraction and gravitation.

Children are sweet because they are not shut up within a stagnated ego. Any party who gives us the impression of self-resignation, unselfish devotion, irresistibly charms and fascinates. Everybody loves a lover. Off you go, theological debates and philosophical discussions ! I know it. Beauty is love, and love is beauty. And both are renunciation. In the words of the Sannyasin of England (E. Carpenter), “ There

is no happiness unless you have clean dropped thinking about yourself ; but you must not do it by halves. While even there is the least grain of little self left, it will spoil all. I do not say it is not hard, but I know there is no other solution."

O living man, it is worth while to live as Love yourself. Be not clouded by the imperfect examples of Buddhas, Christs, Swamis, and other idols of the past. "History shrivels before the will of man, even if it be one man." Be not scared by Time and Causation. Live as Love, and all Laws will be assimilated into you. Be in tune with the inner Harmony and Time will keep time with you.

O, the tiny hands of the clock ! With what iron hands they sway the world. Immortal man, with a vengeance thrown as a slave in the narrow jurisdiction of a dial range ! Irony of fate ! People are scared owing to non-belief in the solidarity of nature and the Law of Unity. O Infidelity ! to doubt, as if some one else lived in other bodies ! Rama keeps no watch or clock, and yet never was behind time. Time is bound to keep pace with love instincts. Let a windmill be properly set, and the four winds will spontaneously be in league with it. So will nature co-work with you of herself. When you are centred in love, all miracles become possible.

Gods laugh in their sleeves at our concessions and courtesies. O how ridiculous perjuries we commit in trying to be faithful to our distant neighbour,

being faithless to the self, the nearest neighbour. A poor tramp begs bread from the lady of a ranch. She, poor soul! envies the freedom of the homeless wanderer. When the tramp is gone, she feigns before her husband to have received a letter announcing the death of her mother. Thinking that the mother may have left some property for them, the husband allows her that evening to leave home for the departed mother's. The lady purchases a ticket and gets off at the nearest station. Away she flies into the woods like a bird let loose from the cage after long wearisome imprisonment, relieving long wearisome burden by laughing a hearty laughter in the wood. Freely she roamed, bought her meals from the country peasants, and slept under a hay stack when the sun set over her head. Next morning she resumes her happy wandering and lo! to her utter horror, what voice does she hear? It is her own husband, wandering with the tramp of yesterday. He had been suffering from the distressing burden of ennui just as much as she, and wanted a life of liberty and vacation for some time, but neither would disclose the anguish of the heart to the other for fear of seeming faithless. Of this nature are all our pains to please others. To your own self be true, and just as night follows the day, to none could you be false. As in the case of Adam and Eve, so to-day the parent of all other sins is the sense of hiding shame. To be oppressed by the presence of others is the greatest

blasphemy against the only God that is the self supreme. In being true to one's higher self alone can one be a light to the world? The highest Individualism is the highest Altruism. In fact it is a misnomer to call it Altruism. The cant of doing good to others throws our centre of gravity outside ourself. Newton surely was never thinking of others in his discovery of the law of Gravitation whereby he proved one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. Let us dispense with all misnomers. "If a boy says he looked through *one* window while he did through the other, whip him," says Dr. Johnson.

LOVE OR LAW ?

Rama urges no law of theories, but the logic of events. Wherever you hear the statement, — The law allows it, — remember you, the fellow is up to mischief. Whoever lives in love lives above law as Law. The only lawful law is love. To live in love is to live true to yourself. The real law is myself. To dictate law to me is to sever it from me. Should any laws be laid down for the child, commanding him to breathe, to grow, or play and live? Is not his very life law? Like a free bird, a child is seen singing, laughing, and talking spontaneously. There come up the officious visitors soliciting him to sing, talk, and laugh. Immediately the child stops. The playful expressions which were so natural for him turn unnatural the moment the consciousness of being alien to those

expressions is brought home to the child. Whoever lives a free life, true to the self, a life of divine recklessness, all the laws of the world are true to him, being identical with him. He abhors nothing. He curls up from nothing. He shrinks from nothing.

What is disease? Contraction due to lack of love; shuddering at the flutter of shadows, crying at the day dreams of danger. In reality there is nothing to be afraid of. All around, in *all future*, in all distance, there is but one Self supreme existent, and that is my own Self. Of whom shall I be afraid? Night is just as good as day. Storm is just as necessary as sunlight. Often whole nights pass away without a wink of sleep, and yet Rama is as fresh in day time as ever, because weariness comes from worry for sleep, and not so much from lack of sleep. How happy are the vigils when Lord Love keeps us awake! When the system requires hearty meals, they are enjoyed; but often, no inclination to eat being felt, fasting is enjoyed equally well. Rain-storms of tears bring floods of joy, because Love rides the storm. Streams of laughter flow free; and the joy involved in them is neither less nor more than the joy of tears. What shall I resist? What shall I escape from, when all is myself? Oh, what a supreme recklessness!

I fret not when fever would pay a visit. I receive it as a friend and spiritual Truths flash which could never otherwise be disclosed. All is health. Wakefulness is one kind of health, Sleep is another form

of it, gentle calmness beautiful, but the storm of hot fever has a charm of its own. True religion means faith in *Good* rather than faith in *God*. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear.

With the rumble of thunder let it be proclaimed. So long as any trace of external obligation and categorical imperative 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not' is in play, there can be no room for spiritual growth or true Purity. The Imperative Mood, Second Person, keeps alive in us the limited personality, and wherever there is limitation there is no Bliss, nor any escape from attraction and repulsion, no salvation from attachment and hatred, no freedom from vacillation and temptation. So long as there remains a LIMITED body in space surrounded by other bodies, how could it give Gravitation the dor, throw dust in the eyes of the laws of attraction and repulsion, cheat nature and escape outside influences. The man in regard to his single body lives in the consciousness of unity of self, despite the seeming difference in the functions of different organs ——— the same 'I' sees, hears, walks, and so on. So in regard to the whole world the *Free-man* lives in the consciousness of unity of world-Self and the differences take care of themselves even as the assimilation of food, growth of hair, etc., take care of themselves in a single body. It is through realization of One's Infinity, conquering all sense of difference, feeling our oneness with all,

realizing the stars, landscapes, rivers, and all as my *own*, and through love *owning* all, that temptations lose their power over us.

When the great sun is shining, what light can the little glow-worm cast? When all is beauty to me and I am that, what shall I run after? What is there in the whole range of world's possessions to attract a man just one with all objects of attraction?

What mischief has not or will not the stingy thief commit who wants to hide the Light of lights behind the bushel of lie ——— the suicidal playing false to the Supreme Self ——— thinking oneself other than God?

‘ No physical action, good or evil,
 No mental action, virtuous or ill,
 No shame or fame, no praise or blame
 Could taint me e'er, no kind of game,
 Nothing but the flood or glory !
 To whom shall I give thanks,
 To whom shall I turn and look up,
 When Bliss absolute,
 When Light immeasurable is manifest even in Me ?’

LABOUR AND LOVE.

Give the poor labourer food for the soul ; give him love, and he will work for you even without asking any food for the body. Love you the workman; the workman shall love your work. Labour actuated by love, can it be called *labour*? Nay, it is entertaining play.

What is *art*? Bringing out Beauty in what we touch. And what on earth or in heaven is that which draws out (and unveils) Beauty? Why, what else could it be but Love?

Thus, spirit of love shining upon our labour makes Industry artistic, and produces what are called Industrial Arts. Why is there no original designing, no æsthetic workmanship, no Industrial *Art* worth the name flourishing in India in these days? Why, because no love is lost upon labourers. The poor working classes, instead of being welcomed in the heart, are turned out from their own huts.

Where labour is despised, the result is stagnation, decay and death, and *Art* becomes *laborious*. Where labour is loved, life and light abide and *labour becomes artistic*. Oh, Lord Love! Has it come to such a pass? Love is misunderstood to such a degree that the very mention of the word 'love' suggests to the dear people the idea of cupidity and stupidity, instead of that *divine flame!* Sometimes they make big talk about divine Love, Bhakti, and Upásaná. But practically it amounts to muttering aloud some Sanskrit hymns and chanting certain Mantrams, hardly understanding, not to say feeling, what they say. Vain bullets with no powder! Counterfeit imitation of Chaitanya's genuine burning heart!

From temples, hymns in the vernacular are often heard, sung with the most perfect music known to them; but, Oh, dear me! not a single sanctifying tear of love!

Blessed Hindustanis ! ! You cannot befool God and win His love by calling yourselves *sinner*s and *slaves*. Just as you think, so are you bound to become. The inexorable Law of Karma works with a vengeance, and makes sinners and slaves of you when you pray that way. That is not *Bhakti*.

My own Poor Rich ! White, towering temples and stone Vishnus erected by you, will not allay the fever of your heart. I know you are suffering. Your pride may not acknowledge it. Worship the hungry Náráyanas and the labouring Vishnus of the country. Send poor Hindustani students to learn useful arts and industries in America, who, on their return to India, will save hundreds, nay, thousands of starving people by helping them to help themselves.

A man, on reading Nizami's *Leili and Majnoon*, cut out the picture of Leili from the book, was hugging it to his breast and kissing it ever so fondly. Why ? "I have fallen in love with Leili," he replies. Fool ! It is not worth while to take away poor Majnoon's sweetheart ! You may have Majnoon's *burning love*, but as to *lady love*, have a living one of your own.

Bhaktas of India ! You are all very ready to take up the sweetheart of Gopis and Chaitanya, but how many of you have the pure flaming passion of Gopikás and Gauránga ? You will be the darling dear of that sweet Cowherd when you see Him with divine love in the Chandála, in the thief, in the sinner, in

the stranger, and all, and not confine Him to mere stone images.

Bhakti (love) is no crying, begging, negative condition. It is an indescribable sense of equality, beaming sweetness and divine recklessness. It is the seeing of the All in all we see. It is seeing your own self in where your eyes fall. It is to realize that All is Beauty and I am that. *Tat tvam asi* or That Thou Art.

Oh, thief ! Oh, slanderer, Robber dear !!

Come, welcome, quick ! Oh, don't you fear.
Myself is thine ; thine is mine.

Yes, if you, never mind, please take away these
Things you think are mine.

Yes, if you think it fit;
Kill this body at one blow, or slay it bit by bit.

Take off the body, and what you may !
Be off with name and fame. Away !

Take off ! away !
Yet, if you look, just turning round,
' Tis I, alone, am safe and sound.

Good day ! Oh, dear ! Good day !

Mohammedans ! You may slay me. But my heart burns with your love. Christians ! You may misunderstand me, I love you. Pariahs ! Sweepers ! if no one will enter your filthy, diseased wigwams, Rama you will find there with you.

Feigned love, false feelings, and assumed sentimentalism is an insult to God. A genuine flame is needed,

even if it be accompanied with the smoke of lower passion.

Conventionality, customs, conformity, slavery to shame, name, and fame act like a heap of chaff and charcoal, choking down the spark of truthful feeling which may be burning in the innermost heart of a youth, borne down by the dead weight of appearances. Welcome, Truth ! Thou alone art my relative, friend, sweetheart, lord liege, and myself.

Kings ! Laws and communities ! Bless your hearts, but you have no power to extract any compromise from Rama. Spare your threats, favours, and frowns. My king, the tyrant Truth, is stronger than myriads of Emperors, despots, autocrats put together.

They say every tie in the Panama Railway cost a man his life. Whether this be true or not, there is not the least doubt that the march of tyrant Truth has gone on, on the road paved with human skulls. Happy are the heads that were blessed with the tread of Truth's lordly footsteps.

There can be no love where there is no truthfulness. Lord Love is the vice-regent of the tyrant Truth. It may be *vice versa*. Perhaps both are the same.

But God said,

‘ I will have a purer gift,
There is smoke in the flame.’

Deep, deep are loving eyes,
Flowed with naphtha fiery sweet ;

And the point is paradise
Where their glances meet.

Their reach shall yet be more profound
And a vision without bound ;

The axis of those eyes sun-clear
Be the axis of the sphere."

Emerson.

Roar, ye torrents from the mountains ! Roar, oh sea ! Rave under the pale stars, O gulf of death ! yawn blackening beneath. But Oh ! great Heart over the forests, the mountains, and the seas, o'er the black chasm of death, in spectral haste, I know Thou ridest, my Lord Love, and the hungry winds and waves are but thy hounds, oh tyrant Truth ! Thou, the eternal huntsman.

In the twilight of Galilee, He saw *them* (the Disciples) toiling and moiling, tugging and towing, hurriedly rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them. But there was no toiling and rowing for the Master. Why should not such a man sleep in the midst of the storm, knowing He would walk upon the waters ? Oh ! joy ! My Love rides the winds and waves.

In Japan, three-hundred-year-old cedars and pines are kept as dwarfed as an onion plant, by stunting their outward growth. No, but by cutting their inner rootlets, not being allowed to strike their roots deep into the ground, they naturally cannot shoot high into the air. So is the natural growth of men and women stifled by the unnatural educators.

Foolish moralists ! Religious fiends ! Hands off ! You have no right to dictate to the young folks. The only right anybody has is to serve. Nature, if allowed to have her free course, will never err. The Law or God that worked up the evolution of man from the tiniest amæba to the human form divine, can well be trusted.

Why are cattle and other animals more regular, cleaner, and better behaved in the control of what human jealousy has styled animal passion ? The plain reason is that the former are not pestered by "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt nots." Service and love, not mandates and compulsion, is the atmosphere for growth.

How can we make the flowers grow ? By loving them. A woman raised beautiful flowers in a climate the most uncongenial for their growth. How did you manage it ? I loved them, and the means were suggested of themselves. The genial heat of love is the only *incubator*. It makes industries artistic and brings about beauty in our work.

Confound not love with attachment. Your wife and children, instead of being the circumscribing hedges of your affections, ought to be the centre of radiation of love to the whole world. Says Jean Paul Richter, "I love my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and the whole world more than my country."

How noble are the words of Lovelace (slightly altered) to Lucaster on going to the wars :— "I

could not love thee, dear ! so much, loved I not the nation more."

True love, like the sun, expands the self. Attachment (Moha), like the frost, congeals and contracts the soul.

The first law of Moses means, "Thou shalt have no other God but Love." This jealous Lord Love will not allow any idols of cupidity and attachment to usurp his majestic throne.

A woman complained about the loss of her only child. Rama asked, "Could you adopt a negro baby and caress it as your own ? Are you ready for it ?" She says, "No." "Then that is why you lost your child." Inclusive love, not exclusive attachment, is the unfoldment of Heaven.

People complain of the ingratitude of others. Shylocks trying to exact usury on what little good they happen to do. Peace ! Peace ! little grumblers ! God has not only one hand. All hands are His. All eyes are God's eyes, and all minds His mind. In your dealings with anybody, did you ever care whether the person pays you back by the same hand as he used in the act of receiving ? He may employ the other hand. What of that ? Your customer is not the hands but the wielder of the hands.

So, really your business is with God (Law) and not with the mere forms that seem friends and foes. God is never remiss in the discharge of His dues. Any unselfish act lays God under debt. He may not

pay you by the hand which He employed in receiving, but through some other hand (person), you will be paid with interest.

Why fret and worry, you restless infidel? None, none but your own sweet Self (Law divine) has an exclusive rule over the universe.

What is *idolatry*?

To give the forms of foes and friends a sense of personality, individuality and reality to such an extent, as to miss the Impersonated (masked) *individual* (indivisible) Real Self or Law.

Why is it that the sight of woods, landscapes, rivers, lakes, and green hills inspires, uplifts, charms and breeds ecstasy? Why? Because it relieves us of the sense of limited personality, it takes off the put-on looks which weigh us down in the crowded streets. The blessed trees and dear water in their impersonal gentleness, nay sweetness, no more force on us any sense of smallness.

Happy he who turns the whole world into a Heavenly Garden by seeing the same impersonal breath of Life in the throngs of men and women as inspires in the rose garden and oak groves.

BURNING REST.

Millions of minerals, plants, animals seem to be suffered to waste every day by spendthrift Nature. Well, let it be. Nature and Rama can well afford to squander millions of lives and treasures every hour.

Where will the thing be lost? Wherever it goes it is in me. The immense wealth of ancient India was in my left hand pocket while in India; it is in my right hand pocket now that it is drained to England. I am the ocean. The ebb and the flow both are mine. Not by nursing antipathy and retaliation will any good accrue, but by doing your part — love. It is no rash cant that love conquers all. Owning is not to be encompassed by grubbing accumulation. You cannot keep even a little piece of camphor, bidding; “Camphor, camphor, stay here, I possess you.” But through love you can feel the whole world to be “My own, my very *own*.” Through love alone the legitimate owning can be accomplished. All other possession is theft, robbery, violating the divine laws, even though the selfish tendencies of man call it legal.

That tyrant, Tamerlane, who had celebrated his conquest of Persia by a tower of ninety thousand human heads, ordered Hafiz to be brought before him because of the following line in his famous ode:

Agar áq Turk-i-Shirázi, etc.

“If that Turk of Shiráz plunder away my heart.”
 “For the black mole on the face of that Sweet Tyrant I would give away the cities of Samarkand and Bukhára.”

“Art thou the man,” Timur cried, “who hast been bold enough to offer my two greatest cities for thy mistress?” “Yes, sir,” replied the undaunted poet.

“And by such acts of generosity have I lost everything.

The poet did not tell the truth. The fact ought to have been put in this form: Giving all to love has brought me wealth enough that I can well afford to give away both the worlds, whereas you, Oh tyrant, in your fever for possession, have lost the leg, have lost the temper, but have not yet land enough to bury you. “A man is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to let alone.”

The source of inspiration of all the prophets, poets, discoverers and inventors in art and science, and dreamers in philosophy, has been Love, only in some cases it was more apparent than in others. Krishna, Chaitanya, Tulsidás, Shakespeare, Jesus, and Ramakrishna, were inspired in as much as they were lovelorn.

Love divested of all carnality is spiritual illumination. Dear me! The cowards of prophets had not always the courage or light enough to disclose to the people the true secret of their inspiration — love or *Tat tvam asi*, wherever the eyes fall that thou art.

People, like planetary bodies, proceed toward the sun with a desperate zeal. In this manifestation of love they are inspired prophets. But after a while, the centrifugal force, or spiritual inertia, makes them go round and round, keeping them away from the sun, turning them into fanatics, tied to the orbits of different creeds. Some move in an orbit very far

away from the central truth ; others have their orbits nearer and nearer. Rama enjoys this religious solar system. But who would care to play the role of a moth nearing (*up*) and nearing the Light in such a way as surely (*ni*) to lose (*shad*) all sense of *meum* and *tuum*, mine and thine, possession and property, burning the little self (*or life*) in the Light of lights — Upanishad, (*Tat tvam asi*) that thou Art.

Upstarts of civilization ! we accommodate your sciences and arts, but pray push them not forward too much. Lord Love is the sun around which the sciences of the world should revolve like planets and satellites.

Geology treats of minerals and stones so far removed from man. Botany treats of a subject a little higher than minerals. Astronomy treats of stars so far away. Physiology treats of the bones of man, the exterior skeleton. Psychology treats of the different *functions* only of mind. But Love treats of the realest Reality in man as well as in nature. It is an Art as well as a Science. Scientific discoveries are only sparks and scintillations from the grand Sun, Fire of Love, or Oneness-feeling.

While the young Franklin is flying the kite, his father Benjamin is watching the magnetic needle crossing the twine. Watch him how motionless, breathless his body is ! Does he seem to have any separate existence from the earth on which his body rests ? Is he not just one with all around him ? A

mere piece of a rock so to say. His bosom is beating with Nature's heaving breast, and thus Nature's secrets become his secrets. The lightning in heaven proves itself to be identical with the electric spark on the earth. The light without shows itself to be one with the light within.

Love or oneness feeling; when brought into play between two persons, dispels the illusion of division. The feelings of one party become those of the other. What passes in one breast is revealed in the other, and clairvoyance becomes an established fact, and a clear demonstration is afforded.

“By Me, verily, is all this pervaded, as by the same string are threaded various beads.”

Whatever thou lovest, man,
 Thou too become that must ;
 God, if thou lovest God,
 Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Oh what a blessed food, a delicious food, happy food, to eat our own heart ! Nothing tastes so sweet. In the case of Rama milk sometimes serves as a fine seasoning to that food.

The moon is up ; they see the moon.
 I drink Thine eyebrow's light.
 Big fair they hold, full crowded soon.
 I watch and watch Thee, source of light.
 Nay, call no surgeons, doctors, none,
 For me my pain is all delight.

Adieu, ye citizens, cities, good bye !
 Oh welcome, dizzy, ethereal heights !
 O fashion and custom, virtue and vice,
 O laws, convention, peace and fight,
 O friends and foes, relations, ties,
 Possession, passion, wrong and right,
 Good bye, O Time and Space, good bye ;
 Good bye, O world, and Day and Night.
 My love is flowers, music, light.
 My love is day, my love is night.
 Dissolved in me all dark and bright.
 Oh, what a peace and joy !
 Oh, leave me alone, my love and I,
 Good bye, good bye, good bye.

When blushing bride by Love doth stand
 Says " Yes " with eyes and gives her hand,
 Adieu ! father, mother,
 Adieu ! sisters, brother,
 The hairs do stand at end,
 The throat is choked, Oh friend.

Welcome you are to world so bright,
 Welcome to us is God's fair sight ;
 But remember well
 This is the last we tell ;
 The hairs do stand at end,
 The throat is choked, Oh friend.

The different objects, -- big, small, fair, foul, ugly and charming, -- all, all are but strange hieroglyphics to the living Lover all indicating the same Love; beautiful characters, all meaning my own Self; fine pictures, all representing the beloved Lord; different garbs of beauty, all clothing the same sweetheart-- Self.

Oh, what an ocean of beauty! What an ocean of love! The dark tresses of the beloved are just as fascinating to the lover as the bright face. So night is just as welcome to Rama as day; death as sweet as life; fever just as welcome as health; the foes as dear as friends.

How blessed is he whose property is stolen away! Thrice blessed is he whose wife runs away, provided by such means he is brought in direct touch with the All Love. Abraham, says the Mohammedan tradition, at one time desired to take a sea voyage. Khizra, or Neptune, offered his services as a humble captain of the boat. Abraham at first gave his foolish consent; but on reconsideration, he begged pardon of Khizra, saying, "My most gracious brother, excuse me please, I would prefer to have my boat without a captain, ferried directly by the hand of love. If you, the Lord of the Seas, take the oar, it is safe riding; but, ah me! it is too safe! It will make me rely on you, and bar me from direct dependence on God. Please do not stay between me and God. There is more joy to me in resting directly on God's bosom than even the bosom of my brother Khizra."

Says the desperate and forlorn lover : " Pray, flash on, Oh lightning ! roar on, Oh thunder ! rage on, Oh storm ! howl on, Oh winds ! I thank thee, I thank thee, I thank thee. Oh blessed Thunder, you frighten delicate Love to cling to me for a moment. How infinitely sweet are the bitters of life ! when out of its grapes we can press the sweet wine of delicious pangs of God-Love !

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my heart and let it be
Full saturated, Love, with Thee.

Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.

Take my hands and let them be
Engaged, in sweating Truth, for Thee.

Dear blessed Reader ! did you ever have the privilege of being lost, nay *risen*, in love, unselfish love, giving all to love ? Then you must be in a position to appreciate sentiments like the following.

" Soft skin of Taif for thy sandals take,
And of our heart-strings fitting lachets make,
And tread on lips which yearn to touch those feet."

" O my blessed Lord, accept me as the most humble
slave of feet."

What office is there that love cannot bless and beautify ?

Prabhuji ! main charanon ki dāsi.

There is no great and no small, no low and no high, where Love is. The hardest work becomes heavenly when the spirit of love prompts us to it. Selfishness will make the highest position most wearisome and tedious. Whatever your station of life, love makes it sweet. All troubles, storms, pangs and anguish spring simply from the spirit of possession in us. Where is the pain of hell when I love it? All our troubles and turmoils are, so to say, a teasing on the part of Love to wake us up to her embraces. These jerks, shaking, and pats are from no other than sweet Love. God, sweet Hari, wakes you pouring forth His love.

Then rise, awake.

Dost hear the palm trees sighing ?

It is my heart that sighs

To hear thy lips replying

And gaze into thine eyes,

Then wake, awake !

Sweet Love ! see here, I bend to thee, awake,
awake !

My loved one ! unfold thy heart to me. Wake,
awake !

Dost see the Himalayan snows
That grow and never tire ?
They cannot cool my burning love
Or quench my soul's desire.
Then wake, awake !

Dost hear the Ganges river,
 Its sacred waters roll ?
 But deeper flows for ever,
 The passion of my soul,
 Then wake ! awake !

LUDICROUS FRIGHT.

They say it was a penniless lad
 And nothing, nothing to lose he had.
 He heard that thieves were at him still,
 They must pursue, go where he will.
 Thus haunted, worried, he for escape
 Ran uphill, down ditch, into the cape.
 He hurried and flurried in fear and fright,
 Wore out his body and mind in flight,
 Yet nothing, nothing to lose he had,
 They say it was a penniless lad !
 O worldly man ! such is thy plight,
 Thy arrant ignorance and fright,
 O scared fellow, just know thyself.
 Away with dread of thieves and theft,
 Up, up awake, see what you are,
 There is nothing to lose or fear for,
 No harm to thee can e'er accrue,
 Thy thought alone doth thee pursue.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks
 to his own funeral drest in his shroud.

Wisdom and learning are not identical. They are not always on speaking terms. Learning looks backward to the past. Wisdom looks forward to the future.

Wisdom has been defined as knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue is doing it.

Wisdom without virtue is a weariness of the flesh. But as volition passes over into action, and Science into Art, knowledge into power, so does wisdom into virtue, and where thought does not go over into action, there results mental dyspepsia or moral constipation. Men of mere ideas and no legs are no more than intellectual centipedes.

Says an American humorous writer :

I've thought and thought on men and things,
As my uncle used to say,

‘ If the folks don't work as they pray,
Why, there ain't no use to pray.’

If you want something and just dead set,
A pleading for it with both eyes wet,
And tears won't bring it ; why, you try sweat,
As my uncle used to say.

The power of safe and accurate response to external conditions is the essential feature of sanity. The inability to adapt action to need is a character of insanity. “ Change or perish ” is the grim watchword of Nature. Keep pace with the advancing times and you can survive in the Struggle of Life. (India, take note.)

The spirit of all practical wisdom is summed up concisely in the simple and saving advice of Krishna ; “Thy business is with the action only ; never with the reward or merit accruing from it ; let not the fruit of action entangle thee ; nor be thou the slave of inaction.”

And live in action ! Labour ! Make thine acts
 Thy piety, casting all self aside,
 Contemning gain and merit ; equable
 In good or evil ; equability
 Is Yoga, is piety ;”

Be in the struggle ; that is your duty. A true hero loves engagement (action) as never a lover wooed his sweetheart. In case of death in the field, you bring glory to heaven or truth (*i. e.*, advance the cause of evolution and Cosmic Progress by letting the fittest survive) and in case of victory also you let the real Power, Truth (*Sat*) shine through you. In reality you are the Truth that conquers and not this body or that which is consumed in the strife. You are ever victorious. As Truth’s self shine out as energy of Life.

“ Either —being killed—

Thou wilt win heaven’s safety, or — alive
 And victor — thou wilt reign earthly king.

Therefore, arise thou, Son of Truth ! brace
 Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—
 As things alike to these— pleasure or pain,
 Profit or ruin, victory or defeat.

So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
 Thou shalt not sin.”

The true gauge of success being of spiritual growth and not outward gain or loss, defeat is as glorious as victory.

“Sháh swar-i-khush ba maidán goye bizan.”

O happy knight, you happen to be on the playground (world, hit on, hit on).

A man's strength of character bears a direct proportion to the extent of trials he has undergone.

“ Then welcome each rebuff

That turns Earth's smoothness rough.

Each sting that bids not sit, nor stand, but go !

Be our joys three parts pain.

Strive and hold cheap the strain ;

Learn, nor account the pang ; dare,

Never grudge the throe.

For thence a paradox

Which comforts, while it mocks,

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.”

PLANLESS PLAN.

But waiving all conventionality and superficial mode of talk, and appealing directly to the facts of innermost experience, we see that all wise counsels, rules of conduct, authoritative obligations, categorical imperatives, “ Thou shalt nots ” and “ thou shalt ” are only vain efforts to infuse life into one who is not firmly rooted in his own godhead, whether consciously or unconsciously, and these are outside electric

charges which can at best but move this muscle or that of the dead carcase, being never capable of inspiring more than a sham life.

“ That which is forced is never forcible.”

Unless love build the house, they labour in vain who build it. It is true that the “ Miracles of genius were always Miracles of labour,” but what seemed “ painful labour ” in the eyes of others was always most enjoyable play to genius herself.

That lifeless, insipid work which I (personal ego) have to labour out, I better leave alone. If the work does not do itself through you as an efflux of the soul, your strained exertion furnishes but a poor excuse for doing it. Such dull prosaic work dragged along by the credit-hunting small illusory self (egoistic consciousness) is described by Shankara as the twin of bondage (slavery).

A boy was merrily whistling in the streets. A policeman objected. The boy replies, “ Do I whistle ? No, Sir, it whistles itself.”

Let a nightingale or dove be perched on the top of a stately cypress, and full, delicious *notes begin instantaneously* to flow from the bird.

Let the little Self be flung into Infinity. May you wake up to your oneness with Life, Light, and Love (Sat-Chit-Anand) and immediately the Central Bliss will commence springing forth from you in the shape of happy heroic work and both wisdom and virtue. This is inspired life, this is your birthright.

From himself he flies,
 Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze,
 Views all creation ; and he *loves* it *all*
 And blesses it, and calls it very good. ”

Coleridge.

“It is difficult to find happiness in oneself,” says Schopenhaur, “but it is *impossible* to find it anywhere else.”

All great work is done *impersonally* in spite of the prudent little self, and not by it. The Sun simply shines in his native glory as a disinterested witness-Light (Sákshí), and lo ! the rivers are unlocked from their snowy cradles, the breezes begin to dance with glee, all nature is set in activity, animals wake up, plants grow on, violets and roses blow on, and even the sparkling flowers of men, women, and children’s eyes open up at the mere presence of the Sun’s glorious majesty.

You have simply to shine as the Soul of all, the Source of light, the Spring of delight, O blessed One, and energy, life, activity will naturally begin to radiate from you. The flower blooms and fragrance emanates of itself.

If anybody not knowing the art of swimming perchance fall into a lake, he will naturally be buoyed up by the water, but the losing of calm and his desperate struggling with the hands and feet makes him sink helplessly. So, the care-and-anxiety-worn struggling little ego is the drowning sink for man, says Jalal-i-Rumi.

“ Heavenly manna was showered daily to the
Israelites in the forest, but
Some graceless scoffers out of Moses' host
Dared to demand the onions,
And manna was lost.”

What aches the head, bends the back, or chokes the chest? It is walking on the head instead of on the feet. Let your feet be on the *earth*, and your head in the air (filled with heavenly joy); invert not the divine ordinance, put not the earth on your head and call it sane living, take not the appearances more seriously than the divine (real) Self.

They say a man treading the forest in search of mushrooms tramples down oak trees under his feet. Beloved, why should your attention be dead set on petty gains and losses so as to miss the Infinite Bliss (Atman)? Is it the responsibility-ridden, duty-stricken, honour-laden (false) ego that really effects any deed? A flea on the flank of a horse might just as well claim that *it* makes the horse run and drives the carriage.

Obtrude not the little I (Ahamkára) in the way of the effulgent outburst of ecstatic Truth. Trust, trust that Power. The true Self whose presence caused the poor little ameaba unconsciously to evolve up to your human form divine, that Self Supreme, that divine Law is still present; and that God being neither asleep nor dead there is no fear of fall.

Like birds that slumber on the sea
 Unconscious where the current runs,
 We rest on God's Infinity,
 On bliss that circles stars and suns.

Says the Brahma Chárin of America (Thoreau).

“ Whate'er we leave to God, God does
 And blesses us ;
 The work we choose sh'd be our own,
 God leaves alone.”

Trouble and pain is another name for feeling yourself a prisoner and slave of conditions and circumstances. Shake off all atheistic delusions of isolation. If the ruling Self of outside Nature were different from your own inner Self, there were no other course left for you but to wring the hands, hang down the head, and be damned. But, as it is, thou appearest on the one hand as garrisoned by environments and on the other hand thou appearest as those environments and conditions. The looking glass is in me (in my hand) and I am in the looking glass.

“ I heard a knock — a hard blow
 On my door and cried I “ Who is it ? Ho ! ”
 I wondering waited entranced, and lo !
 How soft and sweet Love whispered low,
 “ 'Tis thou that knockest, do you not know ? ”

According to the true interpretation of Musalman Scriptures even the Archangel was hurled into perdition

by refusing to recognise the Supreme (God) in man. (Cf. Alastu Qalubala, etc.,) and even the rankest sinners inherit heaven through realizing God (Ahad) in man (Ahmad).

This practical, living perception of “ my Self as the Self of all others ” is the true saving Islam (Shraddhá, Faith).

To call it mere belief is doing no justice to it. It is the “ *Ultimate Science* ” (or *Vedanta*, Jnanam). It is the Art of arts.

The final test of truth, says Dr. D. S. Jordan, is “ Can we make it work ? Can you trust our life to it ? ”

And you can safely trust your life and all to the Fact underlying all phenomena : “ I and my Father are one. ” “ That thou art. ”

The Law of Gravity might even deceive your trust in it, but the law of Spiritual Unity never deceives. Just *feel* this unity and you find all creation behaving as your own body. Gold and silver cannot *insure* your life, O deluded Immortal ; Thou it is that lends life to Prána, lustre to gold and silver, and light to the suns and stars.

People do not make rapid progress because the load of outside opinion, conventionality and things sitting like the mighty Himalayas on their back (nay, breast) does hardly let a single step be advanced. Free yourself of unhealthy superstition, of limitation. In your mind there must be a liquor which will dissolve

the world whenever it is dropped in it.

The universal solvent of Jnánam (Self-knowledge) will hold the universe in solution and yet be as translucent as ever. Provided you think aright, the heavens falling, or the earth gaping, will be music to you to march by. No foe can ever see you, nor you him. You cannot so much as even *think* of him.

In music the different notes may succeed and precede each other in regular sequence (as cause and effect ?) ; the symphony is not understood by examination and comparison of the notes alone but by experience of their relation to the deepest feeling which inspired the piece, which sustains the piece, which is the origin of the piece and the result of its performance, the alpha and the omega.

So Nature is not explained by dwelling on its surface-laws and superficial causation, but by "its *becoming* the body of Man."

Unless you *feel* all, you know not all. Diving into the reality, sounding below the names and forms, passing free into woods and fields, mountains and rivers, into day and night, clouds and stars, passing free into men and women, animals and angels, as the self of each and all, this is life, this is Self-Knowledge, this is practical wisdom.

The whole world is bound to co-work with one who feels himself one with the whole world.

Jnána (living *knowledge* of Truth) being realized on the Causal Plane becomes overwhelming *love*, that is

to say, oneness feeling with all and the all, an abiding ecstasy which, like the effulgent Sun, although it seeks no fruit, begs no reward, and asks nothing (because it manifests itself as Renunciation on the mental plane), yet reveals itself as wonderful energy and powerful action on the physical plane.

Hence realized Jnánam, Renunciation through love in action.

I have no scruple of change, nor fear of death,
 Nor was I ever born,
 Nor had I parents.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
 Bliss Absolute,
 I am That, I am That.

I cause no misery, nor am I miserable,
 I have no enemy, nor am I enemy.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
 Bliss Absolute,
 I am That, I am That.

I am without form, without limit,
 Beyond space, beyond time,
 I am in everything.

I am the bliss of the Universe,
 Everywhere am I.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
 Bliss Absolute,
 I am That, I am That.

I am without body or changes of the body,

I am neither sense, nor object of the senses.

I am existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I am neither sin, nor virtue,

Nor temple, nor worship,

Nor pilgrimage, nor books.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

Within the temple of my heart

The light of love its glory sheds.

Despite the seeming prickly thorns

The flower of love free fragrance spreads.

Perennial springs of bubbling joy

With radiant sparkling splendour flow.

Intoxicating melodies

On wings of heavenly zephyrs blow.

Yea ! Peace and bliss and harmony —

Bliss, oh, how divine !

A flood of rolling symphony

Supreme is mine.

Free birds of golden plumage sing

Blithe songs of joy and praise.

Sweet children of the blushing spring

Deep notes of welcome raise.

The roseate hues of nascent morn

The meadows, lakes, and hills adorn.
 The nimbus of perpetual grace
 Cool showers of nectar softly rains.
 The rainbow arch of charming colours
 With smiles the vast horizon paints,
 The tiny pearls of dewdrops bright
 Lo ! in their hearts the sun contain.
 O Joy ! the Sun of love and light,
 The never-setting Sun of life
 Am I, am I.

That darling dear
 Came near and near —
 Smiling, glancing,
 Singing and dancing.
 I bowed with sigh
 He didn't reply.

I prayed and knelt,
 He went and left.

“ Why cut me so ?
 Pray, stay, don't go,”

He answered slow,
 “ No, no,”

I entreated hard
 “ Pray, sit by me, Lord.”

He answered,
 “ Wouldst thou sit by me ?

Then do please sit by thee.”

I — Do unto me speak.

He — “ Enter the inner silence deep.”

I — “ I would clasp thee and kiss,
Dear, grant me but this.”

He — “ Wilt thou clasp thyself and kiss,
I am one with thee, why miss ? ”

My form divine

I am image of thine.

Why seek the form,

O source of charm ?

With thee I lie

You outward fly.

Don't slight me so,

Nor outward go.

I have no scruple of change, nor fear of death,
Nor was I ever born,
Nor had I parents.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I cause no misery, nor am I miserable.

I have no enemy, nor am I enemy.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I am without form, without limit,

Beyond space, beyond time.

I am in every thing, every thing is in me,

I am the bliss of the universe.

Everywhere am I.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I am without body or changes of the body.

I am neither senses, nor objects of the senses.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I am neither sin, nor worship,

Nor temple, nor virtue,

Nor pilgrimage, nor books.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

RAMA.

America

OM ! OM !!

LECTURE XVII.

THE SPIRIT OF YAJNA.

WHILE living at Brahmá's great Yajna bhumi, Pushkar, Rama received a letter asking his opinion about the desirability of reviving the old Yajna ceremonies as a means of bringing about national union. That letter called forth the following : —

The highest virtue has no name.

The greatest pureness seems but shame.

True wisdom seems the least secure.

Inherent goodness seems most strange.

What most endures is changeless *Chai ge*.

The loudest voice was never heard.

The biggest thing no form doth take.

If the sun should say to the mangoes of Bombay, as I revealed my warmth and light to the birch and cedar trees of the Himalayas, I will not do so to you, you must grow and flourish on my revelation of goodness and power to those beautiful mountainous giants, the mangoes of Bombay would be no more. Neither could the lilies of the field live on the sun that shone upon the garden-apples, nor could Shakespeare, Newton, or Spencer live upon a revelation made to Buddha, Christ, or Muhammad. So have we to solve our own

problems and to begin to see with our own eyes rather than to continue peeping through the eyes of your most venerable seers and sages of the past gone by.

Every statute (Smriti) stands there to say " Yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel you this article to-day ? " Every institution is a currency which we stamp with our own portrait ; it soon becomes unrecognizable and in process of time must return to the mint. Nature exults in forming, dissolving, and reforming her crystals. Changeless Change is the essential condition of life.

No one is to be pitied except such whose future lies behind and whose past is constantly in front. Every point in the following discourse could be supported by several quotations from Gita, Manu, and Shruti ; but that is purposely and studiously avoided for fear of being side-tracked (switched off) on side-issues, namely, the meeting of counter-texts and chewing of the dry bones of words. Again, that would involve the positive sin of encouraging the wrong method of education, that is, placing the study of books higher than the *study* of facts in themselves.

The great mistake of the great Shankara was that he did hide his light beneath a bushel. Why waste his time in torturing the old texts to squeeze out the truth which was to him a matter of *personal realization* than which there can be no higher authority ? Others came and took the same helpless words and forced out their own meanings from the very same texts,

the march of truth being hindered rather than accelerated by this well-meant effort. To put it in plain words, the cause of India's present troubles has been the inverting of the natural order, making the living self a slave to the ghosts of old books. The fair mother Shruti was reduced to the sad plight where one of her sons pulls her beautiful tresses in one direction, the other in some other, the third gets a stronghold of the locks and clutches in his particular direction, and so on. Thus every one freely inculcates what he had to say passing it in the name of Shruti, tending to sully veracity of character. O sages and seers of ancient Ind! Has it come to this that your sons shall have to settle questions concerning their immediate wants and present facts about themselves by the rules of grammar pertaining to a language no longer spoken?

Dear ones! Laws and institutions are for man, man is not for laws and institutions. Some say "through Bháshya (commentary on religious Scriptures) the future is knit firmly with the past." How beautifully put and what a plausible idea! But have we not already had too many patches and stitches added on to the old garments? Truth need not compromise. Let the whole world turn round the sun, the sun need not revolve round the world. Could the discoveries of Science be tacked on to the dogmas of the Christian Bible or other religious works as Bháshya or commentaries with the view of knitting well the past with the

future? The original sacred texts coming from God should be allowed to speak for themselves. God surely has gentlemanliness enough not to equivocate and to keep the world waiting thousands of years tossing and tumbling from one error to another before His meaning is revealed by a commentator or self-chosen apostle posing with the impartiality of a judge and practising the sinister craft of a lawyer. Can authority establish Truth? Does the Sun require a little lamp to be made visible? Does a simple mathematical truth gain a whit more weight if Christ, Muhammad, Buddha, Zoroaster, Vedas and all come and bear testimony to it? Chemical truths, we *know* them directly through experiments, it is the sinful crushing of the intellect to stuff the brain by *belief* in them. Confound not Truth which is defined as "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" with a particular occurrence. Truth is to be known in itself whereas an incident we may believe on authority. Does Vedanta stand in need even of proof and argumentation? Why? Mere enunciation of it in the proper form is proof incontrovertible. Beauty requires no outside recommendations to prove attractive.

By singing and enchanting siren-songs, nay sweet lullabies, to prolong lethargic sleep, by tickling the humour of the masses, or by flattering Ignorance, it is no hard job to gain and gather a large innumerable following. But Truth is real and all the moving or unmoving forms are unreal, and woe unto him who

sacrifices truth for the mere seeming forms. Let the truth burst forth as it pleases. The Sun of Truth knows best how to dawn. Let it go rumbling and thundering, shaking up and waking up the long, long sleep by the music of bomb shells. I am the Truth, I will not suffer suicide for the sake of having *the form* (body) exalted.

Coming now to the question of Yajna, we shall discuss it independently and impartially from different stand-points.

Havan ceremony forms a most important and necessary feature of Yajna as ordinarily understood. The most common argument on the lips of some of its present day votaries is ; — “ Havan purifies the air and it produces fragrant perfumes.” That is very far-fetched. The perfumes, delicious to smell like all other stimulants or “white lies of physiology,” exhilarate for the moment entailing a depression of spirits for reaction. Stimulants may help to borrow from our future store of energy but they borrow always at compound interest and never repay the loan.

But fragrant perfume is a very small product of Havan. By far the most significant product is carbon-dioxide, which is positively pernicious.

There was a time when India had more forests and less human population. In those days the burning of Ghrita and other hydrocarbonates might be a factor, though very insignificant, in helping the vegetation inasmuch as it generated carbon-dioxide, the aerial

food of plants. But in these days matters are reversed. We have practically no forests and overcrowded teeming population, and consequently *too much* of carbon-dioxide in the air already. That makes the people lazy. India needs more *oxygen and ozone* in these days and not carbon-dioxide.

Be it remembered that the *chemical results* of Havan affecting the air *are exactly the same as those of feeding people.* Now instead of wasting precious *ghee* into the mouth of artificial fire, why not offer even hard crusts of dry bread to the gastric fire (Jatharāgni) which is eating up the flesh and bones of millions of starving but living Nārāyanas? That Havan is more needful in India.

Again, what if we feed thousands of poor people for one day. This indiscriminate charity simply helps in breeding *respectable paupers.* *Why all this misery in India? Through indiscriminate charity.* "Charity," says a French writer, "causes half the suffering she relieves, but she cannot relieve half the suffering she has caused." Charity is to be judged not by its motives but by its results. The *weak-minded Yātrī* who pays a pittance to the persistent beggar-drone may compliment himself on having done something to save his soul in the next world. Be it as it may, there is not the least doubt that he has done something to ruin the nation here now.

The problem before us is to perform the right kind of Yajna — *i. e.,* serving and saving the poor

and to perform it in such a way that the act may not defeat its own end. The highest gift you can confer on a man is to offer him *knowledge*. You may feed a man to-day, he will be just as hungry to-morrow, teach him an art, you enable him to earn his living all his life. And the knowledge must be of a kind which will really make life worth living. It is more important to learn the art of shoe-making to-day.

Let every inhabitant of India feel towards all his juniors in rank, wealth, knowledge, or power, as his own children to be helped by him, and without an eye on reward, reap the Mother's supreme luxury of utilising the privilege to serve them with the *food of the soul*—encouragement, *knowledge and love*. This is grand *Nishkāma Yajna*.

About the history of Karma Kānda in India, we hope on some future occasion to give a detailed account of it. In those good old days, when society was not so artificial, and fashion and custom about food, clothing, and shelter demanded little attention from the people of India, when there was abundance of fruit trees growing wild as in some parts of Kashmir even now, when they could live without clothes as the American Indians still do, when the shady trees and caves or small wigwams could afford enough shelter; the pent up speculative and physical energy having no other outlet began to express itself in dealings with gods, that is to say. Yajnas of all varieties. All these Yajnas were originally no more than fair and

square transactions with gods. They involved no cringing, sneaking, bowing, self-condemning and begging element. They were conducted on healthy terms of equality with the Powers of Nature as understood by the ancients. They might be called a kind of "shop-keeping" with the personified Elements, but decidedly they did not have the present "Commercial spirit," although they did involve the principle of compensation and the *Spirit of Commercial* "give and take" bargain.

All these Yajnas turned round an "if." *If* you want rain, perform this Yajna ; *if* you want progeny, that Yajna ; *if* you need victory, some other ; *if* you require wealth, still another, etc.

Thus hinging round my own "if's" of wants they were only optional (like all duties) and not compulsory in the beginning. By and by they became a matter of fashion and custom and hence of self-imposed obligation.

Later in Indian History we find them replaced by *Pauránic Karma Kánda*. We see material changes brought about by the Mahábhárata Civil War ; the constitution of the nation entirely up-turned by religious and political revolutions ; the attitude towards the ancient gods changed ; physical needs enormously multiplied. People could no more spare months and years for one Yajna and hence is to be explained the introduction of *Pauránic Karma Kánda* to replace the old *Yajna* ceremonies. This furnishes a strong precedent

to make the necessary change in our Karma Kánda without the least damage to our Dharma.

Let Rama observe further that Smriti (or laws), customs, ritual ceremonies (Karma Kánda) have not only been changing with time, but have been different in different parts of the same country, and the health of a society consists in continuous flux, growth, and appropriate change. " Change or perish " is the grim watch-word of Nature.

" In our discussion of Social Evolution," says President Dr. David Starr Jordan, one of the great Evolutionists of the day, " we must remember that the very perfection of society must always appear as imperfection ; for a highly developed society is dynamic. A static society is in a condition of arrested development. The most highly developed organism shows the greatest imperfections." The most perfect adaptation to conditions needs re-adaptation as conditions themselves speedily change. The dream of a static millenium, when struggle and change shall be over, when all shall be secure and happy, finds no warrant in our knowledge of man and the world.

So, let us adapt our *Karma Kánda* to our environments. Our wants to-day are different from those of the Vedic Rishis. The " if's " round which the whole Karma Kánda hinges are *moved*. The question is not to-day " If you want more cattle, offer oblation to the God Indra ;" or " If you want more progeny, appease Prajapati," and so forth. The question of the present

Karma Kánda takes the following altered shape : “If you want to live in the present century of marching and advancing industries and arts, and not die, by inches, of Political consumption, *do* capture the *Mátrishva* of Electricity, and enslave the *Varuna* of Steam, become familiar with the *Kuvera* of the Science of Agriculture.” The Purohit to introduce you to these gods is the Scientist or artist who instructs in these branches of knowledge.

Try not to convict Rama of using heretical language. Every thing is subject to change here. The face of the country is almost entirely changed. Government changed, language changed, colour of the inhabitants changed, why should the gods of the Vedic days still remain swinging in their cradles away, up and not grow with the years and come down to mix freely with us and become familiar subjects to man.

Dear blessed people of India ! Far be it from Rama to prevent you from seeing the “*Ekam Sat*” God in the thunder, lightning, sun, moon, wind, fire, water and earth, as did those venerable sages. Do see God in Nature as Nature ; but something more, see Him also in the laboratory and the Science room ; let the chemist’s table be as sacred to you as the *Yajna* fire. The old sacrificial fire and *Yajna* fire you cannot revive, but the old spirit of love, reverence, and devotion you can and you must revive and bring to bear upon the present day *Karmas* which the requirements of the day make obligatory for you.

“Is not,” as Agassiz says, “to study out Nature to think again the thoughts of God?” Let a spirit of holiness, sanctification, breathe over all your works. As I cannot lit the altar-fire, I will make the blacksmith’s fire quite as sacred. Dear, it depends on your Rama-vision to convert the former’s hoe into the chariot of Indra. The spirit of real Yajna is the development of this God-sight.

In not realizing your present *national position*, you are entirely ignoring your after-life or after-self. Don’t become such dreadful agnostics (Nástikas, non-believers). Your paramount duty in life is toward your after-self. So live that your after-self, the man you ought to be, may in his time be possible and actual. So live that your after-self, fifty years hence, may not be ashamed of you. So live that your after-self in the future child of India may not find itself hopelessly lost.

Orthodox Hindus, clear your conscience, you need not have two Karma masters to serve, you need not add to the clothing which you actually require the *out-of-season* unsuitable suits left by your ancestors simply because they have left it as a relic for you, as a souvenir of the past world. The crime which bankrupts men and nations is that of turning aside from one’s main purpose to serve a job off the line of your career. The man of purpose says “No” to all lesser calls.

Yajna implies offering to the *Devas*. Now what does *Deva* mean in the Vedantic (and often in the

Vedic) language? The light and life-giving power. Again *Devatás* (in the plural form) signifies the different manifestations of that Divine Power either as outward (objective) forces or as inward (subjective) faculties. Further *Devatá* often denotes a power considered cosmically as in the world *ádhi-dairat* when contrasted with *ádhi átmik*. The Chakshu or sight refers to the sight of an individual; but the *devatá* of the sense of sight is the power of sight in *all* beings, known as *Aditya* which is only symbolized by the outward Sun or the World's Eye. The *indriya* Hand means the power in the hands of one person; but the *devatá* of the *hands* means the power that makes *all* hands move. The name given to this power viewed cosmically is "Indra." So on, when we talk about the *devatás* of the senses, the word if it has any meaning at all has this signification alone.

Now, what would be the rational import of offering to the Devas in a Yajna (sacrifice)? Offering or dedicating my individual faculties to the corresponding Cosmic Powers or identifying my little self with the Self of all realizing my neighbours as myself, merging my will in God's will. Offering to *Aditya*, for instance, would mean *firm resolution* and decision to the effect that no eyes should be offended by unworthy conduct. Love, smiles, and blessings to be presented to whatsoever eyes may turn upon you, to recognize God in all eyes. This is the offering to *Aditya*.

The offering to *Indra* would mean working for

the good of all hands in the land. Each is fed by its own proper food taken properly. Hand and arm muscles feed, grow and develop on their exercise, work. Thus the feeding of Indra would mean finding and giving employment to the millions of poor hands, seeking after work in the land. Yes, Indra being fed, the land must be blessed with plenty. All hands being employed, where could poverty exist? They raise practically no crops in England and yet the country is rich. Why? Because Indra, the God of hands, is fed although to the degree of indigestion on arts and industries. Putting our hands together for the common good is sacrifice to Indra. Putting our hands together for universal good is sacrifice to Brihaspati; putting our hearts together is sacrifice to the Devatā of hearts or *Chandra*. So on with other gods.

In short, sacrifice to the gods means offering my hands to all the Hands or the whole nation; offering my eyes to all the Eyes or entire community; offering my mind to the All mind; merging my interests in the interests of the country; feeling all as if they were my own self; in other words, realizing in practice *Tat Tvam Asi*, "That Thou Art." This is Resurrection as the *all* after suffering crucifixion, as the selfish "flesh." *This is Vedanta.*

Take my life and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my heart and let it be

Full saturated, Love, with Thee.

Take my eyes and let them be
Intoxicated, God, with Thee.

Take my hands and let them be
For ever sweating, Truth, for Thee.

(The word 'Lord' in this poem does not mean the invisible bugbear sitting in heaven, catching cold in the clouds; 'Lord' means the *All*, your fellow people).

This Yajna every body *must* perform. This must be the *Universal Religion*. India, have it or die, there is no other alternative.

Rama tells you what your Scriptures say about the gods becoming visible on the occasions of Yajna ceremonies is indeed literally true. But that simply proves the power of *Collective Concentration*. The latest researches of Psychology show that the effect of concentration increases as the square of the number of one-minded people present on the occasion. That is the virtue of *Sat sang*. Now, if Rama alone can materialize any idea he pleases, how could the hundreds and thousands of people of one mind, chanting the same hymn, thinking the same form, help materializing it?

But what does it show? It shows that *you*, the real Self, the *All*, are the Parent and Creator of all gods and *devas*. But these gods and *Devas*, *your own ideas*, govern and direct the apparent, false, limited ego of yours. You are the makers of your own destiny. Remain an abject slave grovelling in dread and filth, or wear the crown of glory which is your birthright.

Do as you please. Just suit yourself.

Again Rama knows from the Psychological standpoint the marvellous effect of appropriate symbols and signs in carrying home an idea or suggestion. A man absorbed in the concentrated determination of dedication, offering his hands, as it were, in marriage to the Cosmic Hands, if while his mind is filled with devotion and his whole frame is being thrilled with the holy decision, he also outwardly pours the oblation into the Fire, symbolizing the pouring of his little self into Cosmic Energy, chanting Mantras expressing his inner resolve ending with a loud *svaha* ; what a solemn Seal is not stamped on the holy deed by symbology ! But ah me ! where there is all seal and no deed drawn up, what can be expected of that mockery ? where the idea or suggestion is absent and the meaningless form or symbol is forced upon us, that is like a body the life from which is departed. Burn up immediately the carcass, nurse it no more ; it is dangerous, destructive. Attend to new forms with life.

They say it is easier for the river to flow in its old channel, so attempts should be made to put new life into the old institutions. Rama says it is unnatural. Name me a single river that began to flow in the old channel, having once abandoned it ; or tell me a single instance where new life was put in the body deserted by old life. New wine in old bottles won't do. The sugar-cane whose juice has been dried up can never regain its sap in the same form. It must be burned.

Structures and objects change their forms and relations, and to the forms and relations once abandoned they never return." Let us make an offering (Ahuti) of sacrificial offerings (Ahuti) in the Fire of Knowledge (Jnana-Agni). We shall have the spirit of true Yajna in the forms suited to the times. There are some for whom Patriotism means constant brooding over the vanished glories of the past. Snails carrying on their backs the weight of an old home in the new surroundings ! Bankrupted bankers pour in over the ledgers long out-dated and credit books now useless ! Waste no time in thinking what *India has been*. Call up all your energy which is infinite, and feel, feel what *India shall be*.

History and personal observations prove, that when people come together and eyes and hands meet, there often presents a splendid opportunity for the meeting of hearts, there takes place unconsciously or consciously a mutual exchange of feelings and ideas, and people tend to come to the common temperature of feeling, the same level of thought and an equal potential spirituality. Thus is engendered mutual fellow-feeling and unity. Muhammad's wisdom lay in bringing together before God at least five times a day the illiterate fighting Arabs. Thus did he succeed in creating organized nationality out of mere chaos.

Yajnas, Tirthas, Melás, Mandirs, law courts, inns, marriage and death occasions, Sabha and Samaj anniversaries and lately Conferences and the Congress

meetings have been the opportunities in India to bring people together. Churches, hotels, exhibitions, excursions, Universities, public lectures, clubs, political gatherings usually bring people together in the West. But the great unifying power lies in those gatherings where we meet in a gentle spiritual mood, there it is that the holy water of (*Savitt*) love ratifies and cements the union. Abiding union takes place only where the hearts meet. The mere meeting of skins involves no encouraging results, often breeding jealousy and the like. There is no need of attempting forced *surface union*. Friendships where hearts do not unite (combine) prove worse than detonating mixture resulting in loud disruption. Exertion of the legs cannot always bring two minds nearer to one another. Nor is it the friends and followers whose neighbourhood we really need or should care for, it is by nearness to the perennial Spring and Source of all life, that we shall naturally find comrades around us: The willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. So let us issue from the Eternal Source of all life, many kindred willows we shall find in our vicinity. You need in the first instance only to stand by the spring of Truth.

Again, the mirrors in a telescope can co-work harmoniously only when their focal lengths are adequately adjusted. The solar system is a harmonious unity inasmuch as the orbits of different bodies are at proportionate distances. We cannot work with

certain friends if they are brought a little nearer in intimacy or removed a little further away. The keeping of proper proportions in spiritual distances is necessary to secure an abiding loving unity in the solar system of friendship. Often times people having suffered through their own mistake of drawing too near or receding too far begin to mistrust and suspect every body. Love, Harmony, and Union can be secured and kept by observing the proper *diversity* of distances from people.

The national festivals ought to be improved in such a way as to afford opportunities to all classes of people to come together and by spiritual affinities to seek and flow toward *their own*, fashioning the distance of their relations according to the Natural laws. The winter national festival might be held in the genial climate of Southern India, the summer national festival in the grand scenery of Northern mountains, the spring festival in Bengal. In autumn they might meet in Western India. These festivals outgrowing the denominational and sectarian limits should become *National*, directed by the representative committees of all classes. There let the Exhibitions of Art and Industry, shops of all sorts, museums, libraries, laboratories, playgrounds, lecture-fields, social clubs, Conference and Congress tents, and last, but not the least, national theatres bring together the people from different provinces, the people of different sects and religions. There let the convivial as well as serious

sides of life have display. There let sisters walk and play with brothers, wives with husbands, as in ancient India, there let the mothers be escorted by their children as is already the custom in the Bombay Presidency. And there should also be one *common platform* open to the speakers of all classes, denominations, and religions to exercise their eloquence of love.

To produce, improve, and promote national literature and to bring about a unity in the living vernacular languages is another step conducive to National Unity.

Om Mandirs might be erected at different places where people of all religions are welcome to enter, read, meditate, silently pray, and cast at each other looks of sympathy; kindness, love, but not to speak.

Young men could take open air exercise together on Rama's system, turning each physical movement into a strong suggestive spiritual symbol serving the same part as the pouring of oblations could play in fixing the divine seal on the mental deed (as shown above).

While bathing let us sing the suitable sanctifying hymns but not in a language which we cannot understand.

Let young folks dine together on the green swards on the banks of rivers under the shade of trees or beneath the canopy of heaven (as weather permits). Let each morsel of food be accompanied by an inward as well as outward chant of Om ! Om !

National songs replete with "words that burn and thoughts that breathe" sung in chorus are a potent factor in unification.

Instead of lighting artificial fire for Havan, let the pious youth make use of the glowing glory of the morning Sun or the Setting Orb as the Altar-fire to offer his dwarfed limited ego (Ahankara).

Disciple ! Up, Untiring hasten
To bathe thy breast in morning red.

Do thou dive into that sea of glory and come out of it as the flood of Light, thyself bathing the whole world in thy heavenly lustre. This is Havan.

An effective method of creating love and union among the masses and specially women and children (and hence the future generations) is *Nagar Kirtan*, singing and dancing processions or pageant-shows, passing through the streets, fearlessly proclaiming the Truth.

The most effectual force of all to bring about union in the country is the cruel persecution and martyr's death of a leader of the nation for the cause of Truth. But it is the living Death, nay, the *dying Life* of unselfishness that eventually unifies not only one but all nations. Let one live in God, the whole nation can be united through him.

Courage, veracity of character, self-sacrificing spirit and virtue are fostered where the young folks are let pass through baptism of blood and fire, military education.

Neglecting the education of women, children, and the labouring classes is like cutting down the very branch that is supporting us, nay, it is like striking death-blow at the very root of the whole tree of nationality.

Twentieth century descendants of the Rishis ! If you understand your *Shruti* teachings, you shall have to burst asunder the narrow squeezing shell of class and creed limitations imposed upon you by *Smriti*. But even if you don't recognize the true Atman and never mind the *Shruti* and still want in hot summer to cling to the clothes enjoined for use in the long past winter ; in the name of the wisdom of your ancestors, do please try to realize your situation. The apparent man lives not only in *time* but in *space* as well. Longitudinally (or in time) you may belong to the hereditary line of Himalayan sages, but latitudinally (*i.e.* in space) you cannot deny your relation of co-existence with the European and American matter-of-fact wielders of Art and Science. Do inherit the wisdom of ancient Upanishads ; but on the material plane it is only the absorbing and assimilating of the practical methods of Japan and America that will make you fit to survive. A tender oak plant will soon die out if it keeps merely bragging of the virtue of its acorn and refuses to grasp and work into life the material from the surrounding soil, water, air, and light. Far be it from Rama to ask you to give up your national individuality, but certainly Rama demands

of you to grow by absorbing the present as well as the past, to assimilate their Science even as they are assimilating your ancient divine wisdom.

History and the Science of Political Economy show that the health of a nation like the health of a tree depends on timely *pruning* — emigration. If we send the poor, starving, workless Indians to less thickly inhabited parts of the world to labour there and live, they will survive and India will be through them striking her roots into distant parts of the world. This will break the lethargy of old India which will have lighter burden to carry and less of fatiguing carbon-dioxide produced to poison the atmosphere. If you do so willingly you have as it were hitched the gods to your wagon. Else the relentless wheels of gods go on working without the least intermittance crushing whosoever falls in their sweeps; and bless your hearts as you don't save yourself from stagnation, take it as you may, God in His tender Mercy must perform the pruning process through famine and plague. "If a man employs his consciousness to work with the law he survives and in him the conscious effort taking up the role of natural selection, freedom from struggle is secured." Such a man alone goes scot-free.

Now some say, "Why should the poor workless children of the soil be banished from home?" This question is based on the strait-jacket view of home. Why leave the four walls where the body was born?

Why come into the streets at all, leaving the house behind? You are not a child of the soil and dust more than of Heaven. You are the child of Heaven, nay, Heaven itself. Everywhere is your home. Pin not yourself to one locality. Nor can India shut herself out of the world to-day and keep herself separate. There were days when India was a country by herself, and Persia was another, Egypt still another, and so on; but now-a-days time and space are annihilated through steam and electricity, the ocean has become a highway instead of remaining a barrier, the former cities are now turned into streets and the former 'countries' are now turned into 'cities' of the same one small land called the '*World*.' So it is high time to broaden your notion about 'Home.' All countries are equally yours, O child of Nature and God; all mankind are your brothers and sisters. Go where you can live the best as a useful worker instead of multiplying the number of millions of beggars that are already attached as a 'sink' (dead-weight) to the Hindu nation. Go in the name of God and humanity, go.

For some to alleviate the suffering of India might be a national problem, to Rama it is international. To some it might be a question of patriotism, to Rama it is a question of humanity. Let my children live although away from me *rather than* die before my eyes. With streaming tears of love in the eyes Rama bids you Good-bye! Go.

Come back, if you become more than self-supporting in foreign lands. Come back and bless your old home with the knowledge you have gained abroad like the Japanese youths importing Western Practical knowledge to their native home. But if you cannot more than support yourself in foreign lands, remain there. And if you are to be a workless creeping leech on the aching bosom of Mother India, jump into the Arabian Sea and share well her Arabian hospitality rather than set foot again on India. Love of home and true patriotism demands that of you.

Rama loves all animals and even stones as much as men, and monkeys are as dear as gods. But facts are facts and woe unto him who lies. The only way for the little relief that Ireland has gained under the monkey grip of John Bull was for the Poor Pat to begin to emigrate and flow and pour into America by thousands every year.

Nor does Rama want to overburden his dear America or other lands with the idle stuff of Ind. As a matter of fact your going to foreign lands will be conducive to their health as well. The trees that grow thickly together are all weaklings ; transplant one of them elsewhere away from the original grove, it will grow into a royal giant. When you go elsewhere, you will be an honour to the land where you go and grow. So it was with the present grand Americans, most of them were originally poor emigrants of Europe. A study of the history of all nations demonstrates the

coming of a happy change in the flowing, moving emigrants.

A few more words about Yajna : *Yajna* or sacrifice is sometimes interpreted to denote *renunciation*. Now that sublime word 'renunciation' should not be identified with passive helplessness and resigning weakness ; nor should it be confounded with haughty asceticism. It is no renunciation to let the sacred temple of God, your body, be devoured up by cruel carnivorous wolves without resistance. What right have you to give up yourself to Injustice and Enormity ? It is no virtuous renunciation for a woman to give up the sacred tabernacle (her person) to a slave of impurity. True renunciation means delivering everything to Truth. This body, this property is God's. Stand on your watch. Let not Injustice and Inequity meddle with your Sacred Trust. To keep thyself as something different and separate from Truth and then begin to renounce in the name of religion implies appropriating what is not yours, it is embezzlement. To practise charity on what is not yours, is it not sin ? Shine as the blazing Sun of Truth, become Truth. This is the only lawful Renunciation. Wait a second, could we call it renunciation ? Is it not divine majesty ? Yes, Godhead and Renunciation are synonymous. Culture and character are its outward manifestations.

Any Karma Kánda rooted in the little ego even in the old Vedic days was not calculated to bring final emancipation (Mukti). Salvation results always

from Jnana. So the present day Karma Kánda of a duty-ridden, hurrying, civilized slave of selfishness cannot save him from sin and sorrow. He may accumulate all the riches of the world, but no peace can accrue unless one knows himself as the Self of all. There is but one purpose running through and underlying all changes and circumstances in the world and that is Self-realization. And indeed so long as a man's life can ground itself only on artificiality, superficiality or appearances, each new change and reform turns up only a new stratum of *dry rubbish*, bringing no soil to view. So long as perfect health is not realised in feeling yourself the *whole*, all your show of civilization is only a linen bandage hiding the swollen sore of painful body-consciousness. This Jnana or knowledge portion of the Vedas is the real Veda, that alone has been referred to as *Shruti* (Inspired Revelation) by the writers on the six orthodox systems of Hindu Philosophy as well as the Jain and Buddhist writers. Keep to this Shruti, Hindus. Change the Smriti and Karma Kánda according to the needs of the day. Thus you can not only retain your individuality as Hindus but also expand and grow as Hindus, as real masters, teachers of the world. Thus you can cure yourself of exclusive stagnation and breathe inclusive freshness. The man working without Self-knowledge is like a person working in a dark room, knocking his head against the wall, breaking his knee against the table, tumbling over chair,

receiving all sorts of bumps and blows. The man working in the light has no struggle. The man without knowledge is travelling by catching hold of the tail of a horse, being kicked all along. The man of knowledge rides with ease and positive joy, being mounted on the back of the horse. The work is no work to the man of Self-knowledge. The most gigantic tasks to a self-poised man are as the lifting of a flower's fragrance by the summer breeze. Shankara says that the Man of Self-knowledge does not work at all. Yes, from his own stand-point ; because there is no work which can ever appear a task to him ; all is fun, all is play, all is joy. There is no obligatory duty for him, he is the master of his situation, he never worries, never hurries, all is finished for him, he frets not, regrets not, is ever fresh and firm, freed from the fever of "doing."

But can such a one be idle or lazy ? ' You might as well call nature indolent and the sun slothful.' Look at the marvellous apostle of non-work, Shankara himself. Show me a single other instance in the whole range of history where so much work proceeded from a single individual in so short a time. Hundreds of works written, organizations formed, kings converted, splendid gatherings held throughout the length and breadth of India. Work flowed from him just as light radiates from a star and fragrance emanates from a flower

Rama cannot close the subject without saying a few words on the great Brahma-Yajna which in the words

of Manu brings the Atma-Yajni to *Swarājya*, the native throne of inner glory. Offer up to the Fire of Jnánam (Divine Wisdom) all your sense of possession : all your clingings and designs ; all mine and thine ; loves, hatreds, passions ; frowns, favours and fashions ; body, relatives and mind ; all kith and kin ; rights, wrongs, and dues ; interrogating Q's ; all names and forms ; all claims and charms ; renounce, resign. Pour them as oblations into the Fire of Divine Wisdom. Make incense of them and enjoy their sweet smell while ablaze on the flaming altar of *Tat-Tvam-Asi* "That Thou Art."

Rise above all temptations and weaknesses by asserting your godhead. The world must turn aside to let any man pass who is himself. Be God over your world, or it will lord it over you. There can be no hope for those who entertain suspicions or superstitions : such swear, for they take the name of their " I am " in vain. Have you a doubt as to your own Divine Self ? You had better a bullet in your heart than a doubt there. Does your heart fail you ? Pluck it out and cast it from you. Dare to laugh and launch into the Truth. Are you afraid ?

" Afraid of what ?

Of God ? Nonsense :

Of man ? Cowardice :

Of the Elements ? Dare them :

Of yourself ? Know Thyself : "

'SaS I am God.

FOREST TALKS.

NO. 1.

CIVILIZATION.

STRETCHED beneath the cedars and pines, a cool stone serving for pillow, the soft sand for bed, one leg resting carelessly on the other, drinking fresh air with the whole heart, kissing the glorious light with fulness of joy, singing OM, and letting the murmuring stream to keep time, Rama is questioned, half in joke, by a visitor — some upstart of civilization :

“Why do you import Asiatic laziness into America ? Go out, do some good.”

Rama — O my dear Self. As to doing good, is not that profession already chokeful, overcrowded ? Leave me alone, me and my Rama.

Laziness, did you say ? Oriental laziness ? Why ? What is laziness ?

Is it not laziness to keep floundering in the quagmire of conventionality and let oneself flow down the current of custom and fashion and sink like a dead weight in the well of appearances and be caught in the pond of possession and spend the time which should be God's in making gold and call it “doing good ?” Is it not laziness to practically let *others* live your life and have no freedom in dress, eating, walking, sleeping,

laughing, and weeping, not to say anything of talking? Is it not laziness to lose your godhead? What for is this hurry and worry, this break-neck hot haste and feverish rush? To accumulate almighty Dollar like others, and what then? To enjoy as others? No. There is no enjoyment in running after enjoyment. O dear dupes of opinions, why postpone your enjoyment? Why don't you sit down here in this natural garden on the banks of this beautiful mountain-stream and enjoy the company of your real blood relations — free air, silvery light, playful water and green earth — relations of which your blood is really formed? Hide bound in caste are the civilized nations. They separate themselves from fellow-beings and exile themselves from free open Nature and fresh fragrant natural life into close drawing rooms — dens and dungeons. They banish themselves from the wide world, excommunicate themselves from all creation, ostracise themselves from plants and animals. By arrogating to themselves airs of superiority, prestige, respectability, honour, they cut themselves into isolated stagnation. Have mercy, my friends, have mercy on yourselves.

The wealth swept out of the possession of more needy and added to your property by organised craft will enable you simply to have sickening dinners of hotels and taverns and furnish you with pallid countenances and conventional looks, will imprison you in boxes called rooms, choked with the stink of artificiality, will keep you all the time in the *restlessness* of mind

excited by all sorts of unnatural stimulants — physical and mental. Why all such fuss for mere self-delusion? In the name of such supposed pleasures lose not your hold on Real joy, no need of beating about the bush. Come, enjoy the Now and Here. Come, lie with me on the grass.

Don't you waste away your life in soliciting the favour of silver or gold to *insure* your life. Can your *life* be *insured* by becoming rich in money and paying in time? Don't you believe it, O deluded Immortal! Why seek excuses for existence in rush and push about dainty trifles?

“ The world is much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon ;
 This sea that bears her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that would be howling at all hours ;
 And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for every thing we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.— Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn !
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.—

Wordsworth.

The so-called advanced nations of Europe and America are only in advanced stages of mortification.

Advancement means spiritual or intellectual advancement. True progress must touch the real man and not waste itself on his mere shadow. Progress has nothing to do with material riches or with the multiplying of unnecessary necessities. The ancient Aryans, writing magnificent works, living unsophisticated, free lives and owning nothing in the world, led a mode of life to be repeated by History again with proper modifications. Present civilization is side-tracked from its main end. Man is talked of just as they speak of corn and wheat ; prices rising and falling. Rise above it. Nothing can set a price on you.

Beloved devotees of Show, to you the Aryan ideal of *Sannyása*, Renunciation, appears as idle dreaming. Be on your guard, please, the time is ripe to shake you and wake you up and make you realize what a terrible nightmare you were under. The civilized man without renunciation through love is only a more experienced and wiser savage.

Be not charmed by the glamour, artificiality, conventionality, money-madness of the civilized world. These have proved a failure. These were tried in the fire and found wanting like wood, hay, or stubble. Half the population is dying of starvation, the other half is buried under conspicuous waste, superfluous furniture, scent bottles, affectations, galvanized manners, all sorts of precious trifles, squalid riches, and unhealthy show.

Neither mental nor manual labour is incompatible with health and longevity *except the one is maintained*

at the expense of the other. But in the present-day world some are living on (rather dying of) manual labour, others are perishing from the luxury of intellectual dissipation (mental strain). This is like dry bread being divided among some members of the family and mere butter (or garnishing) distributed among some others.

The self-condemned slums of the Universe are those who possess any thing, the real Sudras are those who claim anything, the self-impeached prisoners in dingy dungeons are those who own anything, the pitiable atoms are those who are for accumulation. These suicides choking and strangling themselves in the dirty dust of riches calling themselves kings and presidents, some drowning themselves in the depth of darkness calling themselves doctors and philosophers, some befouled in the quagmire of weakness and nervousness calling it *strength*, bottom-like taking airs of superiority at their very ludicrous condition, self-hypnotised to fish on dry floor — helplessly suffering from the nightmare of possession and property, these self-persecuting strange ascetics need emancipation and waking up. Down with the prerogatives and presumptions of wealth, knowledge, titles, and authority. Equality is the law of happiness. Savage greed, the animal instinct of clutching, grasping, and the worse than animal tendency to possess and accumulate keeps them hurried, worried, and flurried. Let the typhoid fever of arrogance and vain ambition be allayed. Let

the inexorable Truth be instilled and drilled into every ear : “Just inasmuch as thou hast possessed anything, thou hast been possessed and obsessed.”

Be not oppressed by the pressure of Civilization or the ways of the world around you, O aspirer after Truth ! Be not handicapped by the show and display of the so-called advancing nations. Their “facts and figures” are mere trickery of the senses, fables, and fictions ; and their “hard cash or stern reality” is mere gossamer and will-o’-the-wisp. In the twentieth century the day is not far off when the progressing nations must change their forms of government or ways of living and fashion them on the principles of freedom and Vedanta. In renouncing the sense of possession, in adopting the spirit of Vedantic renunciation lies the salvation of nations as well as of individuals. There is no other way.

In all the civilized Western countries, suffering from the fever of thirst to accumulate, indigenous forces are strongly at work which soon, very soon, must wake up the self-stifled grubs from the nightmare of Possession. The Reign of Renunciation is to bless the world, the Kingdom of Freedom.

Ques. — Do you mean to advocate a new faith ?

Ans. — Rama is no *advocate* of any idea. Truth advocates itself. Rama simply offers no resistance to the Master, just keeps himself transparent, lets the light shine free. Let it shine in any form. Let the body, mind, and all be consumed by the flame !

There can be nothing more fortunate, message delivered, kill the messenger.

Ques. — Do you play the *role* of an apostle or prophet ?

Ans. — No. That is below my dignity. I am God Itself and so are you. The body is my vehicle.

Ques. — It (your message) won't succeed. People are not *prepared* to receive it.

Ans. — What is that to me ? I (Truth) never march on these *catchpenny considerations*. Ages are mine, Eternity is mine. If Christ was rejected by his own people, the whole world took him up. If rejected by his own time, the succeeding ages were his.

Ques. — History does not bear out your thought.

Rama. — Your History is incomplete. That chapter in History which this Truth is to write, you have not read yet. History shrivels up before Will, even if it be the will of one man. History loses itself on the study of symptoms missing the intrinsic cause.

Ques. — According to Emerson, true bond of love is *feeling alike*, and you, a typical non-Conformist, don't seem to agree with *any body*, what a loveless life you must be dragging !

Ans. — I exult in looking at my paintings (world) from different stand-points. Here I view them as a conservative from behind ; there I watch them as a progressive liberal from the front ; as Rama (or Puran) I examine from the right ; as a critic (of the *Thundering Dawn*) I inspect from the left. All these poses and

side views are entirely mine. When a milk-woman is churning out butter, the string in the right hand is being pulled by herself as well as that in the left hand. All views being *mine own*, how could I differ from anybody? Thus am I the ocean of Love surging in *different* waves. I agree to differ from each and all. Come, enjoy with me this *Agreement in difference*.

Ques.— Is it not *mysticism*? How can one individual be identified with another individual who lives in complete separation from him?

Ans.— Well, let it be so. I also wonder that to all *appearance* we cannot be one, and yet we are *one*.

Lame Philosophy may not be capable of proving it, senses may be helpless in showing it; *yet it is so*. When reality is realized, appearances vanish. Love demonstrates it. “*That Thou Art.*” God itself thou art.

Ques.— Why do you say *God-Itself*?

Ans.— Some worship God as *Father in Heaven* and address It as He. Some worship God as Mother Divine and ought to address It as She. Others worship God as beloved sweet-heart (like Persian poets), so before using any personal pronoun for God we ought to determine whether God is Miss, Mrs., or Mister.

Ques.— Then what is God?

Ans.— Neither Miss, nor Mrs., nor *Mister*, but *Mystery*.

FOREST TALKS.

NO. II.

PROPERTY.

MOST of the following was originally written in reply to a question asked on the road just before the parting of ways.

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Was it you, Blessed one, who once asked Rama's views about "Property-rights"? or, if you excuse me for the correction, "Property wrongs"? Well, whoever it may have been that put the question, in Rama's eyes it was your own noble self, whether in this body or some other.

What is *Property*?

That which is *proper* to one or *right* for a being (or thing).

Inherent lightness, combustibility, etc., are the properties of Hydrogen but the glass which holds the gas can never be its property. So, manhood, nay, Godhead is your property, but the house in which you live or jewellery can never be your property. People are willing to lose their birthright, their natural Property—Godhead, but how persistently they make fun of themselves by tenaciously clinging to house, gold, and the like regarding these their property! What a huge joke!

All divisions and distinctions on the riches and possessions are quite as unnatural as mankind's classification by shoes.

Rama proclaims by this that the only veil or hindrance to the realization of Self is the usual sense of property, the rights of bundles and baggage. The very moment we want to possess a thing, possessed we are by the demon of Self-delusion. Renunciation, or you may call it *All-Possession*, by identification with Truth is Vedanta pure and simple. Perfect Democracy, equality, throwing off the load of external authority, casting aside the vain accumulative spirit, throwing overboard all prerogatives, spurning the airs of superiority, and shaking off the embarrassments of inferiority, is Vedanta on the material plane. And Vedanta carries that spirit on the mental and spiritual planes as well. Giving up the exclusive claim to any thing and everything including the body, intellect, writings, sayings, house, family, reputation, prestige is Vedanta. In other words, destroying all hedges and limitations, fencing not yourself in by fencing others out, but as God regaining supreme dominion over every power, atom, star, and tree in the world is Vedanta. Many organized attempts are being made (often unconsciously) to pave the way for the realization of Vedanta by the world at large. The flag of Sannyása must eventually wave all over the world.

Some Vedantins are already living a life of perfect Love-Government and in some quarters the flame has

been kept alive from prehistoric times.

Just think of a sage sitting on the bank of the Ganges while cows, dogs, fishes, and birds, emboldened by his love, fearlessly approach and share with him the loaf of bread from his hands. Let me cite an extreme case.

I know of a Swami whose body was suffering from a severe wound. Worms were eating up the skin, no ointment to kill the worms would he use, or when the satiated worms fell down from the pus of the sore he would pick them up and laughingly, smilingly help them on to the sore part. This little body belongs to every insect in the world and the wide world belongs to me. The universe is my body. Air and earth are my dress and shoes.

Swami means a continuous giver. Keep to Truth and let everything else go. A Sannyásin, the only alms taken by whom are given away to the more needy, when he has nothing more to give, very cheerfully does he give away his body to flies, worms, and reptiles, and, as the Self of all, he enjoys in the capacity of receiver as well. He enjoys as flies and worms while partaking of the feast of flesh ; he enjoys as air and heat while drying up the bones.

Ordinary Charity :— The sense of possession has taken such a turn, and things have come to such a pass that to give back a nominal moiety of the wealth which has been accumulated by degrading, impoverishing and hard pressing one portion of society is called

noble charity, as if to pour a little water into the mouth of a dying victim to prolong his tortures were the highest virtue. To charge no *vyáj* (which originally means in Sanskrit, fraud, craft, and nowadays designates *interest*) is considered great favour, because *vyáj* is the order of the day.

This describes the charity of Europe and America. Indian charity, however, does not trouble itself so much about the starving, labouring classes (Sudras), but it takes the charitable donors straight to heaven by feeding the oversated idlers, in the store-houses of God, the high representatives of religion petrified.

I shall make simplicity fashionable. What makes you more attractive? Is it the clothes that conceal you or the grace that reveals you? No need of borrowing beauty from clothes or anything. Wear natural smiles, health, and cheerfulness.

Let any body come and steal. Let the poor government make a fool of herself by becoming possessed of possessions. What is that to you? You give not your portion up. Truth, truth is yourself. Certainly not for the "salt sea spray" (of material riches) but for Truth you stand up. Shall we require any University Degrees? Nonsense. The final Degree must be self-conferred.

It is true that a dream-built sword is necessary to vanquish a dream-tiger. But from the stand-point of wakeful consciousness both the sword and the tiger of dreamland do not count anything. Just so with

the empirical sciences and arts : however indispensable they may be as worldly knowledge, they carry no value in Divine Wakefulness. One of the great stumbling blocks in the way of self-realization is the deference and abnormal respect for intellectual capital — University Degrees, certificates, titles, honours, and other mental possessions. To a man of realization the world is simply the creation of the hypnotism of people, who in this self-created bedlam keep each other in countenance by mutual suggestion. All the objects in the world are simply like the lakes created by a hypnotized man on dry floor, and being of such nature, the knowledge of those objects also, on which the Doctors and Professors pride and take airs of superiority, is nothing more than hypnotism. The world is but etherial and so is the knowledge of these people. To a man of realization who has risen to the fountain-head of all worldly phenomena, neither the great spheres, the rivers, the mountains, the suns and stars appear as surprising, nor the *knowledge* of such phenomena as possessed by astronomers, mathematicians, botanists, geologists, and zoologists appears to be of any intrinsic value beyond mere play, amusement, and fun. The people who possess worldly objects (capitalists) and those who possess the *knowledge* of objects (Scientists) stand on the same level with those objects, that is to say, are phenomenal. The frowns and favours, criticisms and suggestions of the Doctors, Philosophers, and Professors fall flat upon a man of God-Realization,

have no meaning to him. Usually Universities, shows, and fairs are nothing short of different means to prolong the hypnotic state. As a rule churches, temples, gatherings, and meetings are different methods of prolonging the hypnotic world-sleep. The *jivanmukta* feels no surprise or wonder if the sun were to cool down to the freezing point, or if the moon were to rise in temperature to the highest degree, nay even if the flame of fire were to burn below the fuel instead of above it, or all space were rolled away like a scroll.

There was a time when the Bráhmans (Priestcraft) ruled the world ; there was an age when the Kshatriyas (Chivalry) reigned ; these are now the days when Vaishyas (Capitalists) govern ; and next is coming the era of the supremacy of labour in Sudras, but Sudras blessed with the spirit of Sannyása.

In Europe and America the *working class* (the Sudra caste) is not stereotyped and rigidified by rules of heredity and religious injunctions and yet matters are very unsatisfactory. In India the evil and injustice is doubly multiplied by the caste-system coming to aid the self-delusion of all the parties. This prevents *strikes* but makes the whole nation more helpless and more timid than innocent sheep.

Up to this time Vedanta has been the exclusive property of a few only. It has lived on the intellectual plane mostly. This child conceived so long ago remained in the womb of the earth (the Himalayas), but it comes down at last to the plains as the holy

Ganges, washing alike the Brahman and the Sudra, purifying man as well as God, sweeping away all unnatural differences. Organic man should be one, which is seldom felt. Just as regular meals you need to take consciously but the assimilation or distribution of the food material into *different* parts and organs of the body takes care of itself unconsciously to you, while you concentrate in unity and integration (love and divinity) the differentiation and appropriate variation will take care of itself.

O Princes, Priests, Sudras, and ruling classes of India! Can you conceive the state of affairs a few years hence? Call it odd and curious, yet I see before me a world of Swamis; gods walking on the face of the earth; clay-classifications of Man swept away; the distinctions in India, China, America, England, etc., dissolved; new crystals springing up to be dissolved again in their turn.

O dreaming darlings! Cast away the scales from your eyes and see the highest Sannyásins joining hands with the lowest Sudras; lo! there is the begging bowl converted into a spade or hoe. Sannyásins shorn of their laziness, Sudra—labour exalted to the dignity of Sannyása, the spirit of renunciation actuating all, shameless boldness of a harlot and the purity of Rama combined, the tenderness of a lamb wedded to the resolute intrepidity of a lion, the extremes meet and the intermediate unnatural distinctions dissolved, the world becomes one family. See all this, look there and see!

Shall we require sword or fire? No. Any police? No. Is it Utopia? No flimsy phantom this. Is it communism or socialism? May be. But for India it is the native growth, the most natural application of Vedanta. O Indians, if you know yourselves and adopt this renunciation, where will the disease be? When the mental malady is gone, material disease is bound to flee. No need of underhand work, no need of policy playing, no need of suspicion and fear. Let that be followed by the timid *Deicides*.

I am Emperor Rama, whose throne is your own hearts. When I preached in the Vedas, when I taught at Kurukshetra, Jerusalem, Mecca, I was misunderstood. I raise my voice again. My voice is your voice. *Tat-Twam-Asi*. Thou art all thou seest.

Some of you are scowling. Some of you I see have turned up your noses at an angle of thirty degrees. Some of you have thrown off the paper in disgust. Do what you please, but the Dispensation must work. No power can prevent it, no kings, devils, or gods can withstand it. Inevitable is Truth's order. Faint not. My head is your head, cut it if you please, but a thousand others will grow in its place.

Shams-Tabriz sings the same melody. Did the sweet Bullah and powerful Gopal Singh of the Punjab chant the same song? Did Jesus babble the same Truth? Did Muhammad see the same Crescent moon? That is nothing to me. My *Id* comes when I see *her*. Old truth is ever new. Your *Id* comes when you

realize for yourself. All the prophets and saints, the heroes of your self-ignorance, are merged in you the moment you wake up to your real Self, *God-Truth*.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

FOREST TALKS.

NO. III.

REFORMER.

“ Higher and still higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The deep blue thou wingest
 And singing still dost soar,
 And soaring ever singest.”

Shelley.

THE HOLY SHADOW.

[*Translated from French by Ruth Craft.*]

LONG, long ago there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from the Heaven to see how a mortal could be so godly. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue, as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

Two words summed up his day :— he gave, he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips. They were expressed in his ready smile, his kindness, forbearance, and charity.

The angels said to God : “ O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles.”

God replied : “ I consent ; ask what he wishes.”

So they said to the saint : “ Should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick ? ”

“ No,” answered the saint, “ I would rather God should do that.”

“ Should you like to convert guilty souls and bring back wandering hearts to the right path ? ”

“ No : that is the mission of angels. I pray, I do not convert.”

“ Should you like to become a model of patience attracting men by the lustre of your virtues, and thus glorifying God ? ”

“ No,” replied the saint, “ if men should be attracted to me, they would become estranged from God. The Lord has other means of glorifying himself.”

“ What do you desire then ? ” cried the angels.

“ What can I wish for ? ” asked the saint smiling.

“ That God give me His grace ; with that, should I not have everything ? ”

But the angels wished : “ You must ask for a miracle, or one will be forced upon you.”

“ Very well,” said the saint, “ that I may do a great deal of good, without ever knowing it.”

The angels were greatly perplexed. They took counsel together and resolved upon the following plan : Every time the saint’s shadow should fall behind him, or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure disease, soothe pain, and comfort sorrow.

And so it came to pass: when the saint walked along

his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, it made arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom, gave clear water to dried up brooks, fresh colour to pale little children, and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume, without even being aware of it.

And the people respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracles. Little by little, they came even to forget his name, and called him only "The Holy Shadow."

ब्रह्म सत्यं जगन्निध्या जीवो ब्रह्मैव ना परः ।

Sense in English.

Let Truth gain such immense proportions for you that before its magnitude all appearances and the vanity-show of purses and persons may volatilize into evanescence. And when your identification with Truth is true and real, the shafts of malice shall not penetrate you, the rhinoceros shall find no point wherein to drive his horn, the tiger shall find no room to fix his claws, the sword shall find no place to thrust itself, cannon balls raining on your body shall not touch *you*.

Your league should be with Truth alone. Even if you are obliged to stand alone, live with Truth, die with Truth. If on the ethereal heights of Truth-life thou art left alone, the sun of Righteousness should be companion enough for you. Comrades will begin

to pour in by taking the living suggestions from you. The organization thus formed will be natural. Don't run after organizing by compromising. I do not want to make any converts and gather any followers, I simply live the Truth. Truth requires no defence and defenders. Does the sunlight require any apostles and messengers? I don't spread the Truth, the Truth speeds me and spreads itself.

Say the Evolutionists on *adaptation*. "The world is not on the whole a hard world to live in, if one have the knack of making the proper concessions. Hosts of animals, plants, and men have acquired this knack and they and their descendants are able to hold their own in the pressure of what is called the 'Struggle for Existence.' Yes, one who possesses the Art of Living is a Rishi, all the world must harmonize with him because he harmonizes with all the world. How could obstacles present before a person in accord with the *all* through renunciation of the desiring little self? But the people are very apt to misapply this principle of Science:" "*The child of altruism alone survives.*"

What is altruism?

Does it mean continuous looking out what the people are *expecting*, what they would like, desire, and approve of? Does the "knack of making concession" imply *conformity* to the opinions of the people? or is it the fever of "doing" that constitutes the Service of Humanity?

No. *Truthful Individualism* is the only true altruism. He who simply keeps himself *well attuned* to cheerfulness and love and gives out plainly the Truth as revealed to him without distorting it in the name of Concession or Conformity; such a one alone will survive in the long run.

When an apparently new and startling idea is struggling out in your breast, rest assured that thousands around you must also have at least felt the same way if not definitely conceived the same thought; just as while one melon is ripening in a field, thousand others must also be growing under the influence of the same season. When one leaf, petal or stamen begins to form on a tree or one plant begins to push its way above the ground in spring, there are hundreds of thousands all around just ready to form. A new spiritual, moral, or intellectual birth is ever sacred—as sacred as a child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to conceal it.

In being true to your Self you will be astonished to find yourself true to All. Concession, Renunciation, Conformity in favour of Truth and Truth alone is sinless. Respect for persons, appearances, titles, riches, learning, and forms is *idolatry*. Worldly wisdom is only excuse of Ignorance.

“With joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the Sea its long Moon silvered roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.”

“ Bounded by themselves and unregardful,
 In what state God’s other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring
 These attain the mighty life you see.”

“ Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery.”

Be it life or death I care only for reality. Be it sin or sorrow, I’ll be true to the inner genius.

O Truth, I love Thee ; O Love, I am true to Thee.

A great malevolent force is the anxiety on the part of “ workers ” “ to accomplish ” some thing, to *achieve ostensible* results, that the matters may begin to show, that the registers may record the largest possible number of converts and followers. The anxiety for “ facts and figures ” works all sorts of mischief. There may be venom enough in a dead body to infect a nation, does it prove the greatness of the carcase ? Often times to that amounts the contagious spread of some creeds.

People are too eager to see the trees planted by them fructify and to eat the fruits thereof. This implies lack of faith and selfishness. Jesus, Nanak, and some others made their bodies the humble manure of trees which bore fruit many generations after them.

Some speakers are ambitious only to gather like comets a conspicuous tail of trailing show behind them where the huge nebulous appendix despite its length and size has practically no weight at all.

The fireworks-illumination attracts crowds but directly after the show is over no trace is left behind.

And who could ever improve in the firework's light the restless jumping Jack? It is the continuous steady light — let it be even the humble candle lights — that truly serves and blesses.

Throw not your centre of gravity outside yourself. Pure love and self-sacrifice is the requirement of character, good to others is only contingent.

As journeys the Earth, her eye on the Sun through
the heavenly spaces,
And radiant in azure, or Sunless, swallowed in
tempests,
Falters not, alters not journeying equal sunlit or
storm-girt,
So, Thou, Son of Earth, who hast force, Goal, and
time, go still onwards.

There is a tendency in India to reject a worker's service in this line because of his fault in that line, for instance to reject the teachings of a preacher because his personal habits of living are not acceptable. Thus co-operation has become next to impossible in the country. This tendency amounts to rejecting the cow her milk because the cow is not fit for riding purposes or not riding a mare because she yields no milk.

The clear observation of naturalists shows that the race is not "to the swift" nor "the battle to the strong," but to them who can keep together. Prior to *competition* is *Combination*. How is combination to be secured among mankind? Any combination for combination's sake is doomed to fail. Natural organisms

like our body are unconscious. All Science is the outcome of mutual help, co-operation, unity and common work, but no two Scientists need live together. In faithfulness to the same Truth consists the organization of Scientists. Children have a common practical religion of love, play, and innocence all over the world. This *unity* comes about by the natural faithfulness of each child to his dear sweet Self. The desire to be well thought of by one's fellows often enough ruins the veracity of character. This is the foundation of hypocritical society. The additional pressure that is brought to bear upon one by his desiring to please others who may have abnormal or perverted tastes leads him into many things he would otherwise desire not to do. Drinking habits are usually induced by sympathy and regard for drinking friends.

Truth is the good. Following truth is the only doing good. Truth makes you strong. Truth makes you free. Independence of outer authority and law is secured by being a law to oneself. This is *Honour*. Might does not make right, but that which is right will justify itself in persistence and persistence is strength (or might). That which is weak dies. *We only know God's purpose by what he permits*. In the Book of Nature, God with His own fingers writes so clearly and unmistakably : *There is no Sin but weakness and it is born of Ignorance*.

That which persists and grows must be in line with God's purpose. A law is only an observed

generalization of what is. The Gospel of Nature gives us the following law : "Whatever is right shall justify itself sooner or later by becoming might." Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch ! Nay, you may kick it about all day like a football and it will be round and sound in the evening. God is governing the world and *Mighty, nay Almighty Truth* alone conquers. Be not astonished at or afraid of the Truth and speak from the depth of your heart "*I am God.*"

That party alone which demonstrates more of Truth, works more in harmony with the Power Infinite, and reveals more of the Almighty, shall have success and superiority. *Truth consciousness* brings strength and victory, *Skin-consciousness* (*deha abhimān*, even if it be Brāhman-consciousness or Sannyāsīn-consciousness) makes a cobbler (*Chamār, Sudra*) of you. It is this leather dealing *Chandalhood* against which the sane Shruti warns you again and again.

A truthful, self-denying person can bring the noble spirit of Sannyāsa to bear upon the leather dealer's trade. That trade, profession, or business in itself cannot make a Sudra of you. The roots of the tree of Nationality are *women, children* and *Sudras*, the proper education and care of all of whom is sadly neglected in India. The so-called higher classes, *par excellence*, are only the fruit of the tree.

Let us not waste all our time in trying to keep the fruit on the tree. Attend to the root, feed it and

water it properly.

Dear Reformers ! By catering to the tastes of the rich, your personality might perhaps be exalted for the time, but Truth will advance through the poorer classes, children, and women, and through them alone. So says History. There is a tendency on the part of teachers to compliment themselves when officials attend their speeches. Well, it is true that the Government employees are in these days more intelligent than the rest, and can be of some service, but the uplifting of the nation is not to be expected through them. People who have sold their liberty for a pittance (call it a large salary , whose vitality is sapped by the now necessary evil of routine work and whose energy is sucked by overwork, these honourable stone-Thakurjees — from their pedestal of worshipful confinement and high helplessness — let them enjoy the well earned siren-songs of flattery, soothing lullabies, and homage of their attendants ; but real revival will begin with the humble root and root alone.

The chief cause of the failure of ever so many movements in India has been that the workers spent away their energies in watering the fruits and leaves (nobility and gentry). The poor Sudras need light and life. The people will upbraid you for attending to the poor “ *nothings* ” as the “ lower ” classes are considered. But remember even a nothing (cipher) can multiply the value ten times, being placed on the right side of the significant figure 1. Let your 1

be identified with figures or ciphers in the right way. " *Tat-Twam-Asi.*" That thou art.

Some say "women, children, and Sudras" are not *adhikarins* (worthy of Brahma-Vidyá). It is just that view which has kept Vedanta a great but doubtful formula — a mere formula and no reality.

If every child is worthy of the Sun's light and air, why not of spiritual light and air? Why shut out Brahma-Vidyá from any one? Down with the closed rooms and underground cells of ignorance and weakness. Let Divine Light and air bless all.

Spiritual Pauperism is produced by giving people moral commandments. Hysteric moralists defeat their own end by forcing *forms* of virtue instead of enlightening themselves and others as to the knowledge of Reality. Every one is true to his lights. No one will step into a well when he *sees* it before him. All our "Do's" and "Don'ts" appeal only to the *animality* in man. When we tell even a boy or girl "Thou shalt do this or that," the rational in him or her resents and rebels because of being ignored and slighted. Our imperative commandments are like trying to drive away the horse (the animality) from its rider (rationality). We teach children the spirit of rebellion in trying to rule them or exercise on them any authority other than their own reason. Where forced rule does not create rebellion it creates decay and death. According to a law of Psychology the more indirect a hint in the normal state of man, the stronger is its effect. In our

forced moral teachings the ordinary person naturally takes a suggestion to the contrary. Desire for anything is increased by prohibition or condemnation.

The custom is that people cannot spare even God and want Him to wait upon their precious little self, serving them with daily or monthly bread. A customer of mystic power once went to a trader in religion, asking the venerable Siddha (or Pir) to teach him some "divine" formula by repeating which he might gain the worldly end nearest to his heart. The Fakir told the *mantram*, but imposed a rather queer condition for its fruition. "Let not the thought of a monkey cross your mind while repeating the formula for a prescribed length of time." The poor fellow returned to the Guru next day complaining: "Sir, the idea of monkey could never occur to me, had you not warned me against it. But now the monkey thought clings to me with monkey-grip, I cannot shake it off." Thus impurity and other sins would long have left the world had not our blessed teachers kept them up by continual dwelling on them in condemning them. Adam, poor Adam, in the magnificent grand garden of Eden would never have thought of eating the fruit of a particular tree in a neglected quarter, had not the Biblical God distinguished it as "*forbidden*."

In the name of reform we carry our dictatory directions to the extremes. A child being once asked his name replied: "Mamma always calls me Don't! That must be my name." So have people lost their

real Self under the weight of rules and orders, and they fancy themselves to be merest name and form.

The practical Vedanta needs to be commenced in India not through books so much as through health. Vedanta is health — physical, mental, and spiritual. Not only colds, coughs, fevers, diabetes, and the like, but jealousy, laziness, distemper, unclean thoughts, weakness, and other forms of impurity are immediately washed away by restoring health of stomach.

True liberty is the accurate appreciation of necessity. I am that *necessity* and being that necessity am free. Real health is in knowing me. Unless you have *me*, your so-called health is only a fair covering of foul disease. The words Health, Whole, Holy belong to the same stock. The feeling of Unity is health. Live in that Unity and be not overwhelmed by the importance of anything in the world. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. The problems of life cannot remain unsolved, for life is the solution of problems. Let the Health express itself free, harbour no motives. The improper property to be immediately renounced are one's *objects*. *Look straight* : which means dare to look at any body and everybody just as boldly as you look at trees and rivers fearlessly, with no apprehension, as a child, projecting no personality in them, seeing your own self and no stranger in these. Children who play life discern its true laws and relations, more clearly than men who think they are wiser by *experience*, that is, by failure. Even nettle (Bichhu ghás) will

not hurt you if you grasp it unhesitatingly, but will set your skin in burning irritation if merely touched. There are some good workers whose private conversation is mostly full of (cautious apprehension of) "Spies" and (wise fear of) "Detectives." These worthy Reformers, I dare say, are Thieves themselves. Dear Detectives, Sweet Spies, you are entirely welcome, I need you. I shall pay you infinitely more than your previous salary (if any). Please do detect me. Pray, do spy into my secrets, and I will be pleased to give you all I have, all your desires will I wonderfully fulfil, all your wants will be removed, no more will you suffer pain, poverty will be swept away, all the kingdoms you will find at your feet. Bless your secret-seeking heart ! Come.

Work every healthy person must be doing by the very demands of health. The child has no motives, yet it is one of the most active beings on the earth. Vedanta requires of you to hit hard, play your part manfully, but hang not your joy on the event, let every stroke *be propelled and impelled by joy and not always be aiming vainly at joy.*

Ye who stand alone in Truth, be not afraid that the vast majority is against you. No. This seeming vast majority of Conservative Ignorance is like the armies of morning dew drops swarming on the fresh leaves and green blades of grass. This melting majority is glistening simply to bid you welcome, O Sun. Identify yourself with Truth, what matters it if a

handful of seething millions opposes you, the majority is still on your side. The rocks, trees, rivers, breeze, the sun and stars are with you. Time is with you. The day is yours, centuries are yours. Eternity is yours. All embracing Nature is with you. You surround the opponents and are not surrounded by them. You surround chance and take it captive.

WANTED

REFORMERS.

NOT OF OTHERS,

BUT OF THEMSELVES.

WHO HAVE WON

NOT UNIVERSITY DISTINCTIONS,

BUT VICTORY OVER THE LOCAL SELF ;

AGE : THE YOUTH OF DIVINE JOY.

SALARY : GODHEAD.

APPLY SHARP

WITH NO BEGGING SOLICITATIONS

BUT COMMANDING DECISION TO THE

DIRECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE

YOUR OWN SELF.

OM ! OM ! OM ! OM !

FOREST TALKS.

NO. IV.

STORIES.

LET God work through you and there will be no more duty—let God shine forth. Let God show Himself. Live God, Eat God, Drink God, Breathe God. Realize the Truth, and the other things will take care of themselves. Live ye the Kingdom of Heaven, which is in you, which is you ; all other things are added unto you.

LORD BYRON (I)

He let the spirit of freedom work through him. When he was a student at the University, the class to which he belonged in an Examination were asked to write Essays on the miraculous changing of water into wine by Christ at the wedding feast. Oh, how some of those candidates laboured ! During the time allotted, some of them wrote long, long stories of how the guests were dressed, how the feast was spread, how Jesus looked, and went on and on to elaborate upon the subject. During all this time, Byron sat in his seat looking at the ceiling, watching the faces of the other students, and well nigh whistling. When the time was up, the Professor came around to collect their

composition books and as he came to Byron he said in joke, "You must be tired, you have been writing so hard," and expected to be handed a blank book, but Byron said, "Wait a minute," and forthwith he scrawled out a line and handed the book to the master. Now after three weeks or so had passed, the result was announced, and some essays received honourable mention, but how surprised were all to know that Byron had won the first prize. To convince the students of the high merit of Byron's essay the teacher read it in class, and this line made the whole essay; "*The water saw its Lord and blushed.*" He forced nothing. This little line was spontaneous, and like all work done naturally was perfect, free, graceful, poetic — the work of the self.

"The eye — it cannot choose but see,
 We cannot bid the ear be still;
 Our bodies feel where'r they be
 Against or with our will.

* * *

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
 Of things for ever speaking
 That nothing of itself will come
 But we must still be seeking?"

Wordsworth.

MASTER MUSICIAN (II)

There was a beautiful organ in a Church, in fact, the organ was so fine that the custodian would not allow an amateur to touch it. One day while they were having a service in the Church, a stranger dressed poorly came in and wanted to play upon the organ, but he was not allowed to near it. He was unknown to the minister and since this was such a choice thing, of course they would not let him play upon it. After the service was over and the musician had left the organ, this man stealthily crept up to the organ. The minute he laid his hands upon it, the organ recognised its master and such music as it poured forth, though the congregation were on their feet and ready to go, still when these peals of grandeur came forth, they were spell-bound, enraptured, and could not leave the Church. This wielder of wonderful harmony was the master musician, the inventor of the organ himself.

We do not give the Self, God, Love, a chance to do for us. we must care for this body, we must care for this mind, and it is plain to be seen that in that case only common place notes come forth of us. Let the Master play upon the organ, and the minute Love's hands touch the chords, music will pour forth—music that you never dreamed of before,—wonderful light

and harmony will begin to flow, divine melodies will begin to burst out, celestial rhapsodies emanate.

“God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all its channels, Love, from Thee.

“It springs to life in grass flowers,
Through every thread of being runs
Till from creation’s radiant towers
In glory flames, in stars and suns.

“God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all its channels back to Thee.

“Thus round and round the current runs
A mighty sea without a shore,
Till man with angels, stars, and suns
Unite in love for ever more.”

Lizzie Doben.

DODGING DEATH (III)

Once there was a man so clever as to reproduce himself to such a perfection that you could not tell the reproduction from the original. He knew that the angel of death was coming for him, and as he did not know just what to do to avoid the angel, finally settled upon what might be termed an able device. He reproduced himself a dozen times. Now when the angel of death came, he could not know which was the real person and therefore did not take any. The angel returned to God and asked Him what to do, and after a consultation, returned to the earth to try again to take this man and remarked, "My! but you are wonderfully clever, why, that is just the way you have made these figures, but there is one thing wherein you have erred, there is just one fault." The original man immediately jumped up and asked suddenly, "In what, in what have I erred?" And the angel said, "In just this," singling out the clever man from the mute statues. The only wrong is to ask "*Am I right?*" Dear one, what else could you be? The little imp of doer-self is claimed by death.

THIS IS MY CARROT (IV)

In famine days a poor woman died. The Judge of Death in his post mortem investigation into her case, while assorting her good and bad deeds, could discover no act of charity except that she had once given a *carrot* (or *radish*, I am not sure) to a starving beggar. By order of the Judge the *carrot* was reproduced. This carrot was to take her to heaven. She caught hold of the carrot and it began to rise lifting her with it.

There appeared the old beggar on the scene. He clutched at the hem of her tattered garment, began to be elevated along with her, a third candidate for mercy began similarly to be uplifted being suspended from the foot of the beggar, nay, a long series of persons one below the other began to be drawn up by that single Carrot-Elevator. And strange to say the woman felt no weight of all these souls hanging from her ! (Do not such things often happen even in dreams ?)

These saved persons rose up higher and still higher till they reached the Gate of Heaven. Here the woman looked below, and don't know what moved her, she said to the train of souls behind her,—

“ Off, you fellows !

This is *my* carrot ! ”

And unconsciously waved her hand to keep them away. The carrot was lost and down fell the poor woman with the entire train.

The facts are plainly stated, *you may* moralize yourself.

EQUALITY (V)

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter " Little Brig."
Bun replied,
" You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere."

" And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry,
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all's well and wisely put."

" If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Question — “ You say, Swamiji, that our self is all knowledge ; so pray tell me some method of Vedantic clairvoyance by which I may win the highest prize in the ensuing Law examination without reading the books.”

Answer — A prince in his childhood was playing hide-and-seek with the children of noblemen. He had much ado to search out the boys. A by-stander remarked, “ What is the use of making so much fuss to discover the play-fellows who can be collected immediately if you exercise princely authority to call them out ? ” The prince replied, “ In that case the play would lose its relish, there would remain no interest in the game.” Just so, in reality, you are the supreme ruler and all-knowing Omniscient Divinity, but as you have in fun opened the quest of your own subjects (all sorts of study and other pursuits in the great hide-and-seek labyrinth of the world), it would not be fair play to exercise that authority which checkmates the whole game. On the plane where the past, present, and future and all the thousands of suns and stars become your own self, nay, all objects are mere ripples and eddies in the ocean of your knowledge, how could you care for the Law examinations and worldly success ? If you want to possess Divine clairvoyance, you have to give up or rise above the very plane of senses from which and for which you seek clairvoyance.

A net was spread to catch fish. The fish on falling in the net carried it off by their stupendous weight.

Vedantic new clairvoyance is that "queer fish" which carries away the net of desires entirely. Again the ordinary method of acquiring knowledge is itself a Vedantic process of clairvoyance inasmuch as it entails an unconscious escape during study from the sense of ego and duality.

It is said of Imam Ghizali, a Mahomedan saint, that in his student life, one night, after his usual strenuous work, he fell asleep in the study. In a vision appeared to him Khwájá Khizar, the God of Learning, offering to convey all the knowledge of the world to him by the simple act of breathing into his ears and mouth. Imam Ghizali's sound sense of self-respect refused, and he asked instead the boon of being provided with oil for his midnight reading. He preferred the longer road to the short cut, not caring to steal into the backdoor of heaven.

Do not counsel God how to behave ; do not dictate your will to Him, just resign your self unto Him, abandon the little self, renounce spurious desires and thus will you make your body and mind full of light. All true knowledge and education worth the name comes from within, and not from books or extraneous minds. Men of genius, the original workers in the field of investigation, made their discoveries and investigations only when they were merged in Thought absolute, far far above yearning or hurrying of any sort, making their mentality and personality free of any tendency to selfishness. They made themselves

transparent, the light of knowledge shone through them, they shed light on books, illumined libraries. This is work. By work Rama never means plodding drudgery. Work in Vedanta always means harmonious vibrations with the Real Self and attunement with the universe. This unselfish union with the one Reality, which is the only real work, is oftentimes labelled and branded as no work or idleness. Even a most laborious undertaking, pursued in the spirit of Vedanta, is found to be all pleasure and play and no drudgery or burden. "Having nothing to do, be always doing" sums up Vedantic teaching. O happy worker, success must seek you, when you cease to seek success.

TO VAYU (BREEZE).

"Naught stirrest around,
 Yet hark to that sound,
 "Swoo-oo" and Ai-yu!"
 Oh, bodiless Váyu!
 Pause and come hither
 And whisper us whither
 Thou speedest along?
 Invisible wending,
 The heather tops bending,
 Before us thou sweepest,
 Behind us thou creepest,
 By our ears rushing,

O'er our cheeks brushing,
Gliding by gholefully,
Murmuring dolefully,
Dirges of song,
With Swoo-oo and Ai-yu !
Oh ! bodiless Váyu !
Pause and come hither
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along ? ”

FOREST TALKS.

No. V.

LOVE.

“ I am the origin and end
Of all this changeful universe,
There is, oh mankind, naught beyond ;
For all is strung on me alone
As are the beads upon the thread.

I am the freshness of the waters,
The splendour of the Sun and the Moon,
The essence of the Holy thought,
The sound of sounds, the man in men,
I am the life of life, oh man ! ”

“ All true devotion’s centred power,
All being’s seed am I, the strength,
The wisdom of the strong and wise,
Lo, those who worship Me in truth,
Fulfilling in their acts my laws ;
Regarding me their aim and end,
Their hearts, oh man, dwell then in love,
And I to them will always be a guide
From out the surging flood of wrong and
migratory life.”

At whose behest doth work the Intellects ?
 At whose command does life subsist ?
 By whom enlightened grasps the mind ?
 And what enlightens ears and eyes ?

The Ear of ear, the Mind of mind,
 The Speech of speech, the Life of life,
 The Eye of eye, the Self of self
 That eats up Pain and Death as rice.

ALL IS LOVE.

To know is to love Truth.

What is Truth ? *Tat Twam Asi* or Love itself.

Step by step this love manifested itself through different stages as the force of affinity, cohesion, gravitation, greed, desire, ambition, aspiration. In different modes and degrees of vibrations this Love appeared being known as Magnetism, Electricity, light, heat, sound, etc., the most accurate conception of the material atoms being as "Centres of forces." Matter itself in the ultimate analysis resolves itself into concentrated Love. All Law being nothing more than the discovery of unity in diversity, harmony in heterogeneity, unison in variety, is itself a phase of Love. In your inquisitive detectives, insidious spies, suspected friends, menacing foes, betraying comrades, there is no other power at work but Love. No other government rules the world

than Love. Carlyle said, "Hatred is inverted love." Fear is only congested love. Else how could love conquer fear? A man with a purse of a thousand pounds in the woods is full of fear only because of the *loved* gold. A free man greets all he meets. A free person enjoys the uniform circulation of love. Love being the only force there is in reality, the realization of identity with Love is *salvation* and redemption and the conscious or unconscious struggle to achieve that absolute Love-consciousness is *life*, to be willing to follow the line of quickest approach to that goal is *wisdom*, and to that end to rightly adjust the different love forces is *virtue*.

There is no such thing as betrayal of love nor is anybody a traitor. No character is unfaithful. No right have we to limit our ideas as to the possibilities of man on the ground of his being a Jew, Mahomedan, Sudra, or Brahman. Even the sworn slaves of dogmas are bound to be redeemed. God, Truth, must pull you out from the clasp of conventionality and conservatism, even as Krishna drew out the Gopikás from the homes of their so-called husbands.

Man's real self is nothing but this transcendental Love. You are Love. Oh, you are the universal Self. You are the Roseate Dandy that flushes in the blooming cheeks of Leili on the one side and appears as the bleeding heart of Majnoon on the other. To realize and feel this truth in practical life is Purity. But he who begins to seek things and hankers after them as

if not one with him rends his God-self twain and is thereby impure. Shunning and curling up is not Purity ; resisting and avoiding beauty is not Chastity. True Purity is that where all beauty is absorbed in me and I feel and enjoy my spiritual oneness with all to such an extent that to talk or think of meeting any object sounds like a painful hint of separation.

“ Speak to him, then, for He hears and Spirit to Spirit can meet ;

Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands or feet.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the visions of Him who reigns ? ”

Tennyson.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear Thee where the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun
And in the setting, Thou art fair,
Far off Thou art and ever nigh
I hear Thee still and I rejoice,
I prosper circled with Thy voice
I shall not lose Thee, though I die.

All that is, is good — God is that which is fit, appropriate, apt. Now the world's movement is nothing else but continuous adaptation. So the world is nothing but a flow of good. Wherever people's adaptation to the past (conservatism) opposes re-adaptation to the

running present, the irresistible marching adaptation (harmony or God) is accompanied by a noisy and dazzling show — Revolution.

We cannot give up anything until we get something else to take its place, and progress must be gradual. Love and attachment are a form of grasping and grabbing from one stand-point, and nothing short of renunciation from another stand-point. Love rises from one object to another. The objects of love keep changing all the time, and in every act of unfoldment or development it renounces a good many old clings. By slow degrees there comes at last a time when a person falls (or rather rises) in love with Love itself and the object of love turns out to be the self of each and all and the lover is tied back or married and re-united to this — his one Self Supreme. After this marriage (that is religion ‘*re*,’ again, ‘*ligo*’ unite), the true lover finds the whole universe in his embrace and every object in his clasp. What can such an one desire? Can we desire the bride that is already folded in our arms?

When one realizes his own self to be the all, he cannot desire, but simply enjoys everything as his. He looks at his work and finds it good. Every object brings him joy ineffable. Every creature pays him tribute from clod to the cloud, from the minutest atom to the mightiest Sun, from the lowest crawling vermin to the remotest shining star, all declare his glory, all sing praises, Hallelujah. There is nothing different from such an one.

LET NOT THE WORLD BE TOO MUCH WITH YOU.

I see two objects before me, sweet peas and a maiden. The flower is dissected. In the flower is found a force called cohesion, keeping the different particles together, and some other forces like heat, gravity, magnetism, etc. And in the maiden all the imaginable wonders are suppressed, especially in that part of her body called the head. Herein I find all space and all time including and embracing the whole universe. The whole world is contained in a single ball called the head. This universe is present in the head as a mere idea, the whole world is a mere idea in the head. If it were not for the passing of this idea of the world from one head to another, like the throwing of a ball from one to another, the world would have been no world. This hypnotic sleep or idea of the world we pass on or fling from generation to generation, and from country to country, and this is the whole world, your world, your idea, your doing. Let not this ball be too much with you. It is your own head-ball or foot-ball.

Renunciation alone leads to immortality — And practical renunciation means throwing off and casting overboard all anxiety, fear, worry, hurry, trouble of mind by continually keeping before your mental vision the *ball-ness of the world and all-ness* of your real self. You have no duties to discharge, you are bound to none, you are responsible to nobody, you have no debit to pay. Assert your individuality against all society

and all nations and every thing. That is Vedanta. Society, customs and convention, laws, rules, regulations, criticisms, reviews they can never touch your real self. Even a tiny slender column of water can match and balance the pressure of the whole sea, says Hydrostatics. O individual Infinity, dare to stand on your own feet, and you can hold back the weight of the universe. Feel that. Throwing off fear, renounce anxiety, dispel the limited vulnerable ego. Giving this sense to OM, chant it.

OM ! OM ! OM !

FOREST TALKS.

NO. VI.

REST.

THE multifold demands of life and the different claims on your physical and mental powers are likely to keep you all the time strained and in tension. If these outside circumstances be allowed to keep you always on the rack, you are digging an early grave for yourself.

How to avoid it? Rama does not recommend the shirking of work or the giving up of daily pursuits, but recommends to cultivate a habit which will keep you ever in rest in spite of strenuous, onerous, and trying tasks. This advice is no other than Vedantic renunciation. You have to keep yourself all the time upon the rock of renunciation; and taking your stand firmly upon that vantage ground, giving yourself up entirely to any work that presents itself, you will not be tired, you will be equal to any duty.

To explain further. While at work, between whiles, devote spare interval of a moment or so to the thought that there is but one reality, God, thyself; and that as to the body etc., you never had anything to do with it. You are simply a witness, you have nothing to do with the consequences or the result. Thus contemplating

you may close your eyes, relax your muscles, and lay the body perfectly at ease, unburdening yourself of all thought. The more you succeed in taking off the burden of thought from your shoulders the stronger you will feel.

Nerves keep up the vitality in the body, and thought is also sustained by the nervous system. The digestive process, the circulation of the blood, the growth of the hair, etc., depend ultimately upon the nervous action. If your thought is distributed and you are hurried and worried by all sorts of ideas, that means too much burden upon the nerves. This action of the nerves in the shape of strenuous thought-exertion may be a gain on one side, but it is a decided loss on the other. Through restless thought and worry the vital functions of the body suffer. If you want to keep up your vitality, to preserve your health, the weight of life to be borne easily by the horse of nervous system, you ought to make the burden of egoistic thought lighter. Let not anxious thoughts and worrying ideas suck the sap of your life. The secret of perfect health and vigorous activity lies in keeping your mind always buoyant and cheerful, never worried, never hurried, never borne down by any fear, thought, or anxiety.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things but enjoy the right things — not merely industrious but to *love* industry.

MOST IMPORTANT ADVICE.

My cup is the hemisphere of heavens and the sparkling light my wine.

Think it not that it is your duty to get clothes, or to win anybody's love, to make anybody happy, or to achieve this worldly aim or that. Discard all these aims and objects, make it your profession, your business, your trade, occupation, vocation, the aim and object of life to keep your own self always peaceful and happy, independent of all surrounding circumstances, irrespective of gain and loss. Your highest duty in the world laid upon your shoulders by God (your religious duty) is to keep yourself joyful. Your social duty, the demand of neighbours, is to keep yourself well pleased, peaceful ; the duty having the greatest claim on you from domestic relations is to keep yourself cheerful ; and your duty to yourself demands of you again to keep yourself happy in all states. Be true to yourself and never mind anything else in the world. All other things are bound to bow down to you, yet what does it matter to you whether they bow down or not, you are happy by yourself. To be dejected and gloomy, is a religious, social, political, and domestic crime ; and this is the only crime you can commit, this is the only crime which is at the root of all other crimes, falls, and sins. Be full of serenity and dispassionate tranquillity, and you will find that all your surroundings and environments will of course and of force adjust themselves

aright. It is not your duty to worry or hurry about any business. Your only occupation or duty is to keep yourself self-contained, self-poised and self-pleased. No duty upon us, no burden upon our shoulders. You have no responsibility to anybody but to yourself. You are a heinous criminal to yourself if you violate this most sacred law of Cheerfulness and Peace. Let other people, when they get up early in the morning, think that they have duties before them as to rub and scrub the rooms, to go to the office, or to do washing or cooking or reading and writing or this and that; but when you get up early in the morning address to yourself always in Supreme happiness. The only duty you have to do is this. This does not mean that you have to shirk other work or neglect other household employments. These things you may feel as secondary matters of play and these things you will have to do because your spiritual health will demaud of you to be doing something. But while doing anything remember that the so-called material work in hand is quite immaterial. The really bounden duty for you is to keep yourself self-pleased. Students, listen, if you hang your joy on the future results of examinations, being content now to oscillate and vacillate the gloom of suspense "you will never *be*, but always *to be* blessed." Like comes to the like. Have joy of God in you — right now and the joy of success must gravitate towards you. That is the law.

“ Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone :
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own :
Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh ! it is lost in the air :
The echoes do bound a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve and they turn and go :
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad and you lose them all.
There is none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life’s gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by ;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no one can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.”

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.

“ Happiness is the only good.
The time to be happy is now.
The place to be happy is here.
The way to be happy is to make others so.

SUMMING UP.

Rama brings to your special attention two important points :—

- 1.— Denial of little Self.
2. Positive assertion of Real Self.

First — Denial, according to Vedanta, is perfect relaxation, relief, rest, renunciation. Whenever you can spare time, just throw down your body on the chair or bedstead as if you never carried that burden or weight and you had nothing to do with it and it were quite as much a stranger to you as any piece of rock. Let the body lie down for a while stretched like a dead carcase, altogether unsupported by your strained will or thought. Let the mind be relaxed of all care and anxiety for the body or anything. Give up and deny all desire, ambition or expectation. This is denial or relaxation. Let your property rest on the ground and not weigh down your heart.

Second — *Godhead*. Make God's will your own. Defend His purpose as if it were your purpose whether for weal or for woe ; feel yourself above the body and its environments, above the mind and its motives, above the world and its opinions. Feel yourself to be the all-pervading supreme, the Sun of Suns ; above causation, above phenomena ; and one with the all bliss, the free Rama. Chant OM and sing OM in any tune or tunes that naturally and spontaneously occur to you. Thus will all causes of complaints and maladies leave your presence of themselves. The world and your

surroundings are exactly what you think them to be. Let not the world lay heavy upon your heart. Every day and night meditate upon the truth that all the opinions and society of the world is simply your own idea and that you are the real power whose breath or mere shadow the whole world is. The reason why you do not attain to the height of health is that you are more courteous and polite to the fickle, unsettled, hazy judgment of others than to your own nearest neighbour, the Real Self Supreme. Live on your own account, not for the opinions of others. Be free. Try to please the one Lord, the Self, the One without a second, the real husband, owner, master, your own inner God. You will not in any case be able to satisfy the many, the public, the majority, and you are under no obligations to satisfy the hydra-headed mob. You are your own architect. Sing to yourself as if you were all alone and no listeners were by. When your own Self is pleased, the public must be satisfied. That is the Law.

Whoever dwells among thoughts dwells in the reign of delusion and disease — and though he appear wise and learned, yet his wisdom and learning are as hollow as a piece of timber eaten out by white ants. Therefore though thought should gird you about, you need not be tied to it, as a man takes off his coat when hot ; and as a skilful workman lays down his tool when done with.

“ While at work your thought is to be absolutely

concentrated in it, undistracted by anything whatever irrelevant to the matter in hand — rounding away like a great engine with giant power and perfect economy — no wear and tear of friction or dislocation of parts owing to the working of different forces at the same time.

Then, when the work is finished and there is no more occasion for the use of the machine, it must stop equally absolutely — stop entirely — no worrying — as if a parcel of boys were allowed to play their devilments with a locomotive as soon as it was in the shed — and the man must retire into that reign of the Consciousness where his true Self dwells.”

Om !

“ O my sons ! O too dutiful
 Toward Gods not of me,
 Was not I enough beautiful ?
 Was it hard to be free ?
 For, behold, I am with you, am in you,
 And if you look forth now and see,
 I bid you but be ;
 I have need not of prayer ;
 I have need of you free
 As your mouths of mine air ;
 That my heart may be greater within me
 Beholding the fruits of me fair
 I that saw where ye trod
 The dim paths of the night
 Set the shadow called God

In your skies to give light ;
But the morning of manhood is risen
And the shadowless soul is in sight.
The tree many rooted
That swells to the sky
With frontage red-fruited
The Life-tree am I ;
In the buds of your lives is
The sap of my leaves. Ye shall live and not die
But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark
That falls off ; they shall die and not live.

FOREST TALKS.

No. VII.

MARRIED LIFE.

JUST AS THE SPECTACLES ARE.

THROUGH the spectacles we see everything, but they are no burden to the eyes. Instead of obstructing the vision, they aid it. Instead of being a screen between our eyes and other objects, they are the elucidator of these objects. So should the relation be between husband and wife. Instead of the one being a hindrance, shut up as it were by the other, each is to see the whole universe through the other. This can only be done if the union be spiritual and on the Vedantic understanding, and on no other conditions, where both of them see the soul and spirit and Atman, rising above the personality, personal regards and surroundings, manners and customs, passions and habits.

As the breath is so close to us but we never feel it, so should the married life be in perfect understanding. No burden ! one is not to hang heavy upon the heart of the other. Both free ! With either party the thought of the second party is not to be a kind of drawback. At present in the case of married people, the thought of the wife is a hindrance to the spiritual progress of the man. The thought of the husband is a great obstacle and burden upon the woman.

In India men and women throw antimony in their eyes. That is used to strengthen the vision ; it remains in the eyes, but it does not obstruct the vision. The very moment it makes itself felt, there is something wrong with it. Just so when you feel the stomach, there is something wrong with it. That is the law.

There was a question put to Rama by the former wife of Rama, " Do you remember me ? " Rama said, " No, Rama never remembers. " Remembrance comes in the case of a person who is different from you. Do you remember your eyes, your nose, your hands ? Never. They are one with you. When one party becomes one with the other, being one and the same and identical, he cannot remember. These things must be made clear.

When we receive a letter from a friend, we like the letter, we make much of it. We love the letter because of the friend. So should the husband and wife be a kind of letter from God. The body of the husband should be a kind of letter or picture from God. So she may love his body and respect his body, but after all this body should simply be a letter, a picture, a something which is not the thing in itself. Thus she sees God through him. A symbol of Divinity, a picture of God let the husband become. If at night the bodies meet, then in the day time the woman is to make spiritual union. If simultaneously with the bodily union at night, the spiritual union is not felt, then in the day time she is to fill up the gap. With every embrace is to be associated the thought that she is accepting Divinity. Oh

Light, come to me. I embrace Light. You might call it Happiness ; you might call it perfect purity or union with the whole Universe. Oh Divinity, Wisdom, come to me, I accept you. Thus everything should be made a symbol of Divinity. If it was not felt at night, it can be supplied in the day time. You may simply feel that oneness and marriage. To embrace Divinity, Divinity, Divinity. To feel the whole universe as one's body. To be the all, the all, the all. This idea is to be constantly kept in mind. Whereas on the one hand Vedanta requests you to dispense with all thought of bodily union, and never let the one body be a burden upon the other, on the other hand it requests you to be continually at one with the real Spirit. All the time you meditate on the thought that Divinity, power, harmony, perfect divine love, universal harmony are in me. I am that, that am I. He is me and I am he. Then you have to see the real Self whom you married, your own Self in the plants, in the trees, in the river, in everything that am I.

FOREST TALKS.

NO. VIII.

THE SNARES OF 99.

THEY say don't fall into the snares of 99. What does that mean ?

A man with his wife used to live very happily in their small hut. Very happy they were.

He used to work all day long and get a pittance to make the two ends meet. He had no other worldly ambition, no other desire, no feeling of envy or hatred, a good honest worker he was. He had a neighbour who was a very wealthy man. This wealthy man was always immersed in anxiety, he was never happy. A Vedantin monk once visited the houses of the rich man and his poor neighbour, and told the rich man that the cause of his worry and anxiety was his possessions. His possessions possessed him and kept him down ; his mind was wandering from this object to that. The monk pointing to the poor neighbour said, "Look at him, he owns nothing, but on his face you find the bloom of happiness, and you find his muscles so strong and his arms so well built. He goes about in such a happy, cheerful, jolly mood, humming tunes of joy." This happiness the rich man could never enjoy. He had his property fashioned and moulded in the way other people liked it. Then the rich man wanted to

test the truth of the monk's remarks. According to the advice of the monk, the rich man stealthily threw into the house of the poor man \$ 99. The next day they saw that no fire was lit in the house of the poor man. In the house of the poor man there used to be a good fire and they used to cook certain things purchased with the money earned by dint of the poor man's labour. That night they found no fire in the house, they did not cook anything, they starved that night. The next morning the monk taking the rich man with him went to the poor man and enquired as to the cause of his not lighting fire in his house. The poor man could make no excuse in the presence of the monk, he had to tell the truth. He said that before that he used to earn a few cents and with those few cents they used to purchase some flour and vegetables, and cook and eat them, but on that day when they lit no fire they received a little box containing \$ 99. When they saw the \$ 99, the idea came into their minds that there was only one dollar wanting to make it full \$ 100. Now in order to make up that \$ 1, they found that they might forego food on alternate days, and thus they might scrape up some cents and in a week or so would save up \$ 1 and thus they would have \$ 100. Hence they were to starve. This is the secret of the niggardliness of the rich people. The more they get, the poorer they become. When they get \$ 99, they want more, if they have \$ 99,000, they want \$ 100,000.


HE HAS AN AXE TO GRIND.

Benjamin Franklin in his Autobiography relates an experience of his boyhood. When he was a boy he was going to school in Philadelphia and one day on his way to school he happened to see a blacksmith at work. In those days the machinery was not in such a high state of development as it is to-day. The blacksmith was working in his shop. Just like a curious boy Benjamin stopped at the shop and was looking at the man at work. Children lose themselves to any thought that comes up before them. He had a satchel in his hand and he was just going to school, but he forgot all about his school to enjoy the sight of the working blacksmith. The blacksmith noticed the interest of the boy. He was sharpening his tools and knives. The assistant of the blacksmith having gone on an errand was absent. On seeing the little boy taking so much interest in the work he asked him to come up to him. Benjamin moved up and the blacksmith said, "What a nice boy, what a fine boy, how intelligent you are." Benjamin was puffed up and felt flattered, and when he noticed the beaming smiles on the face of Benjamin, he asked him if he would take the trouble to help him in turning the grindstone. Benjamin immediately began to do that work. Children are naturally very active and they want to do something which will keep their muscles employed. You can send them to the other end of the world if you can tickle their humour.

While Benjamin was working at the grindstone, the blacksmith went on humouring and flattering him. The boy went on doing the work. In the meantime he whetted a number of knives and axes. By that time the little boy felt fatigued and he remembered his school time and recitation hours, and wanted to leave the shop. But there was that man upon him with his flattery and humouring spirit saying, "Oh good boy, I know you are never punished in school, you are so fine, so smart. What the other boys take three hours to accomplish, you can do in one hour. The school master never gets angry with you, you are so good." One by one the swords were whetted and when one was half done, Benjamin wanted to leave, but he could not. The recitation hours commenced at 10 and he was released at 12. He went to school and was flogged for being late. He was tired and his arms were sore. For a week he had to suffer the consequences. He could not prepare his lessons. Ever afterwards when any one flattered him, the thought came to his mind, "He has an axe to grind." After this event never was Benjamin Franklin entrapped in the snares of flattery.

FOREST TALKS.

NO. IX.

 MONK had some copper cents and was about to give them away to some boys. Many poor people came to him to get them, but he would not give them. Finally, there came before the monk a king seated on an elephant. The monk threw the copper pieces into the howdah on the top of the elephant where the king was seated. The king was astonished at this unexpected act of the monk. The monk said the money was for him, the poorest man. The king enquired how he could be the poorest man. The monk said he was the poorest man, because of his possessions and of his continual hunger and thirst for more kingdoms. Hence he was the poorest man.

A man was collecting heaps of money in a box. A monk passed by. On being invited to the house of this rich man who was hoarding this money in large boxes and steel chests, the monk asked the reason of this act. The wealthy man said, "Sir, what do you care, you are fed by the public, and even if they do not feed you, you do not care a straw for your body, but for us it is necessary to lay by some money so that it may be of use to us at the right time." The monk was silent. The next day the wealthy man had to go and see the monk in the rotten cottage where he lived. When the

wealthy man came to the cottage of the monk, he found that the monk had with great labour dug a big pit and in that pit he was throwing beautiful, round stones, heaping stones upon stones in that pit, and had been labouring all day long in that manner. When the rich man came up, he said, "Swámi, Swámi, what are you doing here?" The monk said, "I am collecting these beautiful pieces of stone, don't you see how round they are?" The wealthy man smiled and said, "Why are you collecting them? Here is a whole mountain full of these stones. What is the use of collecting them?" The monk said, "I preserve them for the time of need. I may require them sometime and it may be that all these mountains will be washed off the surface of the earth, so I will collect them and store them away." The wealthy man answered, "How is that possible? How can the stones be washed away from the earth?" Then the monk jumped upon the wealthy man and said, "You taught me this lesson, O fool, there never will come a time when your food will not be laid before you by God—What is the use of just wasting your energy and lavishing your precious time in this laying by of gold and silver? Learn a lesson from me. Life is not for this waste, for this spendthrift purpose. It is not to be wasted in such petty, sordid cares and anxieties."

FOREST TALKS.

No. X.

ONCE upon a time a Kázi or Governor happened to come to a certain Emperor, under the Mahomedan rule. The Emperor, who honoured the Kázi so much because of his religious pretensions, wanted to examine his capabilities. He was no scholar himself, but the following questions which he was going to put to the Kázi were suggested to him by somebody else who wanted to get the Governorship. This Kázi came before the Emperor and he was asked : "In which direction does God keep his face, where does God sit, what does He eat, what does He do ?" The King told him if he could answer the questions to the king's satisfaction, he would be promoted. The Kázi thought that the questions coming from the king must be very difficult. He knew how to humour and flatter the king by praising him, and then asked him for an interval of eight days to answer these questions.

For eight days the Kázi went on thinking and thinking, but could come to no conclusion. How could he answer to the king's satisfaction ! Finally the eighth day came, but the answers to the questions did not come to the Kázi. He then pretended to be sick in order to gain time. The Kázi's servant approached him and

wanted to know what the matter was. He said, "Off with you, don't bother me, I am about to die." The servant said, "Please let me know what the matter is. I will die rather than you should be subjected to any pain." The difficulty was then explained to him. This servant occupied a very lowly position, one that was not considered at all respectable, that of slacking lime or mortar. But in reality he was a pupil of the Kázi and a learned man. He knew the answers to the questions and he said he would go and answer them, and the Kázi should write on a piece of paper ordering him to go, and if his answers were not to the satisfaction of the king he would die and not his master. The Kázi hesitated to do this, but just at this moment a messenger of the king approached him, and he trembled and trembled. So he told the servant to go. He put on his best clothes which consisted of mere rags. He was a Vedantic Brother. In India the kings always go to the Swámis and learn a great deal of wisdom and knowledge. This Pandit fearlessly approached the king and said, "Sir, what do you want. What do you wish to ask?" The king said, "Could you answer the questions given to your master?" The Pandit said, "I will answer them, but you know he who answers them is a teacher, and he who asks them is the pupil. We expect you to be a true Mahomedan and conform to the laws of the sacred Scriptures. According to the law, I must have the seat of honour and you must sit lower down than myself." So the king gave him some beautiful clothes

to put on and he sat on the king's throne, and the king sat down on the steps. But the king said, "There is one thing more, if your answers are not satisfactory to me, I will kill you." The Pandit said, "Of course, that was understood."

Now the first question which was put was "Where does God sit?" If he answered it literally, the king would not have understood it, so he said, "Bring a cow." A cow was brought. He said, "Does the cow have any milk?" The king said, "Yes, of course." "Where does the milk sit?" "In the udder," answered the king. "That is wrong," said the Pandit, the milk pervades the whole cow. Let the cow go." Then some milk was brought. "Where is the butter? Is the butter present in the milk?" They said, "It is." "But where is it," said the Pandit, "let me know." They could not tell. Then he said, "If you cannot tell where the butter sits, still you have to believe it is there, in fact, the butter is everywhere." Similarly, God is everywhere throughout the whole universe. Just as the butter is everywhere present in the milk, the milk is everywhere present in the cow. In order to get the milk, you have to milk the cow, so in order to get God you have to milk your own heart." The man said, "Are you answered, O king," and the king said, "Yes, that is right." Now all those people who said God was living in the seventh or eighth heaven fell in the estimation of the king. They were nothing to him, their

position was not correct.

Then came the next question. "In which direction does God look—to the East, West, North, or South?" This was also very queer, but these people looked upon God as a personality. He said, "All right, bring a light." A candle was brought and lit. He showed them that the candle did not face the North, South, East, or West, but was everywhere equal. The king was satisfied. Similarly, God is the candle in your heart which faces in all directions.

Now came the question, "What does God do?" He said, "All right," and told the king to go and bring the Kázi. When his master came, he was astonished to find the servant seated on the king's throne. Then he told the Kázi to sit at the place that the Pandit was to occupy, and the king to sit in the Kázi's place, and he himself on the king's throne. "This," he said, "is the way—God does constantly keep things moving. Changing the Pandit into king, the king into Kázi, and the Kázi into Pandit." This is what is being continually done in the world, one family rising into ascendancy, then becoming unknown and another taking its place. For a time one man is highly honoured, then another takes his place, and so on, day after day and year after year. And so on in this world change is going on all the time. From that day the Pandit was made a Kázi.

FOREST TALKS.

No. XI.

The following story was told by the clerk, a slender, tall young man, one of the travellers in the Canterbury Tales, whose turn it was to entertain his listeners.

IN a certain country there was a very noble, scholarly, and majestic prince who had just inherited a throne. Years and years passed on, yet he did not marry. The people were very anxious that he should marry, as they wished for an heir to the throne. They persistently urged him to choose a wife, and he finally consented to do so, providing they would allow him to make his own selection. You know in that country no freedom was allowed any one, even in the matter of love and marriage. They were bound by custom. He wanted to marry according to his own wishes. His subjects, thinking if they did not consent to his will he would remain a bachelor all his days, thought it advisable to let him make his choice. He ordered his courtiers and officers to make preparations for a great wedding festival. Everything was prepared in a most royal and magnificent style. With great eclat on the appointed day the army was ready. Everyone was arrayed in his most gorgeous clothes and drove in the best carriages and victorias. The king rode in the middle, one half of the army on one side and the

other half on the other. They went on according to the king's orders, not following any particular road. They went through very deep, dense forests. They said among themselves, "What is the king going to do, is he going to marry a lake, or stock and stones?" They were astonished. They went on and finally came to a place in the forests where there was a small hut, and near that hut was a beautiful, clear, crystal lake. On the banks of the lake they found beautiful, magnificent, natural orchards, and from the branches of one of the trees there hung a hammock or trapeze, on which an old man was lying. They said, "Is he going to marry that old man?" One half of the army passed on and when the king's elephant reached that place, the king ordered halt. Immediately there appeared on the scene a beautiful, fair, lovely maiden who was gently swinging the hammock on which her father was lying.

The king, before he came to the throne, had been to that forest many times. He had watched the girl and always found her most dutiful; she cared for her father most faithfully, brought water and bathed him, and fed him. She did all sorts of rubbing and scrubbing work. But while doing this work she was always happy, bright, merry and cheerful as a carolling robbin. This happy disposition of the girl impressed itself on the king and he vowed to marry her if he ever married. The girl gazed in amazement at all this grand array, little thinking that the man who rode on horseback

before their door many times before was this king. She asked her father what this magnificent spectacle meant. Her father told her that it was a bridegroom going to a distant country for a princess to be his wife. Now the king alighted from his elephant, went up to the old man and fell at his feet as is the Oriental custom. The old man said to him, "My son, what do you want?" The face of the king brightened. He said, "I want you to make me your son-in-law." The old man's heart leaped with joy. His ecstasy knew no bounds. He said, "You are mistaken, king, you are mistaken. How could you wish to marry the daughter of a poor mendicant? We are poor, very poor." The king said he loved no one as much as this lovely girl. The father said if such was the case then she was his. This parent was a Vedantic monk and he had imparted his knowledge to his daughter. He now told the king that he had no dowry to give his child, the only thing he could give was his blessing. The king then presented his bride with all sorts of beautiful clothes which he requested her to put on. She accordingly did so. But the girl did not go to the king empty-handed. She had a dowry. What was it? Into one of the caskets the king gave her in which was to be kept jewels she put in her dress of rags which she wore while living with her father. Now the old man was left alone, one servant was left at his disposal. He wanted nothing else from the king.

The king took his bride to the palace. At first his

courtiers did not like her as she was low born. These noblemen and aristocrats wished the king to marry their daughters or nieces, and here they were all superseded by this low girl. They were very jealous of her. How could they pay homage to this low-born girl? But the new queen by her sweet temper, gentle ways, and lovely manners charmed them all. By and by they all began to love her very dearly. She was always calm and tranquil, never disturbed or ruffled about anything, no matter what the circumstances might be. After a year or so a daughter was born to the queen. A beautiful baby girl. How happy were the king and queen! When the child was three or four years old, the king came to the queen and told her that there was going to be a revolt in the kingdom, a mutiny which was most undesirable. The queen inquired the reason of such a condition of affairs. Her husband replied that the officers and ministers were jealous when he married her, and now they could not bear the idea of this girl inheriting the throne, being low-born on her mother's side. They wanted blue blood, and wanted their king to adopt the child of one of the prime ministers. But the king said that if they did so, when the girl grew up in all probability there would be an antipathy between them. So in order to obviate that result he had been meditating and meditating and had finally arrived at the conclusion that the best thing to be done was to have the girl killed. Then Griselda, which was the name of the queen, made this most characteristic

answer to the king. This answer typifies her conduct and duty towards the king. She said, "You know from the day I came I had no desire of my own to enjoy this throne with you. I have made my will and desire entirely yours. My individuality and personality is merged in yours and it is kept up only so far as it may be of service to you and not to obstruct your purpose. If it is your will that the daughter be taken away, let her be taken away. I have never called the daughter mine in my heart of hearts." The daughter was taken away at the dead of night and after a few hours the king returned and said the child had been given away to the executioners to be slaughtered. The queen was collected, calm, quiet, and cheerful as if nothing had happened. This is Vedanta. Never be disturbed by any outward circumstances.

The king now said that everyone would be pleased. After a year or so there was a little boy born. This child was loved by everyone. The boy grew up to the age of five or six years, then again there was an uproar. The king said that as circumstances are at present, it is advisable to kill this child also. If the child remains, there will be a great civil war, so to preserve the national peace the child ought to be killed. The queen was again smiling and cheerful and said my real self is the whole nation, I have nothing personal, I am like the sun, I give away. Like the sun we do not receive, we should give away. When we have no clingings and are not attached to anything,

what can happen that will mar our happiness? The sun goes on giving away all the time, but still constantly shining. That boy was also taken away.

After a few years the third child was born, and when about three or four years of age, was taken away in the same way.

Now, how did the queen keep up her spirits? Since the day she came to the palace she would retire into a solitary chamber wherein she had preserved her old rags. That was her solitary chamber, and there stripping herself of all her beautiful clothes she used to put on those old rags, and in this simple dress she would realize That I am. And in the mendicant's dress she would feel and realize her divinity. Shakespeare says, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." She knew in her heart of hearts that she was the woman carolling and singing on the banks of the lake. Here she was confined in the palace of the king and bereaved of her freedom and liberty, but she did not make herself miserable, she did not allow herself to get entangled in affairs. She was not attached to this or that; her real Self was continually held aloof from the surrounding circumstances. She was continually merged in Divinity. In this way she purified herself by casting aside all attachments and clingings, no responsibilities she had, she was bound to nobody, no duties. Thus it is, whenever you are in dumps or in blues, strip yourself of all attachments, connections, desires, wants, and needs. Free you are. In this way the queen

always kept herself up during her stay in the king's palace.

One night the king approached her and said that it would not do for them to go on killing their sons and daughters all the time, and he did not like the idea of adopting a child. So after thinking the matter over he had come to the conclusion that it was best for him to marry again, and thus peace would be restored. The queen consented willingly because she never derived her happiness from the king, her happiness came from her own self, and not from others. She got all the pleasure from the God within, not from husband, father, and children. The king was amazed at her happiness and asked her what she would like to do. She told him his will was her will. He told her that if she remained the harmony might be broken, and it was best for her to go away. Immediately the beautiful clothes were taken off and the old rags, the mendicant's dress, put on again, and she left the palace. She was cheerful and happy and went to her father, who was also as happy as ever. The servant of the king, who was left with the old man, was immediately sent to the king.

One day the king passed the hut with the intention of sympathizing with her, but when he saw her cheerful, smiling countenance, he saw that there was no occasion to do so. He then asked her if she would come and receive the new bride. She willingly consented. She planned and arranged everything in such a lovely way that the magistrates and their wives were astonished at

the beauty of the arrangements. According to the arrangements made, the bride had to come to the king with a great army and a magnificent dowry of gold and jewels. She came with great pomp and glory and was received most royally by Griselda and the other ladies of the king's court at his request. When Griselda saw the new bride she loved, kissed, and embraced her as if she had been her mother. The ladies with Griselda were astonished at the beauty of the new bride, but were more astonished at the moral beauty of the old queen. The new bride brought with her her two little brothers. According to the custom of that country the noble ladies and aristocratic chiefs had to enter the palace and enjoy a great feast. Griselda presided over the ceremonies. When the people saw the calm, peaceful, placid manners of their former queen, their hearts relented and tears came into their eyes. She was to leave and retire to the hut of her father after the ceremonies. But as they went on eating, all their feelings of sorrow for the queen soon vanished and they forgot all about her. But when she was bidding them good-bye and telling the king if he ever needed her again not to hesitate to call on her, the hearts of the gentle ladies relented and they burst into tears. They repented of their hard-heartedness. They said, "You are not the daughter of a mendicant, you are the daughter of God." Then they told how this queen had permitted her children to be murdered in order to preserve the peace of the country, and the new queen also began to weep. She

said, "Your daughter and your sons were murdered and I have come here wading through a stream of blood." Then they began to rebuke the king. All were present, the new bride and the queen who was about to depart. The king then rose up and said, "O officers, magistrates, and noble ladies, you are all weeping and crying with the exception of Griselda alone. I am also weeping with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain. I do not blame you, O people, ye are my children ; my eyes are filled with tears, but they are not tears of sorrow, but tears of joy and gladness. Let your tears be also tears of joy." Then turning to Griselda he said, "Be of good cheer and happy, happy you are alone in the whole kingdom." Now it seems that the new bride was the daughter of the king of the adjoining country, but she was his daughter by adoption only, and also her little brothers. These children as orphans fell in the way of that king, and he on account of their beauty loved them and reared them as his own. These three children were the children of the king and Griselda, as the executioners to whom they were given to be killed did not have the heart to do the deed and took them to this country. Now all these things were explained to the people. And when the king of this adjoining country saw these beautiful children in the hands of those dark coloured executioners, he thought they must be children of some king and he reared them as his own. Of course the king could not marry his own daughter, so to the happiness of all Griselda remained the queen

and her children inherited the throne. So you see God is always very grateful, He pays His debts with interest.

Let such be the royal resignation of things in Love by every married woman. In India such are called Pativrata and Patnivrata which means *that* woman is to live in her husband and her husband is to live in his wife. The woman is to see God in her husband. She is to give away her body and mind to her husband, and her husband is to give himself to God in her. There is nothing personal, nothing selfish. A marriage ceremony in India always takes place by the river side in the open air. A lovely breeze blowing and the sun over head. Here you see the idea is that the woman is to take up the hand of the man and the man taking up her hand is giving both to God. Just as Griselda had no attachment, women have to give themselves up to God, Atman.

Let men do the same. Married life cannot but be happy if the husband were to be lost in his wife and the wife were to be lost in the husband. It is the identity of personal life that makes Love and Life really enjoyable.

FOREST TALKS.

NO. XII.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

RAMA LOST IN ECSTASY !!

THE real Self does not incarnate, only the Subtle Self does ; the real God is above incarnations. The Universe is my body, all air is my breath, trees are my hair, rivers are my veins, mountains are my bones !

In some places long twilight exists, in others the Sun jumps upon the horizon. You may linger in intermediate places or fly, that depends entirely upon your will, which choice you make. Desires are energy—energy of light, heat, electricity, sound, different manifestations. Matter is proved to be a form of Energy. Leibnitz considers atoms centres of force, solid matter is also my will. Ice is water, water also is water, form I am, I am also dweller in form. You are everything. Wake up to that consciousness. The Philosophy of Yoga must seek you, everything comes to you. People are much misled by the spinal column, they lose the main track, go inside the alleys. If you place figure 8, one over another, there are holes in continual column which form two canals. Books lay stress on opening these canals. To a man who had worked and read for twelve years to effect this, Rama told the secret. Just as he came to-day, he said that he had during this short time

achieved all, and was nearer the goal than ever. People lead themselves astray who dwell on such things as the opening of Sushumna (?) The food gets into the stomach, unites with the oxygen, works its way through the body, gains gastric juice, travels through the alimentary canal, it is not necessary to understand the transformations. As the food takes care of itself, so when a man desires Realization, "Rāja Yoga" does you no good. Exert yourself in the right way, it will surely be opened unto you. Control breath, waste not your time upon meaningless things, processes do you no good, the control of Prāna is not to control the mind ; based upon these lines no man can concentrate his mind, suspended breath can have no control over mind ! false Logic. Every Geometrician wants to force the fact upon others that control of Prāna means control of mind ; control mind, and Prāna will be controlled.

Rama began the other way. Rama failed to look at the matter in the common way despite admonitions ; he controlled the mind, breath followed. Once he bathed, plunged, sank into a tank. Friends present also bathed, and plunged into water but came out, waited for Rama ; he was not on the list, they thought him drowned, or that the alligator had eaten him up. They were alarmed. Rama came up and amazed them that control of breath could be effected through the Will. Try to realize seated in the essence of the real Self and become one with God. Breath is a poor, mean servant of yours, you control breath of the Universe.

Delhypnotize yourself ; the mother hypnotizes the child when she whispers, " Oh Johnnie," in his ear, " Oh Georgie !" and makes him Johnnie and Georgie through the body.

Wake up Divine consciousness ! Master of the Universe, the Ruler of spheres ! the principal thing is to realize. Sun of suns ! Light of lights ! the same am I ! Why are you man, woman, beggar or king, or poor wretch ? You have felt it yourself and you are it. Feel yourself God and you will be God. A house takes long to build, only a short time to raze. You have taken a long time to create your dungeon, raze it ! God of gods ye are ! Raise yourself up into the true Self ! Throw yourself into the Light of lights ! See whole worlds spread out before you ! While the rising Sun is below the horizon, a suitable time in India, the view elevates, once there you can mount into delectable mountains. Just as we strike a pencil for first rise, when risen we give a sharp blow, and throw it away into the atmosphere, raise it and make it fly ; so raise the mind in that way into the atmosphere, after which it is easy for it to run along until it is God in the highest heaven. The impulse given through birds' songs, breezes blowing, streams murmuring, let it soar, chant OM, sing in the language of feeling. Look at the first Sun as at a looking-glass, in no state of dualism. The highest is my own Self. I am He. Indian women wear small looking-glasses on their thumbs and looking into them do not see the glass

but their own faces outside themselves, but realize it is their own face, although seeing it outside, so does the Vedantin realize that the Sun is his own Self. I am the Sun of suns ! My only shadow is that Sun ! The meaning of OM I am, language, lips, feeling, action say so.

“ Child, come along ! ” No force in your words ; when another child who has been absent and whom you have been longing to see, comes, you say, “ Oh, come child, come ! ” spoken through every nerve, every hair. You fly to him, cling to him, clasp him, this is the language of the feeling. Chant OM with every fibre of your body. Begin with little force ; sound first comes from throat, then chest, lower and lower down until from base of spine ; then electric shock, opening of Sushumna (?) your breathing becomes rhythmical, all germs of disease leave you. A Vedantin looks on the Sun as related to himself in the same way as is the Moon to the Sun. She appears to shine by herself, but all lustre comes from the Sun. So the Sun appears to shine from his own grandeur, but that grandeur comes from me.

In dreams you see various things, say an electric globe. Without Light you can see nothing, in dreams there is no light to show objects. What is that light which shows you electric globe or diamond ? It is the light of Atman, your own Self. The grandeur of the Sun in your dreams is your own light. The glory of the Sun is seen through my glory ! so does the Vedantin

feel. The Sun in the material world is the emblem of Light, Knowledge ; thus by looking at the Sun, I feel I am the Light of Knowledge. The Sun is the symbol of Power, makes planets revolve, gives Life to all.

Here is another way of realizing OM.

A stands for Existence, Life.

U stands for Light, Knowledge.

M stands for Bliss, Happiness.

OM has symbol in hieroglyphics in the Sun written in characters of gold. Like a written word, OM and this Sun, material symbol, is an image of me.

The Sun is a symbol of beauty, attracts all planets, so dazzling ! so splendid ! represents Bliss. Realize. I am Reality, Truth, Glory ! All attributes are mine ! are me ! are I !

Existence, Knowledge, Bliss. A little material twisted image of me is the sun ! I do not worship OM. OM worships me ! I am the Sun before whom all planets and all bodies, heavenly as well as human, revolve. Immutable, eternal ! Before me does the whole universe turn round and round, to show me all her parts and sides ; to lay open to me all her beauty ! The Sun shines for my sake before me.

The heart of Christ,

The brain of Shakespeare,

The mind of Plato.

All feel upon my glory, drink of my sunshine. The presence of the Sun makes men think that the muscles move thereby ; it is my God-like presence

that brings all this to pass.

Live in me, the Sun of suns, Light of lights am I ! From the ocean of my presence all ripples come, I am the monarch of monarchs ! as all the kings, as all the flowers ! I smile in the sunbeams. I make muscles of warriors move ! Everywhere my Will is being done ! My Kingdom and Glory administer daily bread to every being ! and make the Earth revolve. Evil thoughts, worldly desires have no right to appear in my presence.

In the holy presence of myself little desires have no right to intrude ; anger, passion, etc. are things of darkness ! I permeate all, lowest and highest. I am Spectator, Showman, Performer. In Jesus am I ! in the most ignominious am I ! the All ! Whatever is the object of your desire, I am. I roll in thunder and in surging seas of Franklin, Newton, Calvin, hearts of prophets I am, -- Fountain Head, also of gardens and landscapes ! With this emotion put forth all this meaning to OM — the process is simple ; chant it, live it, walk it as Gods. It shows want of Self-respect to bow down to any desires that are not great. Walk in your grand glory and dignity. If distracted by worldly desires you are not singing OM.

About opening Sushumna, about the thousand-petalled Lotus, waste not your time ; all will come to you. You will glean marvellous results. Be above fear, anxiety, uneasiness. You will see all knowledge. The world will come to you of itself. Every object will pay allegiance to you. Do not confuse yourself with meandering zigzag paths, you will have to repent.

LETTERS FROM THE HIMALAYAS.

GANGOTRI :

September, 1901.

THE holy Ganges could not bear Rama's separation.

She succeeded at last in drawing him to herself after a little more than a month's absence. Notwithstanding all her ज्ञान (culture), she began to rain sweet tears of joy on meeting him. Who can describe the nascent beauty and playful freaks of the dear Ganges at Gangotri? Very praiseworthy is the upright character of her playmates, *viz.*, the white mountains and innocent Deodár trees. The latter in their tall stature vie with the Persian poet's lady love, while their balmy breath invigorates, exhilarates, and elevates.

Here how well can one see that "God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves about in the animal, and wakes up to consciousness in man."

Pilgrims, after leaving Jamnotri, usually reach Gangotri in not less than ten days. In three days after leaving Jamnotri did Rama arrive at Gangotri. He came by a route as yet untrod by any inhabitant of the plains. This route is called the Chháyan Route by mountaineers. Three successive nights were passed in lonely forest caves. We came across no hamlet or hut. No biped was visible throughout the journey.

The Chháyan Route is so called because almost all the year round it is covered with shade. The shade

of trees, did I say? No, not at all. What business have trees to make their appearance on such dizzy heights and in a chill climate like that? The route is for the most part enveloped by clouds. Shepherds of villages near Jannotri and Gangotri, while tending their flocks, every year spend two or three months in forests. They happened to meet near the snow-clad peaks, called Bandar Puchh and Hanumán Mukh, which connect the sources of the two far-famed sister rivers. Thus the route was discovered. Exuberant flowers make almost the whole of the way a veritable field of cloth of gold. Yellow, blue, and purple flowers are met with in wild plenty. Lots of lilies, violets, daisies, and tulips of different varieties; Guggal, Dhoop, Mamirá, Mithá Teliá, Sálabmisri and other herbs with leaves of lovely tints; saffron, Itrásoo, and other plants exhaling exceedingly sweet scent; Bher Gadda and lordly Brahma Kanwal with its calyx filled with fine icicles of frost: all these make these mountains a pleasure garden worthy of the Lord of Earth and Heaven.

“ O colour, colour, love’s last opulence !
 Thy universal language doth enshrine
 The mystery of all magnificence,
 A supernatural ministry is thine,
 These larger forms of speech doth God employ
 To shadow forth His own unshadowed joy.”

Gol Chánd kī joban phoot phoot kar báhir nikal rahá hai (Beauty is breaking forth everywhere). Zephyrs play freely all around, kissing all they meet, but particularly kissing the brightest hued flowers. At places the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations affected Rama like sweet music. Here one will find present in rich abundance wind-wafted odour which is sweet and soft ; sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tears. Such fair fields on the tops of these giant mountains are stretched like decorated carpets. Do they serve gods as dining tables or dancing grounds ? Murmuring streams and rivers thundering over precipices are not missing in these fairy scenes. On certain summits, vision enjoys perfect freedom, unimpeded it travels far and wide on all sides, no hills to stand in its way, no angry clouds to mar its course. Some of the grand peaks in their zeal to pierce the sky and cleave the cloud-land have, it seems, altogether forgotten to stop and appear to melt into highest heavens.

While dealing with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the haughty mountains, let us not leave unnoticed the trembling splendour of the gem-like morning dew which enhanced not a little the attractiveness of the way. How well is man's mind जीव shown in emblem by the tiny transient dew drop upon the lotus leaf ! Tiny, transient, ah ! yet how pure and sparkling, reflecting the Sun of Righteousness, आत्मन the infinite source of light, in its bosom. O man, art thou the wee little drop

or the Infinite Sun? Indeed, the Light of lights thou art, and not the puny drop. All the Vedas and Rama declare with an emphasis not to be mistaken that it is Thy refulgent glory that lends life and lustre to such fairy lands. Above, below, and everywhere Thy resplendent presence shines. Thou art that power "which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel." It is Thou that delectest to the morning its smile and to the rose its blush.

Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
 Or glistening in the morning dew,
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
 Is but Thine own reflection there.
 Thine is the starry moon of night,
 The twilight eve—the dewy morn;
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright
 Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.
 Thy glory walks in every sphere
 And all things whisper, "God is here."

Young Krishna (Gol Chand) had the knack of besmearing the muzzles of calves and goats with a small remnant of butter after stealthily eating to his entire satisfaction the butter of Gopikás. The poor animals were slapped and abused by the ignorant housewives; whereas the dear little innocent thief escaped scot-free. It is the soul of all souls that is carrying matters in his own way, in reality that sorcerer Rama is bringing everything to pass; but through his strange

Máyá he gets the false ego (*ahankár*) involved in responsibility. Call that butter-eating Krishna innocent, call him naughty, you are the same, reader. Whether juggler or magician, Rama is your true Self. Whatever exists, exists in you, you maintain each and all. Not imprisoned in the isolated pale island of a small body you are. Never, never is the criminal *ahankár* (false ego) your Atman. You are not the poor insignificant drop (जोव), you are the mighty ocean.

THE PRESENT DWELLING

(*for the eye enamoured of external form*)

of Rama is a snug cottage, in the Mountain Amphitheatre, surrounded by a green-sward in a lonely natural garden commanding a fair view of the Ganges. Narayana and Tularam live elsewhere. Ram Buti grows in profusion here. Sparrows and other birds twitter heartily all the day long. Climate bracing. The song of the Ganges and the chorus of birds keep up a celestial festival all the time. Here the Ganges Valley is very broad. Gangi flows in a vast *maidan*, so to speak. The current, however, is very swift. Still it has several times been waded across by Rama. Kedar and Badri have often enough most affectionately invited Rama Badshah. But dear Gangi, at the very thought of separation, feels sorrowful and crest-fallen, and Rama does not like to displease her and see her dejected.

SUMEROO VISITED.

While living in the Jamnotri Cave, Rama's daily food was Marcha and potatoes once in twenty-four hours. This brought on indigestion. About seven motions every day for three successive days. On the fourth day of ill-health, early in the morning, after bathing in the hot springs, he started on his trip to Sumeroo, wearing no clothes except a Kaupin (a rag round the loins), no shoes, no head-dress, no umbrella. Five strong mountaineers, having warm clothes on, accompany him. Narayana and Tularam sent back down to Gharsali.

To begin with, we had to cross the infant Jumna three or four times. Then the Jumna Valley was found blocked up by an enormous avalanche about forty-five yards in height and one furlong and-a-half in length. Steep mountains like two vertical walls stood proudly on both sides. Have they conspired to deter Rama Badshah from advancing further? Never mind! All obstructions must disappear before a strong adamant will. We began to climb the western mountain-wall. Now and again we could get absolutely no foot-hold and had to support our bodies partly by catching hold of the twigs of fragrant but thorny rose bushes, and partly by entangling our toes in the tender blades of the soft mountain grass called Chá. At times we were within an inch of sure death. A deep abyss with the cold bed of snow filling the Jumna Valley was as a grave wide agape just ready to give too hospitable a reception to

any one of the party whose foot might tremble ever so little. From beneath the slow, faint, murmuring sound of the Jumna was still reaching our ears like the death dirge of muffled drums. Thus we had to move along in the jaws of Death, as it were, for three quarters of an hour. Strange situation indeed, Death staring us in the face on one side and air redolent with sweet scent refreshing and animating on the other. By this circuitous, dangerous enterprise, we reached at last beyond the awful avalanche. Here the Jumna left. The party ascended a steep mountain. There was no road, no foot-path, nothing of the kind. A thick dense forest was passed where we could not see the wood of the trees. Rama's body received several scratches. After a little more than an hour's struggle in this forest of oak and birch trees we reached open ground covered all over with smaller growth. The atmosphere was charged, rather saturated with delicious odours. The ascent put all the mountaineers out of breath. Even Rama felt it to be good exercise. Inclines of 80° and even more had to be scaled. The ground was for the most part slippery. But all around the stately vistas and charming flowerage and teeming foliage beguiled the hard journey. European gardeners, in general, get seeds of flowers from places like these to decorate Indian Company Gardens, where the ignorant English-speaking young men call them English flowers. But the remarkable peculiarity of most of these flowers is that when planted elsewhere they yield no fragrance, although

they retain their original colour.

Young men, puffed up with European education, while reading the re-echoes of the Vedanta through the writings of European Professors, become fond admirers of what they deem to be Western thought, not knowing that the flowers of thought they have taken a fancy for, have been transplanted from their own mother-land with this remarkable difference that in the hands of European teachers the wonderful flowers have lost their sweet fragrance of renunciation वैराग. Vedanta, as presented by Europeans, keeps the form and colour of philosophy, but loses the delicious scent of realization.

Aks-i-gul men rang hai gul kî, wa lekin bu nahin.

What about the health of Rama who had been ailing? He was all right that day, no disease, no fatigue, no complaint of any kind. No mountaineer could go ahead of him. We went on climbing and climbing till every one of the party felt very hungry. By this time we had reached a region where it never rains but snow falls in gracious bounty.

There was no trace of vegetation of any kind on these bald, bleak heights. There had been a fresh snowfall before our arrival.

A red blanket was spread on a big slab of stone as a carpet for Rama. Potatoes that had been boiled the night before were given him to eat. The companions took their stale simple food most thankfully.

Lumps of light and brilliant snow served as (dry

solid) water as well as luxury. Just after finishing the meals we were up again. Moving steadily onward and upward we toiled on. One young man fell down exhausted, his lungs and limbs refused to carry him any further ; he complained also of giddiness of head. He was left alone there at that time. Proceeding a little further, another companion was senseless. "My head," he said, "reels and reels." He also was left to himself for the time being. The rest marched on. After a short while a third companion fell off. His nose began to bleed. With two men now Rama presses on.

Three beautiful Barars (mountain stags) were seen most excellently flitting past.

A fourth companion lags behind, and at last lies down on snow-covered stones. No fluid water was visible round about, but a deep gurgling sound was audible from under the stones where the man lay. One Brahman still accompanies Rama, carrying the aforementioned red blanket, a telescope, a pair of green glasses, and a hatchet. Air became very thin to breathe. Strange enough, two Garurs flew over our heads here. A tedious slope of old, old snow, of dark bluish colour, had to be mounted. The companion began to cut steps in the slippery snow in order to make it possible to plant our feet thereon. But the ancient glacier was so rigid that the poor man's hatchet broke down. Then and there we were overtaken by a snow storm. The man's heavy heart was cheered up by Rama with the assurance that Providence wanted to do more good

than harm through the snowfall. And so it proved. The threatening snowfall made it easier for us to trudge along. With the aid of pointed Alpine sticks we mounted the slope, and lo ! there lay before us fair, flat, extensive fields of dazzling snow, miles upon miles in width. A resplendent floor of silver-snow shining all around. Joy ! Joy ! Is it not an ocean of radiant milk, splendid, sublime, wonderful, and wonderful, Rama's joy knew no bounds. He ran on at his full speed on the glaciers at this time, putting on his shoulder the red blanket and wearing canvas shoes.

There is no one in his company now (*ākhir ke tain hans akelā hi sidhārī*).

For nearly three miles he walked over the snows. Sometimes the legs got immersed and were drawn out not without struggle. At last on a snowy mound, the red blanket was spread. Rama sits on it, all alone, above the noises and turmoils of the world, beyond the fumes and furies of the multitude. Perfect silence reigns here. What a *shānti* prevails. No sounds of any kind audible except the *ānand ghanghor*. Most blessed serene solitude !

The veil of clouds became a little less thick. The rays of the sun sifted through the thin clouds fell on the scene and immediately turned the silver snows into burning gold. Very appropriately has this place been called Sumeroo, or the *Mountain of Gold*.

O ye men of the world, mark it, no purple bloom on a lady's cheek, no bright jewellery or fine ornaments,

no superb mansions can ever possess an iota of the transcendent enchantment and fascination of this Sumeroo. And numberless Sumeroos like this you will find within you when once you realize your own real self. All nature shall do you homage "from cloud to cloud, from the blue sky to the green earth, all living creatures therein included from the eagle to the mole." No god shall dare disobey.

Clear up, O sky ! Disperse, ye clouds of ignorance that overhang India ! No more shall ye hover over this blessed land. O Himalayan snows, your Master orders you to keep fast to your purity and faithfulness to Truth (Light). Never shall ye send waters impregnated with dualism to the plains.

The clouds are rent asunder. The snows all assume ochre-coloured appearance. Have the mountains embraced Sannyás (संन्यास) ? They have certainly put on Rama's livery, what a phenomenon. The mountain snows look up to Rama in submissive willingness to run his errands.

ओ३म्

Hip Hip Hurrah ! Hip Hip Hurrah !
 The rounded world is fair to see,
 Nine times folded in mystery :
 Though baffled seers cannot impart
 The secret of its labouring heart.
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.

“Well,” says the American sage, “Nature is the incarnation of a thought and turns to a thought again as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated and the volatile essence is for ever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects whether inorganic or organised. Man imprisoned, man crystallised, man vègetative, speaks to man impersonated.”

Ques.—If the world is my *own* idea (mind precipitated), why do not the external objects change at my will ?

Ans.—Says Gaurapáda Achárya : “ Mere thought in the dreamland divides itself into *external* objects on the one hand and internal emotions, desires, and so forth on the other. Moreover, the internal thought in that state seems to be in one’s control changeable, and comparatively unreal ; whereas the external objects (as in a nightmare) appear to possess comparatively uncontrollable, stable reality of their own.

Now, as a matter of fact, from the point of view of man in the wakeful state, both the real and the unreal, the external and the internal aspects of a dream, are but idea, pure and simple, and they are, besides one’s *own* idea, one’s *own* creation. Again, in the wakeful state people distinguish between what they call stern constant external objects and the unreal internal thought. But to the man of self-realization the hard objects, no less than the variable thoughts in the long run, become

non-entity like a dream, and so long as their appearance lasts, they affect him as his own ; even though they cannot be altered at will, yet they are his own ideas. Your intellect cannot give an explanation of the growth of your hair or of the bloom of your face, still you regard the hair and the fair complexion *your own*. Just so, a Jiwan Mukta finding himself to be the Self of all must regard every object his *own*. He is all-love. For him even the appearance of the real as well as the ideal is gradually relieved by the One only, without a Second Consciousness.

MAYA.

Torch whirling (Mahratti jawwala) is not uncommon in certain parts of India. The glowing flame looks now like a broad circle of light, now appears to be an unbroken streak of fire, again assumes an elliptical form, goes up, comes down, and manifests many amusing phenomena. Are these phenomena inherent in the flame ? Do they come out of the torch or firebrand ? Do they come from without ? When the Mahratti is not revolving, do the phenomena enter into it ? Or do they go elsewhere ? To all these queries one has to answer in the negative. The torch in whirling *motion* exhibits straight and curved lines ; when *motion* stops, there is no trace of such appearances in the torch. Even when the torch was in rapid motion, the curves, though visible, were far from being real.

Just so. Absolute Consciousness शुद्ध चैतन्य like the firebrand at rest has no trace of manifold names and forms (the phenomenal world); and even when the variety of names and forms makes an appearance, their appearance is illusory like that of the Mahratti phenomena; Consciousness (चित्त) being always untouched and untainted by them. The one indivisible flame (light, ज्योति) is ever present in all the phenomena, but the phenomena do never exist in the flame (light, ज्योति). Similarly, in all names and forms Rama is ब्रह्म manifest, but in Rama names and forms are evanescent. As the Mahratti phenomena owe their seeming existence to motion, so the multiplicity of names and forms (that make up the world) owe their seeming existence to the Mâyá Shakti of चैतन्य.

इन्द्रो मायाभिः पुरुषरूप ईयते ।

Shakti or power has not any existence of its own. It may be manifested, it may not be manifested. It cannot exist apart. This माया Shakti in the case of the individual is revealed as what may be called Consciousness's motion or activity, *manas* (mind). *Manas* in motion and the phenomenal world being the obverse and reverse of one and the same thing; *Manas* at rest is identical with Consciousness. The Absolute (Brahma ब्रह्म) *Manas*, purged of its dross (desires, attachment) loses its fickleness and tends to become steady. Perfect steadiness being attained, *manas* is one with Brahma. By this *sákshátkár*, Mâyá is overcome and the world is

converted into a Garden of Eden, the Lost Paradise is immediately regained. Beauty breaks in everywhere. The sense of separateness being killed out, all cares and anxieties are merged in the supremely sublime Existence, Consciousness, and Bliss for ever and ever.

A young man in the presence of Rama plucked a beautiful rose with a view to enjoy its smell. No sooner did he bring it in contact with his nose than a bee stung him just on the tip of the nose. The man cried with pain, the rose fell from his hand.

Do the petals of every rose enfold a bee? Certainly, there is not a rose of sensual pleasure which has not got the bee of injury concealed in it. Unbridled desires must be punished by inevitable pain.

Ye given to dreadful oblivion, forget not your own self. Ye need not pluck the gaudy rose, wherever the full blown rose lies there you are, its vermilion or sweet scent is your own. King, his shakes are yours; Beauty, her charms are yours; diamond or gold, its burning rays are yours. Why entertain vain desires, and what for? Realise your unity with the All. Feel your oneness with God. You are that divine Krishna who danced hand in hand with every one of the hundreds of Gopis at one and the same time. In the sea as well as in the palace, in the garden as well as in the desert, in the battle field or the private chamber you are always equally present.

Rama cries from the tops of the highest mountains: Ye who complain of weakness and poverty,

verily ye are Lord Almighty, ye are Rama himself. Imprison not yourselves in your own thought ; wake up, wake up, shake off your sleep and this dream of a world. Why grovel in misery and helplessness, when it is no other than your ownself which is all in all ? O, rise up to Self-Consciousness, and all sorrows shall vanish, ye are the essence of all happiness, ye are the soul of all joy. Nothing can do you harm. For Rama's sake, know your *Atman* (आत्मन). Why delay ? Know it, as it ought to be known. Are ye not hunting after happiness day and night with unremitting zeal and unflagging efforts, but with unfailing failure ? Don't make fools of yourselves. Seek not happiness in the objects of the senses. Dupes of senses ! give up your vain search outside. The ocean of immortality is within you. The kingdom of heaven is within you. Ye are the nectar of nectars. Let both the mind and the world be melted down in God-Consciousness. Just abandon your little selves to blessed madness. Ye dear ones, why care so much for the quarantine of a mortal body. Harbour not a single thought within you as to what shall become of this not-self. Banish the superstition of all relations. Let the eyes perish that do not see God. Woe unto the heart that cherishes the disease of desires. Wipe away all ungodliness. Hold fast to your true position. No praise or blame can come up there, no sorrow or petty joy can disturb then. Receive Divinity into the ship and then let all go :—Let go the shore, let go the little self, let

go the sail ! Yea, let the gale of वैराग (Divine Love) take the poor flimsy dark cotton sail of this frail human bark and waft it right out on the ocean of God-Consciousness. Happy he who is drowned in heavenly intoxication. Blessed is he who is dead drunk in divine madness. Worshipful is he who is absorbed in deep *Atmānand* and Supreme Bliss, being lost to the world.

Rama.

OM ॐ OM
* * * *

But thou art the root of things
present, past, and future.

Thou art father and mother ;

Thou art masculine ;

Thou art feminine ;

Hail ! root of the world ;

Hail ! centre of things ;

Unity of Divine numbers.

* * * *

Thou art what produces,

Thou art what is produced ;

Thou art what enlightens ;

Thou art what is enlightened ;

Thou art what appears,

Thou art what is hidden,

By Thy own brightness.

ॐ ॐ ॐ

LETTERS FROM THE HIMALAYAS.

HIMALAYAN SCENES I.

VASISTHA ASHRAM.

This evening it stopped raining. The clouds, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes and different degrees of thickness, have somewhat parted in different directions. Light refracted and reflected from them makes the entire scene a blazing sphere of glory. Then the playful children of heaven put on fascinating colours of all varieties. What painter could paint? What observer could note all the passing shades and hues? Look where you will, the eyes are charmed by the orange, purple, violet and pink colours and their indescribable varieties, while between these the ever welcome blue black ground is out here and there. The effulgent glory brings on ecstasy, and tears of joy appear in Rama's eyes. The clouds dissolve, but leave a permanent message behind. They brought a cup of nectar from the Lord and went back to Him. Such are in fact all attractive objects. They appear, reflect Rama's glory for a second and dissolve. Insane indeed must he be who falls in love with the passing clouds, and yet folks endeavour to hold fast to the unsteady clouds of seeming things and cry on like children

finding them gone. How amusing ! O ! I cannot suppress a laughter.

Others again expend all their time in minutely observing and faithfully noting down the smallest details of the transitory changes in clouds (phenomena). O me ! What are these creatures ! There is a flood of glory around them and yet they care not to slake their raging thirst for light. These are what they call scientists and philosophers. Being too busy in splitting the hair, they take no notice of the glorious head of the Beloved to which the hair belong. O ! I cannot suppress a laughter. Happy he, whose vision no clouds of names and forms could obstruct, who could always trace the attracting light to its true source, the Atman, and whose affections reached the goal (God) — not being lost in the way like streams dried up before reaching the sea. The pleasing relations must vanish. They are only postmen. Miss not the Lord's love-letter they have brought for you. The match stick must soon burn off, but blessed is he who has lighted his lamp permanently therewith. The steam and food supply must ere long be consumed, but fortunate is the boat which before the fatal loss reached the Home — the Harbour. He lives who could make of every object whatever a stepping stone to God, or rather a mirror to see God. The world with all its stars, mountains, rivers, kings and scientists, etc., was made for him. Verily it is so, I tell you the truth.

The fields and landscapes, wherein lies their

refreshing charms as contrasted with the sickening smoky streets of cities, by criticism or compliments, they excite not in man the sense of limitation and they drive him not into the corner (*bodyhood*). Man, in their presence, can well occupy the position of a Witness—Light. Inwardly, the vegetable kingdom has as much, and perhaps more, of strife and struggle, and unrest, etc., than the civilised societies, but even their struggles become interesting in so far as a man among cedars, oaks, and pines easily sees himself not one of them, but can keep himself the Witness-Light (साक्षी) unconcerned. He who can live in busy streets as any body might move in forests, feeling the Self as disinterested Witness-Light, not identifying himself with the body which in this case may be taken as a plant among plants, who could deny that the Universe is a Garden of Eden to him? Such people of God-life are the light of the world. The Light which appears as unconcerned witness is the very life of all that it witnesses.

The river of Life is flowing. None exists but God. Of whom shall I be afraid, of whom ashamed? All life is my God's life, nothing other, He and Me too is He. The whole world is my own Himalayan woods. When light dawns, flowers begin to laugh, birds sing, and streams dance with joy! O that Light of lights! The sea of light is flowing! The breeze of Bliss is blowing!

In this beautiful forest, I laugh and sing, clap hands, and dance.

Did they jeer ? It was blowing of the breeze. Did they sneer ? It was hissing of the leaves. Shall I be overshadowed by my own life pulsating in the streams, cedars, birds, and beezes ?

I dance, I dance, I laugh and dance,
The stars I raise as dust in dance.

No jealousy, no fear,

I'm the dearest of the dear.

No sin, no sorrow,

No past, no morrow.

No rival, no foe,

No injury, no woe.

No, nothing could harm me,

No, nothing alarm me,

The soul of all

The nectar fall,

The sweetest self

Yea ! health itself,

The prattling streams,

The happiest dreams,

All myrrh and balm,

Rawan and Ram,

So pure and calm

Is Ram, is Ram.

The heavens and stars,

Worlds near and far,

Are hung and strung

On the tunes I sung.

SCENE II.

THE TOP OF BASON — (VASISHTHA ASHRAM).

THE moon is shining, spreading a sea of silvery peace.

The moonlight falls full on Rama's straw bed. The shadows of unusually tall, white rose bushes which grow fearlessly free and wild on this mountain, are checking the moon-lit bed and flickering so playfully as if they were nice little dreams of the placid moonlight that sleeps so tranquilly before Rama.

Sleep, my baby, sleep !

And smile with rosy dreams !

Jamnotri, Gangotri, Sumeroo, Kedar, and Badri glaciers stand so close as if one could reach them by hand. In fact, a semicircle of glaring diamond peaks like a jeweller's tiara decorates this Vasishtha Ashram. Their white snowy summits are all taking a bath in the milky ocean of moonlight and 'their deep *Soham* breathings in the form of cool breezes reach here continually.

The snows on this mountain have all melted off, and by this time the vast open field near the top is completely covered with blue, pink, yellow, and white hued flowers, some of them being very fragrant. People are afraid of coming here, as they believe this place to be the *Garden of Fairies*. This idea saves this pleasure-garden of the Devas from being haunted

by the sacrilegious spoilers of nature's beauty. Rama walks over this flower-land very softly with great caution, lest any tender smiling little flower be injured by ungentle tread.

Cuckoos, doves, and numerous other winged songsters entertain Rama in the morning, sometimes in the mornings a huge dragon comes up near the roof of the cave and entertains Rama with his peculiar Persian wheel like music. The eagles (royal *Garuras*) soaring high up, touching the dark clouds at noon,—are they not the *Garuras* bearing Vishnu on their back? One night a tiger sprang past Rama.

What a fair colony the blooming forest giants have round the yonder mountain pond! What bond unites them? It is no connection with each other, no personal relationships. They have a social organisation, as it were, only in so far as they send their roots to the self-same pond. The love of the same water keeps them together. Let us meet in devotion to the same Truth,—meet in heaven, in heart, in Rama.

SCENE III.

JAGADEVI LAWN.

ALL the caves near the top of Bason Mountain being engaged by the rains, Rama had to quit the Garden of Fairies at the top. He came down to a most lovely, lofty, level lawn where breezes keep playing all along. Jasmine, white and yellow, grows wild here together with various other sister flowers. Strawberries, crimson rose-berries are found in ripe plenty. On one side of the newly built hut a neat greensward extends far in gradually ascending slope between two rushing streams. In front is a charming landscape, flowing waters, fresh-foliage-covered hills and undulating forests and fields. Clean, smooth slabs of stone on the lawn form the royal tables and seats for Rama. If shade be needed, spreading groves furnish cheerful accommodation.

RAIN.

In three hours a hut was prepared by shepherds living in the forest. They made it rainproof to the best of their power. At night, severe rainstorm set in. Every three minutes lightning flashed, followed by rolling thunder at which each time the mountains shook and trembled. This Indra vajra kept up its continual strokes for over three hours. Water poured madly. The poor hut leaked, its resistance to the storm became

so ineffective that an umbrella had to be kept open all the time under the roof to save the books from being drenched. The clothes became all wet. The ground being grass covered could not turn muddy, yet it was drinking to its full the water drops drizzling continuously from the roof. Rama is enjoying very nearly the "fish" and the "tortoise" life. This experience of the aquatic life for the night brings joy of its own.

Zé umar yak shabáh kam giro zinhár makhuft.

Translation — Count one night less from the full span of your life and sleep not at all.

Blessed is the storm to keep us up in the Lord's company.

महे चन त्वाद्विवः परा शुक्काय देयाम् ।

न सहस्राय नायुताय वज्जिवो न शताय शतामघ ॥

Translation — Not for any price could I, O Mountain-mover, give Thee up, not for a thousand, Thunderer ! nor ten thousand, nor hundred times that, O Lord of countless bounty !

यच्छुक्कासि परावति यदर्वावति वृत्रहन् ।

अतस्त्वा गोर्भिर्यु गदिन्द्र केशिभिः सुतावाष् आविवासति ॥

Rama's interpretation :— Whether, O *Shakra* (Almighty) thou be far (in roaring clouds), or, O *Vritra-slayer* (i.e., doubt-destroyer), near at hand (in blowing winds); here, heaven penetrating *songs* (piercing prayers) are being sent as long-maned steeds for thee (to ride on and) come sharp to one who has

pressed out the juice (of his existence) for thee. Come, sit in my heart, partake of the wine of my life (सोम Soma).

Man is not meant to waste all his time in petty fears and cautions ; how shall I live and oh ! what shall become of me, and all such foolish nonsense. He ought to have at least as much self-respect as fishes and birds and even trees have. They grumble not at storm or sunshine, but live as one with nature. My Atman, I myself am the pouring rain: I flash. I thunder. How beautifully awful and strong I am. *Sivoham* songs gush forth from the heart.

आमेखलं सञ्चरतां घनानां ह्यायामधः सानुगतां निषेव्य ।
 उद्वेजिता वृष्टिभिराश्रयन्ते शृङ्गाणि यस्यातपवन्ति सिद्धाः ॥
 भागीरथी निर्भर शीकराणां वोठा सुहुः कम्पित देवदारुः ।
 यहायुरन्विष्ट मृगैः किरातैः आसेव्यते भिन्न शिखण्डि वहैः ॥

No day or night passes without bringing a heavy shower of rain. And as described in the first sloka of Kalidas quoted above, Rama is often caught by showers in his daily climbs up the hill. But there being no caves in the near neighbourhood he has to take the very clouds for his umbrella and to enjoy the showers as his.

Happy the cedars and pines as described in the second sloka, which though quivering and shivering, offer on their bodies as target for the cool showers of the Ganges' spray.

O the good fortune to bare our bosom before raging coolness, stormy grace !

SCENE IV.

A VISIT TO SAHS TARU TAL.

July, 1906.

सप्तर्षि हस्तावचितावशेषाख्यधो विवस्वान् परिवर्त्तमानः ।
पद्मानि यस्याग्रसरोरुहाणि प्रबोध यत्यङ्घ्रि मुखैर्मयूखैः ॥

So far aloft, amid Himalayan steep
Couched on the tranquil pool the lotus sleeps
That the bright Seven who star the northern sky
Cull the fair blossoms from their seats on high ;
And when the sun pours forth his morning glow
In streams of glory from his path below,
They gain new beauty as his kisses break
His darling's slumber on the mountain lake.

TO travel on almost heaven-high ridges for miles and miles, viewing the waving forests of birch and juniper spreading far below, flowery precipices lying on the right as well as on the left hand side ; to walk bare-footed on extensive fields covered with soft velvety grass where loving dainty flowers cling to your feet getting entangled in the toes ; to enjoy the silvery sights of the rushing waterfalls on distant Kailas cliffs ; to watch clever little musk deer springing at lightning speed before you — well might the moon ride such a beautiful runner ; to be startled now and then by *Garuras* (royal eagles) fluttering their painted large wings now on this side, then on the other ; to stoop to

pick every now and then Kailas lotuses *Brahma Kamalas* which in their lovely petals combine gold and fragrance ; to be amused at the coolies outdoing each other in digging *Masi, Lesar, Guggal*, the different kinds of incense which abound here in charming plenty ; and to sing hymns and chant OM, engaged our time. Far, far above the din and bustle of worldly life ; deep and vast blue lakes in their crystalline expanse, rippling under the pure and free Kailas air, surrounded by chaste, virgin snows hold a mirror up to the very face of the blooming, blushing Sun. In such lofty solitude serenely does the Sun enjoy his charming glory. On such heights, no hamlet or hut could be expected ; the nights were passed in caves where breezes sleep.

O ! The joy of leaving behind the prosaic plains of parching body-consciousness ! O ! The joy of mingling with the sun and breezes ! O ! The joy of roaming in the heavenly infinite forest deeps of *Ekamevā dvitīyam* (One without a second) !

A LETTER.

Honour-winners, knowledge-gainers, social reformers, dear labourers ! Well done ! God (Rama) bless you ! Go on, sweet ones ! Go on ! Pursue with hope and zeal your respective duties. May your exertions be crowned with abundant success, may you reach safe and sound your particular destinations, may joy greet you at the due stations. But what of Rama ? Rama is on a different ticket. He cannot break journey and sojourn long at any between stop. Good bye ! Darlings ! O the Terminus ! The never-ending Terminus.

1

Creating the earths and heavens and birds
and beasts

Who enters these as life and soul ;
And from the husk of body and mind
Is thrashed out with devotion and *Jñāna*
That Being clothed in forms and names !
That selfsame *Sat* art thou, the same, the
same.

2

Diverting the thoughts from objects of sense,
Like horses whipped when going astray ;
Controlling the thoughts with Wisdom's reins,
The sages bring them home to OM ;
That Home or OM art thou,
no doubt the same.

3

The manifold changes — waking, sleep,
 Boyhood, manhood, health, disease,
 Failure, success, gain or loss,—
 Are flowers simply strung on thread ;
 That changeless thread, the one in all,
 Is Atman pure without a knot,
 That Atman pure art thou, the same, the same.

4

That Being shining in the sun is no other
 than myself ;
 That Self in me is certainly the Being shining
 in the Sun ;
 By such texts the Vedas preach
 The Light of lights, the Self-Supreme !
 That Self art thou ; yea ! same, the same.

5

Anxieties, doubts and fears and all
 Temptations, dangers, weakness are
 Dispelled and driven out like the dark
 Of thousand years when Light appears.
 The Light to drive out sorrow, sin,
 Is consciousness of Self within.
 That Consciousness or Self art thou
 Indeed the same, the same.

6

The same that works thy eyes and hands
 The same doth move what by thee stands.
 The One within is all without,
 That One does bring what comes about.
 No foreign force, no foe, no other
 Exists by thee whatever
 Is, art thou ; verily the same, the same.

When viewed from the stand-point of God-Self, the whole world becomes an effusion of Beauty, expression of Joy, outpouring of Bliss. The limitation of vision being overcome, there remains nothing ugly. When everything is my own self, how could any thing be other than sweetness condensed. Self is Anand (Bliss), therefore, Self-realisation is equal to the realization of the whole world as Bliss-crystallised, or perception of the powers of Nature as my own hand and feet, and feeling the universe as my own sweet Self embodied.

O Joy ! Nothing separate !

“ No warder at the gate
 Can keep the *jnani* in ;
 But like the sun over all
 He will the castle win
 And shine along the wall.”

He waits as waits the sky,
 Until the clouds go by,
 Yet shines serenely on
 With an eternal day,
 Alike when they are gone
 And when they stay.

O Divinity ! Who rules the Universe ? None but God. Could anything take place against God's laws ? Never. All is well. Let those resort to plans and policies to whom the world is real. *God is*, and nothing else exists but God ! Glory !

Perish this body and mind, if for a single second the idea of defence lodges therein. My bodies are millions, my Self is God and needs no protection.

Outside rocks there are none to shatter. I am the only rock, the rock of the Universe.

Flickering stars of the peoples of myopic vision ought not to be allowed to divert our attention in the least.

One person saw a dream, a nightmare
 His neighbours 'gan to scream ! Look there !
 He weeps at no disaster,
 I can't suppress a laughter.

If there ever was a person who loved from his heart of hearts all beings as his own very Self, it is Rama. My children may not understand me, but I am still their own calm, serene, loving, blessing Self, Rama.

A NOTE ON THE MONISTIC VIEW OF THE BRAHMA MIMANSA DARSHANA.

—

The comparative study of the different commentaries on Brahma Sutras leaves no doubt as to Sankara's system being the only true representative of the Sutrakára's views. In the purely argumentative part of the Darshana, *i. e.* *II. Adhyáya, Pada 2, the last Adhikarana*, sutras 42-45, he refutes the views of Bhagwatas. The Vaishnava commentaries with Sankara admit that the Sutras 42-43 raise objections against the system. The sutra 45, the last sutra of the Adhikarana, runs thus :—

विप्रतिषेधाच्च ॥

This is analogous to the previously given last sutra which concludes the *Sánkhya* refutation.

विप्रतिषेधाच्चासमञ्जसम् ।

II., 2, 10.

Consequently the Sutra 45, like its predecessor Sutra 10, of the same *Pada* cannot refer to anything else but the contradictions in the Pancharátra system. Besides the whole *Pada* all along being purely argumentative and not at a single place throughout Scriptural authority being appealed to, the Vaishnava commentators have no right to interpret the last Sutra

so as to imply no contradiction with the Shruti. Thus the last Sutra conclusively rejects the *Bhāgavata's* system. We turn now to Sutra 44. It runs —

विज्ञानादि भावे वा तत् प्रतिषेधः ॥

The two preceding Sutras are

उत्पत्त्यसम्भवात् ॥ 42

and

न च कर्तुः करणम् ॥ 43

which present powerful argumentative objections against the system and objecting criticism or attacking objection being the purport, principle or method which dominates every one of the Sutras from No. 1 to No. 43 throughout the Páda, Sankara naturally takes the तत् of Sutra 44 to refer to the objection raised in the preceding Sutra 43 or 42, an interpretation amply supported by Sutra 45. Shri Ramanuja and others on the other hand make the तत् simply the Bhagavata system, and take the Sutra to be the *Sidhánta* which refutes the Purva Paksha given in the two preceding *Sutras*. Here any careful observer will at once see that तु and not वा has been the particle employed by the Sutrákára whenever he meant to reject a *Purva Paksha*. Again the objections being given in *three Sutras*, the *Sidhánta* could not have only one Sutra to it and that not the last. Again full 44 *Sutras* being devoted to objections and refutations, the

Sutrakāra could not balance his controversing energy by a single *Sidhānta Sutra*, i. e., No. 44. There was no need of it either, the *Sidhānta* having thoroughly and at length been settled in the first *Adhyāya*.

Further, the forced interpretation by which Shri Ramanuja attempts to defend his Sutra 44 commits himself to Advaita Vedanta against his will. The Madhava system interprets Sutras in the light of the Pauranic authority all through and every body knows that sutras were not intended to systematize the *Pauranas* but the *Vedic Upanishads*. The *Anu Bhashya* follows Ramanuja. For any impartial and capable judge, the Sutras give no quarters to any system but that of Sankara whose *Bhashya* then is the oldest and the best.

According to Rama's individual opinion, it were no loss to Advaita, if the *Sutrakāra* actually taught something else, but it is a great credit to him that he thoroughly grasped it and preached nothing else. The authentic Upanishads even according to such observers as Deussen, Gough, Thibaut, etc., bear out Sankara's system. Sankara talks of the Bhagwatas with great respect and regard. And the beauty of his system is that not only does he reconcile all the Vedic texts so beautifully as surely none else can, but without giving up his own Advaita position, he can accommodate all other systems assigning each a place. He recommends pure action *Nishkāma Karma* for the seekers of peace. He encourages *Bhakti* and has a significant place for

the Lord *Ishwara*, giving the only irrefutable conception of the same.

The non-monistic on the other hand cannot assimilate his non-dualism.

Rama reads the *Sanhitá* hymns. Oh! How elevating and sweet a study! The names of Devas, Yajna, Soma, and other technical words, Rama takes in a sense of his own, though derivable from the primitive roots of the words. Thus to him the *Sanhitás* are nothing but Vedantic hymns. Rama used to read Hafiz, Amir Khusro and other Persian poets giving to *Mai*, *Zulf*, *Saki*, a peculiar religious significance and the whole *Divan* was full of spiritual enjoyment. Of course more direct and penetrating are the Vedic hymns.

The Christian Bible has had about as many interpretations as the generations through which it has passed and purely Vedantic interpretations are not being wanting. And so has every other living religious work been interpreted to suit the spiritual wants of the people who used it.

Rama sometimes feels as if the Vedas were handed down especially for himself. But let no one try, for other people, to displace the traditional or conventional or original significations of the Vedic words and Mantras by his private interpretations however much the latter may be commendable to himself.

Unless a religious Scripture meets the spiritual wants of the people, it cannot live, and as the people grow

in the course of Evolution, the interpretation of the religious Scriptures of theirs must advance with them.

(*From Rama's Scrap Book*).

People appear to be acting very unreasonably ; behaving in a sort of vague dim fashion, not knowing their own good and are quite inconsistent, and why ? Because the world is no more than a dream. What could you expect of the dream objects but vagueness, dim, hazy, undefined, stumbling outlines ?

* * * *

Jivan mukta is one who lacks the ordinary springs of motive and consequently cannot be influenced in any way.

One whom profit and loss, counsel of friends, gain and disadvantage, talk of pupils, crooked suggestions of adversaries, unexpected news of any kind can influence and draw from him "what?" etc., he is unworthy to lead, incapable of guiding. His stage of realization is low (स्थिति) and is in a dangerous position.

Lá iláha illilláha

* * * *

So long as magnanimity (उदारता) has not become natural with us, we cannot realize God. No realization for a close mind. No peace for the close-minded (क्लृपण), and yet the outward relations force on us thoughts by which we are contracted into narrow limits. Magnanimity must be the rule and yet the world generates the

very opposite in us. How to reconcile ? The rule of conduct must be magnanimity उदारता and this can be observed and kept up only when in the heart of hearts we believe in the Reality of God alone, acting through our neighbours, their seeming forms being non-entity.

* * * *

BEAUTY.

Come, I will show you God !

Look at that face which seems shaped out of innocence. That is beauty. Innocence, renunciation (त्याग), wonder, indifference, and denial of the sense-possession constitute beauty. Attractiveness, spiritual or material, is always in direct proportion to innocence. The charm of colours emanating from the white light is wholly due to renunciation and self-abnegation. That very colour which we ascribe to an object is just the one which has been renounced by it. The white and bright object is one which renounces all the colours.

Loveliness is just in proportion to claimlessness as in the baby and the child.

Now see in the same direction, look straight and gaze through till the line of Beauty and the line of objectivity meet converging as they do, to the same point (God). Woe unto you, if you fall down on the way.

When we concentrate on what is foolishly called the "beautiful object," the beauty materially suffers thereby, just as much as the beauty spiritual, provided the person believe in our compliments.

Abnegating the sense of possession, transparency results. By attributing possession to a face you tend to make it ugly. Thus you dig a pit and fall into it. Damn not yourself and also the so-called charming thing; see beyond, see God, tear the veil of appearance, look through and see Rama.

The system building advice and organising conscious exertions of the worldly wise are just as impractical and futile as the strained and unnatural labour-advice to students given in Todd's *Students' Manual*. The child, if alive, the organization of body develops and grows of itself, similarly you need only to live, *i. e.*, be one with God, and see the organizations forming around you spontaneously.

If you are induced to sympathise with the worldly and take on their condition, why should you not sympathise with God and take on his Being? He is poor enough, there being nothing besides him and an orphan (having no parents).

CASTLE SPRINGS, CAL., *June 11, 1903.*

MY DEAREST BELOVED SELF,

Need there be anything written or said. Rama knows everything, that is, you know everything, but in spite of that Rama will tell you of some things that transpired here lately, bringing great happiness to Rama. Everything brings pleasure to Rama.

On May 19, while Rama was stretched on a boulder by the river side, there was brought to Rama by the Manager of Dr. Hiller's place here a very lovely hammock sent unexpectedly by a friend from Seattle. It was immediately suspended between a green oak and a red fir tree, high up in the air. With bubbling joy and overflowing laughter Rama rolled himself up into the hanging bed. The fragrant, gentle breezes began to rock Rama to and fro, the river went on with its OM melody. Rama laughed and laughed and laughed. Did you hear him? A chirping robin was watching overhead when Rama was swaying back and forth. Perhaps he was envious of Rama. Was he? No, that cannot be, every robin, sparrow, or nightingale knows Rama to be its own. At any rate when Rama left the hammock for a while to let out the uncontrolled inner pleasure in frisking about and dancing, the pretty robin stole the sweet opportunity to try a swing in the hammock. Say, are not Rama's little birdies and flowers frolicsome, merry and free?

May 20, noon. The President of the United States, on his way to the North, stopped at the Springs awhile. The representative lady of the Springs Company presented him with a basket full of lovely flowers, and immediately after that he accepted from Rama most gracefully, lovingly, and cheerfully the Appeal on behalf of India. He kept the book in his right hand all the time and while responding with his right hand to the salutations of the crowds, the book naturally and spontaneously rose up to his forehead at least a hundred times. When the train started he was seen reading it attentively in his carriage, and once more he waved thanks to Rama from the leaving train.

But lo! Rama never invited the President to the luxury of enjoying a swing in the poetic hammock. Could you guess, why not? Do guess, please. Well, as you don't speak, Rama will tell you. The reason is plain enough. The President of the so-called free Americans is not a thousandth part as free as Rama's birdies and air.

Never mind the President. You can be free, even free as Rama, and have air and light as your faithful servants. Be Rama, and Rama will give you all—suns, stars, air, ocean, clouds, forests, mountains, and what not. Everything will belong to you. Is not that a lovely bargain? Isn't it, dear? Do have everything, please.

At four in the morning, waked by the kisses of Aurora and tickled to laughter by free zephyrs, welcomed

by the sweet songs of carolling birds, Rama goes out walking on the tops of mountains and the river side.

Come, let us laugh together, laugh, laugh, laugh. Come Sun, my child, look into the fearless smiling eyes of Rama and live close to nature and Rama. The ecstasy itself is I.

Your Self,
Rama.

A LETTER FROM THE HIMALAYAN JUNGLES.

Day passes into night, and night again turns into day, and here is your Rama having no time to do anything, busy, very busy in doing nothing. Tears keep pouring, vieing well with the continuous rains of this the most rainy district ; the hairs stand on ends, the eyes wide open seeing nothing of the things before them. Talk stopped, work stopped unfortunately (?) No, most fortunately. Oh, leave me alone.

This continuous wave after wave of inarticulate ecstasy. O Love !

Let it go on. O the
Most delicious pain.
Away with writing,
Off with lecturing.
Out with fame and name.
Honours ? Nonsense.
Disgrace meaningless.

Are these toys the end of Life ? Logic and Science
 Poor Bunglers, let them see me and have cured their
 blindness.

In dreams a sacred current flows,
 In wakefulness, it grows and grows.
 At times, it overflows the banks
 Of senses and the mortal frame.
 It spreads in all the world and flows,
 It inundates in wild repose.
 For this the sun, he daily rose,
 For this the universe did roll.
 All births and deaths for this.
 Here comes rolling, surging wonder, undulating Bliss,
 Here comes rolling laughter, silence.

WHAT IS PRACTICAL VEDANTA ?

Pushing, marching Labour and no stagnant
 Indolence ;

Enjoyment of work as against tedious drudgery ;
 Peace of mind and no canker of Suspicion ;

Organization and no disaggregation ;
 Appropriate reform and no conservatistic custom ;

Solid real feeling as against flowery talk ;
 The poetry of facts as against Speculative fiction ;

The logic of events as against the authority of
 departed authors ;

Living realization and no mere dead quotations ;

CONSTITUTE PRACTICAL VEDANTA.

Meditation and concentration on the *Mahá vákya* (great saying) *Aham brahmásmi* (I am *That*), and no diffusion and confusion on personalities and parties, naturally translates itself into force, freedom and love. This Infinite Godhead vibrating in every hair on the body, this muscular *advaita*—non-dualism, this dynamical *devotion*, this flaming light is what the Shástras call the unerring *Brahma-shar*.

O ye wavering, fickle, dubious minds, no more of lukewarm orthodoxy and heterodoxy ! Scorch out all doubt and hesitations, all *doxies* are your creation. The Sun might be shown to be a disc of quicksilver, the Earth might be proved to be a concave sphere, the Vedas might be demonstrated as not inspired, but ye can be nothing, nothing but God. A single note issuing *from your Godhead* must be taken up by the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the particles of dust, the whiffs of wind, the drops of rain, by birds, beasts, gods, and men. It must be thundered over caves and forests, pealed over hamlets and huts, it must reverberate over streets and towns, pass from cities to cities, and fill and thrill the whole world ! O Freedom ! Liberty !

Fill the mountain-fountains of a river with immense treasures of golden glaciers, and all its branches, streams, canals must flow full, feeding the fields to flourish free. Let the source of life, the Origin of love and Spring of delight and light, the infinite Power and Purity, Divinity, embrace and displace the little self, saturate the feelings, fill the mind, and necessarily must be hands, feet, eyes,

may every fibre of the frame, even the environments *must* work a heaven of harmony and irradiate a flood of energy.

The King's very presence on his royal throne establishes order throughout the *darbar*, so doth a man's resting on his Godhead (native glory, स्वराज्य) establish order and life through the whole race.

O ye of little faith ! wake up ! wake up to your holy majesty ! and a single glance from your royal indifference, a side-wind from your divine recklessness is enough to convert the direst hells into charming heavens.

Come Home, Come Home,

O wanderer, Home ! Om ! Om !

Blow O breezes, mingle O winds, with these words whose purpose is the same as yours.

O laughter ! laughter !

Inextinguishable joy and laughter !

“After long ages resuming the broken thread coming back after a long but necessary parenthesis—

To the call of the peacock in the woods,

Up with the bracken uncurling from the midst of dead fronds of past selves,

Seeing the sun rise new upon the world as lovers see it after their first night,

All changed and glorified the least thing trembling with beauty, all old sights become new, everything vivified and bathed in divinity.”

“Now, having learned the lesson which it was necessary to learn of the intellect and of civilization, having duly taken in and assimilated and again duly excreted its results, once more to the great road with the animals and the trees and the stars, travelling to return. To other nights and days undreamt of in the vocabularies of all dictionaries.”

O kisses of the sun and winds !

O joy of the liberated Soul (finished purpose and
acquittal of conventionality),

Daring all things, light steps, life held in the palm
of the hand !

At length the Wanderer returns Home,

All those things which have vainly tried to detain
him.

When he comes who looks neither to the right nor
to the left for any of them.

Not being deluded by them but rather threatening to
pass by and leave them all in their places just as
they are,

Then rise up and follow him,

Through thorns and briars before—in his path, they
now become fruits and flowers.

Not till he has put them from him does he learn the
love and faithfulness that is in them.

Faithful for ever, more are they his Servants !

And this world is paradise !!!

WHO AM I ?

Take up a mirror and see me reflected on it. Enter
into inner solitude and feel me as the Power of Silence.
Look up at the Sun and behold my likeness. “ Verily,
know me, this is the highest gain for man. Know me ;
whoever knows me by no deed soever is his future bliss

marred, never will depart the bloom from the face of one who knows me.”

Upanishad.

Blessed art Thou whosoever from whose eyes the scales are dropped to see me ! Blessed is the place where Thou walkest, for it must be turned into paradise by your Rama glances. Everywhere my home is.

Beating in thy breast, seeing in thy eyes, throbbing in thy pulse, smiling in the flowers, laughing in the lightning, roaring in the rivers, and silent in the mountains is Rama. Fling aside Brahmanhood, burn up Swamiship, throw overboard the alienating titles and honours, Rama is one with you, darling ! Whoever you be, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, man or woman, saint or sinner, Christ or Judas, Krishna or Gopi, Rama is your own self. I am determined to thunder out in your bosom my Godhead, your Godhead, and proclaim it through every deed and movement.

Germany, England, America, India, and all, I must shake them to freedom. I am tired of the old game. Dream-walker ! dost Thou hear the Himalayan Peal ? Dost Thou feel the Thundering Dawn ? Freedom ? Freedom !

No flimsy phantom this. So wills Rama, your self of self, and Rama's order is absolute.

Freedom ! Freedom ! !

Not to produce millions of followers like Buddha, Mohammad, Christ and other prophets or incarnations

but to produce, evoke, or express Rama himself in every man, woman, and child is Rama's mission. Trample over the body, eat up this personality, grind, digest, and assimilate me, then and then alone you do justice to Rama.

TO SWAMI SHIVGANACHARYA,

Kishangarh.

NARAYANA,

Doctors say unless we feel appetite from within we should take no food, however delicious and wholesome it may be and however much our dear friends and relatives might coax us to eat it. All that you have written is quite true. If I start at once there is a very good opportunity of enjoying the company of both yourself and the worthy Prime Minister of Kishangarh State, and of being benefitted by your wise counsels. But my inner voice bids me to wait, with the foreboding that even better opportunities shall present themselves when I am fully equipped. Nothing daunted by my former failures — if failures they can be called — I have every hope that abundant success shall attend my future career. What I am doing here is exactly what must have been the result of our thought of friendly consultation at Kishangarh. We should, no doubt, be always on the alert to avail ourselves of favourable opportunities. But we should not be impatient either. Work is all that is wanted. In order that I may be

able to inspire working power or energy into our countrymen, I must start with a vast store of accumulated energy myself. Let the time come, you shall most certainly be with me.

If I have not to go about making fuss about trifles but have to render some real and lasting service to the Motherland, and if I have to prove truly useful to our country, I feel I require a little more preparation in order to make myself equal to the stupendous task.

I am here making a thorough study of the Shastras and of the highest Western thought and am at the same time pursuing my own independent researches. I have not to spend my lifetime over this work. I shall soon be imparting to or rather carrying into the business and bosom of humanity what I have been acquiring at the cost of incessant labour. I have full conviction that I could if I would long since have caused a tremendous stir in the country but I have a conscience and for no personal glory, no gain, no threats, no imminent danger, not for fear of death even shall I preach what I have not *realised* to be the Truth.

If Truth has any power — as certainly it is Infinite Power — the Rájás as well as the Sádhoos, the nobility and the populace will all ultimately have to bow before and yield homage to the standard of Righteousness to be set up by Rama Tirtha Swami. I have an aptitude for this work, and it will be throwing away of my powers if through haste or impatience I harness myself for a lesser work.

I have to preach, else why did I fondly cherish that desire from my very childhood. I have to preach, else what for did I renounce my parents, wife, children, worldly position and the bright prospects. Filled with the divine fire I have to preach — boldly, fearlessly, even in the face of all sorts of persecution and opposition — what I am realising here.

Thankfully I accept your advice of keeping the money for my future use.

Regular exercise taken. Health good. Climate most excellent.

Wishing you and the Baboo Sahib

Shántí ! Shántí !! Shántí !!!

RAM TIRTHA SWAMI.



1.

To BRIJ LAL* GOSWAMI,

Qanungo,
Jammoo State.

DEAR,

Glad to know you are employed. Be always honest and upright. Discharge your duties most faithfully. Devote some portion of your time to the study of Bhagvad Gita and Yog Vasishth every day. Never neglect ☪.

By your conduct prove yourself worthy of the high family you belong to.

* Swami Rama's nephew.

Never yield to temptations.

هر سكهراے كو ” اوم آند“
خواه كيا هى كيرن نه هر ديانت دارى اور سچائى كو مت چهوزنا

ॐ

2. SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIF,
July, 9th '03.

OM!

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter to hand. It is Truth and Truth alone that is one's real friend, relative, nay, Self.

Abide by truth, tread the path of righteousness and not an hair of your body will ever be injured.

Read Yog Vasishth and Bhagvad Gitá over and over again.

Yours in Self,
RAM SO AM I.

ॐ

To PANDIT RAM DHAN SAHIB,

1. Asstt. Settlement officer,
Bhimbar,
Jammoo State.

ॐ

DEAREST RAMA,

Ram Badshah lives in these days on the summit of a high mountain commanding a most picturesque view of the glaciers of Jumnotri, Gangotri, Kedar and Badri. Gangi lying at a distance of seven or eight miles is visible from this place. Two days, journey from the

Railway Station Dehra Doon on the road to Tihri, brings one to these exquisitely delightful landscapes.

DEAREST,

Give all to love عشق ;
 Obey thy heart ;
 Friends, kindred, days
 Estate, good-fame,
 Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
 Nothing refuse.
 Give all to love.

Rai Baij Nath is coming again here in the middle of April.

Address :— RAM BADSHAH,
 The Darbar, Kaudīya hill, P. O. Tehri Garhwal.

April 9th, 1902.

صداہ لطف بگو آن غزال اعنارا کہ سر بہ کواہ و بیابان تو دادہ مارا

ۛ

2.

Advocate Office,
 LUCKNOW.

The Steamer for Japan leaves Calcutta on about August 20th, 1902.

It is not known when Rama returns to India. Even the landing place will not be foretold.

Ever wilth you ۛ

RAMA.

3.



August 10, 1903.

Under the canopy of starlit heaven,
 in a Natural garden
 on the bank of a Mountain Stream.

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter alongwith some other mail received just after coming back from a most pleasant trip to the top of Mt. Shasta (14444 ft. altitude).

Dear, Thou shalt absolutely *do* nothing. Set well thy house in order, open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter — thy treasures, let the poorest take of them ; then come thou forth to where I wait for Thee.

Pass out — free — O Joy ! free flow on, swim across in the Sea of Equality. *سمتا سمندر*. At one jerk snap asunder, break off all ties and duties, and stand glorious in Thy Godhead *بر چشمه خور سحاب تابه* ?

The people of Portland (Oregon) write Ram in a long poem which partly runs as follows :—

“ Dear little Lotus Flower,
 Nestling in thy cozy bower,
 Mid the leaves so cool and green
 By happy eyes alone Thou’rt seen.
 Smiling, resting, billing, cooing
 The soft Zephyrs gently wooing
 Lifting up thy star-lit eyes
 To the heavenly blissful skies
 Thou dost rest so gently on ——
 Silent, laughing, wondrous, calm.

All the world 's to Thee
Thyself ; and nothing
More or less.

* * * *

The flowers smile and nod with glee,
Soon, soon thou wilt be here.
The clouds let down their dewy tears
To welcome thee so dear !
Thy message, lo ! the wind doth blow
Where does the sound come from ?
Above, below, behind, before
“ I come, I come, I come.”

No more letters to Ram. If Ram please, he may drop a line or so, but letters addressed to Ram will not reach him.

Look within, search within, you will always get the answers. Yourself is Rama.

Invitations come from all quarters.

پر بھئی ! ” وہ تو موج کا مالک ہے “ —

خیاں تو یہ تھا کہ دنیا کے فت بال کو لڑھکاتا لڑھکاتا رام فارس کی راہ شاید بھارت کو آئیگا - لیکن اس کا کیا تھکانہ ؟

ماضی ہے نہ مستقبل - فرض ہے نہ قرض - لیذا نہ دیغا

ترنگ بیخودی میں کسی دن یہ جسم کا بلبلا بھوننے کو نہیں آتا ؟

یہاں کس کا بھارت اور کس کا امریکہ ؟

جس کو غرض پتی ہو ان قلمی کتابوں کے ڈھیر (Manuscripts)

کو بعد میں چھپواتا پھرے —

جتھے گئی سونہنی اوتھے مہیں وال

چھتّ دنیا چھتّ کم دنیا دے نا لے دنیا و ا لے +

متے ماتلقا من تھوے دع الدنيا و اھملہا +

BUSINESS PAGE.

1. 21 Pages of نظم معرہ were sent the other day. If Babu Harlal be willing to publish that, well and good, otherwise you may see it through the Press with his consent.

2. You may correspond with Babu Ram Narayan

C/o. RAI CHANDOO LAL,

Deputy Collector and Magistrate,

AGRA.

in regard to ام بوشا, and other Urdu lectures if they have printed any.

3. 8 pages of English poetry are sent herewith.

4. The "Appeal" was handed to the *President of the United States* in a personal interview by Ram. The whole matter is for the present laid in the hands of a committee of San Francisco nobility.

5. The four lectures sent from San Francisco were to be reprinted in India. You can get any number of copies there. For further particulars write please to Babu Harlal.

6. OM ! OM ! to Pandit Udai Chandra and all.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

POEMS.

MARCHING LIGHT.

1

No, no one can atone me.
 Say, who could have injured,
 And who could atone me ?
 No, no one can atone me.

2

The world turns aside
 To make room for me ;
 I come, Blazing Light !
 And the shadows must flee.

3

I come, O you Ocean !
 Divide up and part ;
 Or parched up and scorched up,
 Be dried up, depart.

4

O Mountains, beware !
 Come not in my way ;
 Your ribs will be shattered
 And tattered to-day.

5

O Kings and Commanders !
 My fanciful toys !
 Here's a Deluge of fire,
 Line clear ! My boys !

6

Advisers and Counsellors!
Pray, waste not your breath.
Yes, take up my orders,
Devour up, ye, Death.

7

Go, howl on, O winds,
O my dogs! howl free.
Beat, beat, Storms!
O my Bugles! blow free.

8

I ride on the Tempests,
Astride on the Gale,
My gun is the Lightning,
My shots never fail.

9

I chase as an huntsman,
I eat as I seize
The hearts of the mountains,
The lands and the seas.

10

I hitch to my chariot
The Fates and the Gods.
With Thunder of cannon
Proclaim it abroad :

11

Shake! shake off Delusion,
Wake! wake up! Be free,
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty! OM!

THE MOON.

The moonlight sleeps on the lawn of my garden,

The moon swings on the clouds, her cloak flaps on my garden.

The moonlight ! O the moonlight ! it shimmers, how it glimmers !

The breeze redolent with the light, while kissing how it lingers !

The moonlight floats on the boats of the wavelets

As guided by zephyrs they guide on the lake.

The moon, Oh the moonie ! She perches on trees,
Casts shadows and lights that sway on the breeze.

The moon, Oh, she swims in the lake of the skies.

Come, catch me, you moonie ; with me could you fly ?

The moon, how she mingles with playmates, the stars !
She clasps them by fingers of light, and how dancing they are !

The moon, how she dived in the eyes of a boy,
He learnt all her secret and took her for toy.

Who lent you this beauty, O Silver Ball ?

My dream is her lustre and silver and all.

OM!

ON THE TOMB OF THE FREE.

1

“ Come not to my grave with your mournings,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forebodings and fears,
When my lips are dumb,
Do not thus come.

2

“ Bring no long train of carriages,
No horse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of death illumines,
But with hands on my breast
Let me rest.

3

“Insult not my dust with your pity,
 Ye who are left on this desolate shore
 Still to suffer and lose and deplore,
 ’Tis I should, as I do
 Pity you.

4

“For me no more are the hardships,
 The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
 The sadness, and sorrows of life,
 But the glory divine —
 This is mine.

5

“Poor creatures ! Afraid of the darkness,
 Who groan at the anguish to come.
 How silent I go to my home !
 Cease your sorrowful bell
 I am well.”

 I KNOW THEE.

1

I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.
 You may shrink or shirk or shake my locks.
 Thine heart is mine, I read it as a book.
 I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

2

Dark vestures of scowls and frowns garments, O Bright,
 These chimneys and globes cannot hide Thee, O Light,
 I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

3

Sweet, sweet are Thy smiles,
 Sweet wrinkles and threats !
 ’Tis the Ocean of Nectar that ripples and frets,
 I know Thee, I know Thee ! O Love.

4

Not to know Thee is misery,
 To know Thee is bliss,
 In stars, winds, and flowers I hug Thee and kiss.
 I know Thee, I know Thee, O Love.

LOVE'S CONSECRATION.

Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
 Take my heart and let it be full saturated, Love, with
 Thee.
 Take my eyes and let them be intoxicated, God, with
 Thee.
 Take my hands and let them be engaged in sweating
 Truth for Thee.
 Beautiful eyes are those that show beautiful thought
 that burn below.
 Beautiful lips are those whose words
 Leap from the heart like songs of birds.
 Beautiful hands are those that do
 Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
 Moment by moment the whole day through.
 I was not born, nor grow, nor die.
 Dumb nature through the body works.
 It is the Ego sows and reaps.
 Not I, the Self unchanging.

OM.

PEACE LIKE A RIVER FLOWS TO ME.

Peace like a river flows to me,
 Peace as an ocean rolls in me,
 Peace like the Ganges flows,
 It flows from all my hair and toes,
 O fetch me quick my wedding robes,

White robes of light, bright rays of gold,
 Slips on, lo! once for all the veil to fling!
 Flow, flow, O wreaths, flow fair and free,
 Flow wreaths of tears of joy, flow free.
 What glorious aureole, wondrous ring.
 O nectar of life! O magic wine.
 To fill my pores of body and mind!
 Come fish, come dogs, come all who please,
 Come powers of nature, bird and beast.
 Drink deep my blood, my flesh do eat.
 O come, partake of marriage feast.
 I dance, I dance with glee
 In stars, in suns, in oceans free,
 In moons and clouds, in winds I dance.
 In will, emotions, mind I dance.
 I sing, I sing, I am symphony.
 I'm boundless ocean of Harmony,
 The subject—which perceives,
 The object—thing perceived,
 As waves in me they double,
 In me the world's a bubble.

BE CALM.

" Why so pale and wan ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well, can't move her.
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale and wan ?
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking will can't move her.
 Saying nothing do it ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?

“Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she cannot love
 Nothing can make her,
 The devil take her.”

OM!

IT IS NOT RAINING RAIN TO ME.

It is not raining rain to me,
 It is raining daffodils.
 In every dimpled drop I see
 Wild flowers on distant hills.
 The clouds of gray engulf the day
 And overwhelm the town.
 It is not raining rain to me,
 It is raining roses down.
 It is not raining rain to me,
 But fields of clover bloom
 Where any buccaneering bee
 May find a bed and room.
 A healthy unto the happy !
 A fig for him who frets !
 It is not raining rain to me,
 It is raining violets.

BLOOD RELATIONS.

O my direct blood relations,
 Beat in arteries and in veins.
 Plants and air, light and water,
 All other relations are but chains.
 Bone of bone, my blood of blood
 Are mountains, rivers, sun and rains.

Violets, lilies laugh and smile,
 My heart of heart their joy contains.
 Oceans, winds, and earths are running
 In me as in city lanes.
 My Infinite, infinite Joy expresses
 In heavenly music, celestial strains,
 The sparkling drops of tears of stars
 I shower forth in pouring rain.
 The melodious song of the Ganges,

OM.

The music of the waving pines,
 The echoes of the ocean's war,
 The lowing of the kine,
 The liquid drops of dew,
 The heavy lowering cloud,
 The patter of the tiny feet,
 The laughter of the crowd,
 The golden beam of the sun,
 The twinkle of the silent star,
 The shimmering light of the silvery moon,
 Shedding lustre near and far,
 The flash of the flaming sword,
 The sparkle of jewels bright,
 The gleam of the lighthouse beacon light,
 In the dark and foggy night,
 The apple bosomed earth and heaven's glorious
 wealth,
 The soundless sound, the flameless light,
 The darkness dark and wingless flight,
 The mindless thought, the eyeless sight,
 The mouthless talk, the handless grasp so light,
 Am I, am I, am I.

OM.

Rama.

THE WORLD, THE WORLD IS NAUGHT
TO ME.

My self, the self is all to me,
The body, whither it goes what care I,
If tossed here and there or left to die.
I am Freedom's Self; let the body as salt-sea spray
Be dashed hither and thither or up and away!
Come on, ye pleasures, come on, ye pains,
To me ye are equal, the same, the same.
The Sun lights the gardens as well as the waste,
Alike I do light all changes of fate.
Vast ocean of heavens blue, pure and high,
Is ne'er affected, clouds rise and die.
Life or death and health or disease,
In me like vapours rise, play, and do cease.
The straight line of youth and the curves of age,
Are surface figures on me as a page.
Success or failure makes no difference to me,
For I am free, I am free I am free.
All planets, suns and stars and skies,
Leaves far behind and higher flies
My twineless kite of Liberty free.
With full breast sing I songs of glee.
I am free, I am free, I am free,
The world, the world is naught to me.

RAMA. OM.

GOOD BYE.

The moon is up, they see the moon,
I drink Thine eyebrows light,
Big shows they hold full crowded, soon,

I watch and watch Thee, source of sight !
 Nay, call no surgeons, doctors none,
 For me my pain is all delight.
 Adieu ! Ye citizens ! Cities, Good bye !
 O welcome, dizzy, ethereal heights !
 O Fashion, custom, virtue, and vice.
 O Law, convention, peace and fight !
 O friends and foes, relations, ties,
 Possession, passion, wrong and right.
 Good bye, O time and space ; Good bye !
 Good bye ! O world and day and night,
 My love is flowers, music, light,
 My love is day, my love is night.
 Dissolved in me all dark and bright.
 O what a peace, peace and joy !
 O leave me alone, My love and I,
 Good bye, Good bye, Good bye.

RAMA.

LOVE.

Dear little Violet, with Thy dewy eye,
 Look up and tell me truly,
 When no one is nigh,
 What Thou art !
 The Violet answered with a gentle sigh,
 If that is to be told when alone,
 Then I must sadly own,
 You will never know what am I.
 For my brothers and sisters are all around
 In the air and on the ground,
 And they are the same as I.
 O Joy ! O Joy ! O Joy !
 The playful breeze am I,

How gently Thy cheeks I stroke,
As my fragrant breath passes by,
Carrying messages of love.
Confidence, peace and cheer,
And sweetly taking away all anxiety,
All anxiety, worry and fear,
O Joy ! O Joy ! O Joy !
The little black ant am I,
Moving so silently and swiftly.
And noiselessly passing by
In a world in which it is not concerned,
And bothering too about things to be earned,
But working without a murmur or sigh,
No thought of reward or position high.
O joy ! O Joy ! O Joy !
The sparkling dew am I,
I kiss and lick the flower's lips.
Sweet children of my sun,
Violets, Roses, Tulips, Lilies,
Jessamine, Poppies, Daisies, and Pinks,
Grass, Leaves and Seeds I nurse and feed,
Their Father left, the little ones rest.
From air high to them I descend.
And to suckle bend,
They sleep and sip breast's liquid tips,
There comes the sun, my Lover,
The children smile and open their eyes.
And just when I discover,
I melt in joyful sighs,
Oh, I am the Love ! I am the Lover !
Oh, I'm the Lover, I am the Lover !

GOOD DAY.

Loud outcries and wounds which once would hurt and
smart,
Now sound so sweet like hymns of praise and Music's
palmy art,
O thief, O slanderer, robber dear !
Look sharp, come, Welcome, quick, O don't you fear.
My self is thine, thine is mine,
Yes, if you don't mind
Please take away these things you think are mine.
Yes, if you think it fit ;
Kill this body at one blow
Or slay it bit by bit ;
Take off the body and all you may.
Be off with name and fame, away,
Take off, away !
Yet if you look just turning round
'Tis I alone, am safe and sound,
Good day, O dear, Good day !

LIKENESS OF MY BELOVED.

1

Oh! how could I get my Love's likeness !
Could anything like Him be conceived !
Could He in cameras be received !
Could Artist stand to take His picture ?
Could He appear in colour and figure ?
The camera of form did melt away !
His flood of light was too much, too much,
O how could I get my Love's likeness.

2

I focussed the mind to take His portrait,
 Adjusted the eyes to take His portrait,
 The camera of heart to take His portrait,
 The apparatus all did melt away ;
 His flood of light was too much, too much.
 O how could I get my Love's likeness ;
 Then I'll have him as I could not have likeness.

3

COVERING.

They say the Sun is but His photo,
 They say that man is in His image,
 They say He twinkles in the stars,
 They say He smiles in fragrant flowers,
 They say He sings in nightingales,
 They say He breathes in cosmic air,
 They say He weeps in raining clouds,
 They say He sleeps in winter nights,
 They say He runs in prattling streams,
 They say He swings in rainbow arches,
 In floods of light, they say, He marches.

4

SOLICITING.

Yea, yea, 'tis so.

These forms of space and time
 Are garments fine and covers rich, which half reveal
 And half conceal that glorious love of mine.
 My darling dear ! Why veils and screens ?
 Are you ugly ? Are you proud or shy ?
 Are you hurt by open appearance ?
 Why covers and curtains, why ?

Pray, strip Thee naked do,
I pray Thee, do, I pray,
I'll have no Nay,
To-day.

ANSWER

His answer flashed as lightning in my heart :
No, neither vanity, nor shame
Taints me, no kind of blame !
Do you wish me to bare my Self glorious, rare ?
Are you candid, sincere,
Then, why don't you, Dear,
Take off all Thy clothes,
And Thyself do disclose ?
Tear, tear out the blinds,
Don't you hide behind,
No curtain, partition,
Name, fame or position,
Body, mind or possession,
Loves, hatreds and passion,
Claims, clings, designs,
All " mine and thine " renounce, resign.
Tear, tear out the blinds,
Yourself don't conceal,
Burn, burn off the seal,
Rend asunder the veil.
Come hail, all hail !
Please don't you delay,
I say,
To clasp Me, strip Thou naked bare,
And lo ! 'tis Thou art me so fair,
So fair !
Delightful ! delicious ! how lovely and sweet !

His covers I find my covers and sheets.
 His blankets and quilts my blankets and quilts.
 Lo! Off go the blankets!
 Off covers and quilts,
 He is I, I He,
 No He, She, Me, or Thee.

OM! OM!

IN ME.

The oceans surge, the rivers roll
 In me, in me, in me.
 The flowers smile, the zephyrs blow
 In me, in me, in me.
 Big fairs are held and battles raged,
 In me, in me, in me.
 The mountains heave and Nature blooms
 In me, in me, in me.
 The comets fly, the meteors die,
 Cold winds sigh and thunders cry,
 In me, in me, in me.
 The foe contends, the friend defends,
 The mother sleeps, the baby weeps,
 In me, in me, in me.

THE WORLD I SAW, STUDIED AND
 LEARNT.

This primer well did me describe,
 Its letters were hieroglyphic toys.
 In different ways did me inscribe,
 This alphabet so curious one day,
 I relegate to the waste-paper basket.

I burn this booklet leaf by leaf,
 To light my lonely smoking pipe.
 I smoke and blow it through my mouth,
 And watch the curly smoke go out.

RAMA

So am I.

TO TRUTH.

O Love! O Love! O Love!
 Above time, space and causality,
 Thee I will always love.
 O Truth, the one Reality.
 O Love! O Love! O Love!
 My Self in which I live,
 In Thee I live and move,
 And to Thee myself I give.
 O Love! O Love! O Love!
 To Thee belongs my whole life,
 Thee I will ever serve,
 In the midst of honour or strife.
 O Love! O Love! O Love!
 Thy will is wholly mine,
 Just bid me do whatever Thou wilt,
 My will is a reflection of Thine.

IMMORTAL ETERNITY.

Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or the soft hair of the grass,
 Or the fair limbs of the tree,

Or the fresh-coloured fruit of my branches,
I was, and thy soul was in me.
First life on my sources.
First drifted and swam ;
Out of me or the forces,
That save it or damn.
Out of me man and woman, and wild beast and bird.
Before God was, I am.
I the mark that is missed,
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed,
And the breath in the kiss,
The search and the sought and the seeker, the soul,
And the body that is.
I that saw where ye trod,
The dim paths of the night,
Set the shadow called God,
In your skies to give light,
But the morning of knowledge to rise,
And the shadowless soul is in sight.
The storm winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses,
Ere eve of my blossoms increase.
All forms of all faces.
 All works of all hands
In unsearchable places,
 Of time-stricken lands
All death and all life.
 And all reigns and all ruins,
Drop through me as sands,
 O my sons, O too dutiful.

Towards God not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful,
Was it hard to be free?
For, behold, I am with you and in you and of you.
Look forth now and see.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Come hither, come hither, ye merry bird,
And tell me a story do.
Why are you always happy and glad,
And never a thought of sorrow have?
The bird cooed softly and whispered low,
The reason is very plain you know.
I love the sunshine, the gay green trees,
The whole of Nature, the cool, cool breeze,
So why should I be sorry and pout,
When Nature is laughing around and about?
And is ready and willing to truly serve me,
With everything that is necessary,
If only I merrily sing and chirp,
And happily, happily to my work,
For, Nature and I are one, you see,
And she is always subservient to me.

FRAGMENTS OF LIGHT.

I heard a knock, a hard blow,
At my gate, and cried I, "Who is it? Ho."
I wondering, waited, entranced, and Lo!
How soft and sweet Love whispered low
" 'Tis Thou that knockest, do you not know? "
My sweetheart dear,
Come near and near,

Smiling, glancing,
Singing, and dancing.

I bowed, with sighs.

He didn't reply.

I prayed and knelt.

He left and went.

“Why cut me so ?

Pray, stay ; don't go.”

He answered slow,

“No, no.”

I entreated hard,

“Pray, sit by me, Lord.”

He answered :

“Wouldst Thou sit by me ?

When, do, please, sit by Thee.”

I : “Do unto me speak.”

He : “Enter Thou into silence deep.”

I : “I would clasp Thee and kiss ;

Dear, grant me but this.”

“Thou shall clasp thyself and kiss ?

I am one with Thee, why miss ?

“My form Divine

Is an image of Thine.

Why seek Thee form,

O Source of charm ?

With Thee I lie,

You outward fly.

Don't slight me so.

Why 'outward go ?”

A fine companionship I know,

In all I see and hear.

My Mistress is the buxom wind,

I taste the breath of showers.

To me the whispering leaves are kind,

And sweet the lips of flowers
I find a welcome in the skies,
Another in the grass.

WIRELESS FLASHES.

Q. The great earth shall be thy cradle,
Rocking, rocking, day by day.
Star bespangled curtain spread
Every night above thy head.
Suns on suns shall gild thy brow,
Baby, baby, what art thou?

A. Singsong, all day long,
Croonie? Croonie? Smine along,
Joy and laughter, laughter, aughter.
Innocence Strong
Love took up the harp of life
And smote all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which trembling passed
In music out of sight.

RAMA.

DELHI
I. M. H. PRESS
1913

DELHI,
I. M. H. PRESS,
A. T. RAY, PROPRIETOR
1915.



3 0112 054151326